THE

AMERICAN

WHIG REVIEW.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

OCTOBER, 1852.

CONTENTS.

PORTRAIT OF HON. JOHN BELL, U. S. SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

Our Commercial and Political Relations,..289
National Humor,.....300
Edmund Burke,.....312
A Short Chapter on English Politics,....324
The World a Slow Coach after all,.....332
The New Gold Regions: Effects of the Increase of Gold,.....339
Fragments from an Unpublished Magazine,.....350
The Pittsburg Convention,.....366
General Review—Congressional Summary, 374
Critical Notices: Books—Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution: Music—Alboni—Sontag,.....380

NEW-YORK:
CHAMPION BISSELL, PUBLISHER,
120 NASSAU STREET.

TERMS.---THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

John A. Gray, Printer, 97 Cliff Street, cor. Frankfort.

HATS.

GENIN, HATTER,

214 *Broadway, New-York.*

$4.00 Hats for 1852, Army and Navy Chapeaux, Riding Hats for Ladies, Fancy Hats and Caps for Children, Choice Parisian and American Umbrellas, and Walking Canes.

MILITARY EQUIPMENTS.

ANDREW M. SHIERS,

121 *Fulton street,*

NEW-YORK.

DRUGGISTS.

CHARLES H. RING,

192 *Broadway, cor. John street, New-York,*

Wholesale and Retail Druggist and Apothecary. Proprietor of Ring's Verbena Cream for Shaving, Ring's Compound Syrup for Rheumatism, Ring's Candy for Colds, &c.

SIGNS, LETTERS, &c.

B. F. CRAGINS,

20 *Nassau street, New-York.*

First Premium Carved Letters for Signs. The difficulty of procuring cheap and handsome Signs is now obviated by the use of these Letters, having two great advantages over other Signs—they can be packed and forwarded to any part of the world without injury, and put in the desired situation with very little trouble. Sign and Ornamental Painting executed in the best manner, at low prices.

POCKET-BOOKS, &c.

WILLIAM DOANE,

50 *Nassau street, New-York,*

Manufacturer of Pocket-books, Card-cases, Portfolios, Writing-desks, Bankers' Cases, Gentlemen's Dressing-cases, &c., at Wholesale and Retail.

PAINTING.

WATSON & MUCKEL,

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting, 73 *Fulton street, and* 381 *Sixth Avenue,*

NEW-YORK.

BRITANNIA WARE.

LUCIUS HART,

6 *Burling Slip, New-York,*

Manufacturer and Importer of Britannia Ware, and Dealer in Metals.

FANCY GOODS.

WARD, DICKSON & CO.,

(FORMERLY BAILLY, WARD & Co.,)

Importers and wholesale dealers in

Fancy Goods,

Combs, Brushes, Fans, Jewelry, Perfumery, Suspenders, Garters, Portmonnaies, Leather Work-Cases, Work-Boxes, Desks, Writing Cases, Toilet Bottles, Vases, Violins, Accordeons, Pictures, Fancy Stationery, &c.,

41 *Maiden Lane, New-York.*

UPHOLSTERY.

B. NEWHOUSE,

273 *and* 275 *Hudson street, New-York,*

Manufacturer of Cabinet Ware, Looking-glasses, and General Upholstery.

FORGES, &c.

BARRON BROTHERS,

66 *Duane street, New-York.*

Universal Portable Forges, with self-regulating Tuyere, Portable Blast Furnaces, and Improved Wind-chest Tables, warranted to melt any Metal in one third the usual time.

PERIODICALS, &c.

WILLMER & ROGERS,

42 & 44 *Nassau street, New-York,*

Importers of Newspapers and Periodicals, Blank Books and Stationery of every kind. Foreign Newspapers delivered in any part of New-York immediately on arrival of the Steamships, or forwarded by Mail.

MEDICINE.

MANHATTAN EQUARIAN CONDITION POWDERS.

"Notice"

The Subscriber has purchased all the right, title, and interest of W. H. Wyatt, former Manufacturer and Proprietor of the above celebrated Powders, which are now for sale at 476 Broadway, New-York.

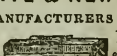
W. S. DUNHAM.

PIANO FORTES.

LIGHTE & NEWTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANO FORTES,



605 *Broadway* & 22 *Canal St.,*

NEW-YORK.

Orders for the city and country punctually executed.

FISHING TACKLE.

J. & J. C. CONROY,

52 *Fulton street, New-York,*

Manufacturers and Importers of Fish Hooks and Fishing Tackle, at Wholesale. The Trade supplied with the best articles on the most liberal terms.

J. B. CROOK & CO.,

50 *Fulton street, New-York,*

Importers and Manufacturers of Fishing Tackle.

EXPRESSES.

KINSLEY & CO.'S

Eastern and Southern Express,

For the safe and speedy transmission of small parcels, valuables, &c., to all the principal Eastern and Southern Cities.

Notes, Drafts and Bills collected, and Custom House business promptly attended to.

E. LITTLEFIELD, Agent,

No. 1 *Wall St., corner of Broadway.*

JOB & CARD PRINTING.

JOHN A. GRAY,

STEAM JOB PRINTER,

No. 97 *Cliff, corner of Frankfort St.,*

Prints Twenty Weekly and Monthly Periodicals, with Books, Pamphlets, Cards, and Jobs of every description and color. *Eight new Steam Presses,* facilities of the very best description, long practical experience, close personal supervision, and the employment of large capital and accomplished workmen, enable him to produce *Superior Work at Low Prices.*

BUSINESS CARDS FROM $1.25 PER THOUSAND.

INSURANCE.

THE LEXINGTON MUTUAL LOAN AND ACCUMULATING FUND ASSOCIATION,

Having been duly organized according to law, are now ready to receive subscribers at the office, No. 368 Third Avenue, New-York.

JOHN PETTIGREW, *President.*

JULIUS A. CANDEE, *Vice-President.*

WM. ROBERTSON, Jr., *Secretary.*

INDIA RUBBER.

NEW-BRUNSWICK RUBBER CO.,

29 *Maiden Lane, New-York,*

Manufacturers of every description of Patent Gloss Over-shoes, under Charles Goodyear's Patent, where also may be had all kinds of Rubber Goods.

JEWELRY, &c.

PLATT & BROTHER,

20 *Maiden Lane, New-York,*

Importers and Manufacturers of Watches, Jewelry, Gold and Silver articles of all kinds, Fancy Goods, Plated Wares, Fine Cutlery, and every new and desirable article suitable for the trade.

SQUIRE & BROTHER,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, &c., *No.* 97 *Fulton St., near William,* and 182 *Bowery, New-York.*

All goods are warranted to be such as represented. Watches repaired by the most experienced workmen. Hotels, Steamboats and Boarding Houses supplied with Silver Ware, at wholesale prices—Silver equal to Coin.

FURNISHING GOODS.

TRACY & HATCH,

No. 84 *William St., N. Y., cor. Maiden Lane,*

IMPORTERS OF

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

In this establishment, being the largest of the kind in the City, may be found a large and well selected stock, consisting in part of Rich Scarfs and Hosiery, Gloves, Under Garments, and Shirts of all kinds. Having been engaged in this business the last twenty-five years, comment is unnecessary. Purchasers need only call to satisfy themselves.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE PHILADELPHIA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

North-west corner of Third and Walnut Streets.

INCORPORATED BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—CAPITAL $100,000.

This Company has adopted the CASH system entirely, and reduced the rates to the lowest point compatible with safety to the insured and a sound institution.

Their Rates are lower than any Pennsylvania Company,

and full 15 per cent. lower than the usual rates of Life Insurance, as the following comparison will show.

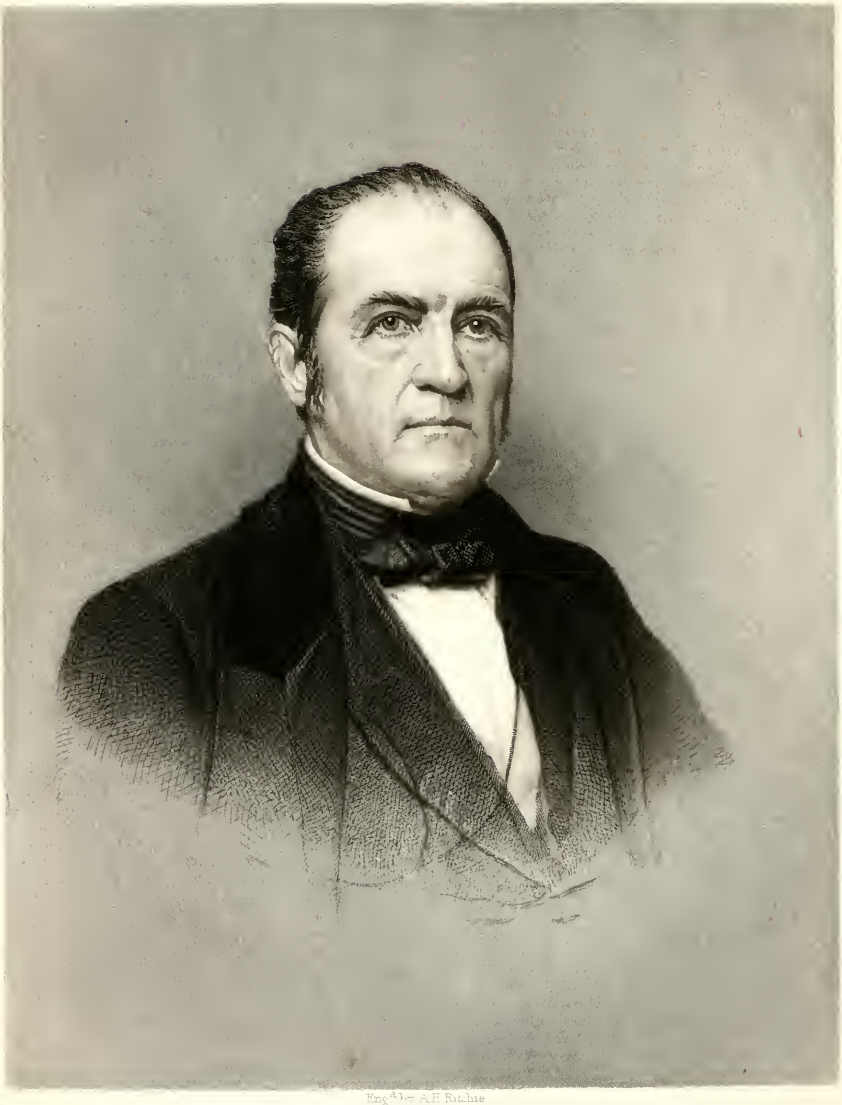
Thus a person of the age of 30, insuring for $100 for life, must pay in the

Girard, . . .	$2 36	Pennsylvania, . .	$2 36	Penn Mutual, . .	$2 36
New-England, .	2 36	New-York Life, .	2 36	Albion, . . .	2 48

Philadelphia, ... $2 06.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Pittsburgh Library System

http://www.archive.org/details/americanreviewwh04incolt



Engd by A.H. Ritchie

Jno. C. Bell

THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. XCIV.

OCTOBER, 1852.

OUR COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL RELATIONS.

A VERY able and distinguished citizen of Boston has remarked, that it is inseparably "incident to all free governments that party agitation should exist, and party issues be created upon some topic or other; but it is peculiarly unfortunate and calamitous when a party cry is raised upon matters which the peace and well-being of the community require should be settled and permanent, such as the currency, the tariff, and the Constitution." And yet, when we consider how many opposing interests are concerned—the interests of thirty-two Republics, all of these, either singly or in groups, in opposition or in rivalry—it is not at all surprising that constitutional questions should be alternately and oppositely decided by the preponderance of opposing factions. When a number of States are actuated by the same interests, or when the majority of their inhabitants are so actuated, they will endeavor to establish laws in the system of the Union which provide exclusively for their interests, and they will endeavor to impart to these interested decisions the character of fundamental law. The cotton interests of the South have imposed upon the United States a system of public economy adverse to the welfare of nine tenths of all the population of the Union. By eloquence, by intrigue, by intimidation, by the bribery of office and of contract, and by a certain superiority conferred by aristocractic institutions, which bewilder and subdue the more ignorant portion of the democracy, the Free-traders of the Southern States (a majority in their own States) have overpowered the masses of the North, and organized a party which is able, unless strenuously opposed, to carry with it a majority of the electoral votes.

Not that this powerful faction has been destitute of equally interested allies, whereby it has raised itself to nationality; an alliance elsewhere named and described, and with which the reader is already familiar. The measures advocated by these allies are supported also by interested arguments, against which it is as idle to contend by argument as against the principle of despotism. Force alone, constitutionally and humanely tested by the electoral contest, can be used to overthrow them.

To understand fully the nature and merits of that contest—in which, by the ballot, or secret suffrage, an invention more creditable than any other to reason and justice, when used by a people who understand its value, the furious and selfish desires of contending multitudes being forced by it to expend themselves in mutual promises and persuasions, in-

Dav.
AP2
A512
v.16
no.4
cop.1

stead of massacre and subjugation—we have to consider the various forms of industry which prevail in the different sections of the continent, and the nature of the protection which they demand; and, finally, their relation to the industry and wealth of other nations, more especially of that one who at this moment dominates in a threatening attitude over the industry of the eastern coast.

The thirty-two States of the Union represent every climate, every product, and every form of industry. The system of the Union illustrates the philosophical idea of unity in diversity, which is perfection. Every variety of the Caucasian race is represented by the masses of its population, each one of which, taken by itself, would be numerous and powerful enough to form an independent people. All are united under a scheme of government which conforms equally with the requisitions of philosophy and experience—the philosophy of antiquity, and the experience of the moderns. It is a system which begins with the idea of the sacredness and sovereignty of the individual soul, and extends and expands without deviating from its original, until, at its highest generalization, it becomes the fundamental law of an empire—an empire of which the imperial sovereignty is distributed through all its members.

Nature has carefully and kindly prepared and adorned the country of these her favorite children, devoting to it the most favored quarter of the earth; she has there raised, in temperate latitudes, but embracing so much of the tropic as may be required for luxury, a continent which produces nothing monstrous or terrible, but is nearly every where habitable. She has divided it into two portions by a range of sterile mountains, awaiting the ingenuity of her sons to overcome that obstacle, and placing upon the one side what is useful and necessary, and on the other what has only an imaginary, but not a less important, value. She has not left this continent to depend for the last necessity of civilization upon the East, but has charged the soil of its Pacific shores with the most valued and precious medium of exchange, in quantities sufficient to represent all that is produced upon the Atlantic shores. The addition of the auriferous territory seemed to be all that was needed for the industrial unity of the continent. The interests of that portion of the continent which produces gold, the representative, cannot be separated from those of the Eastern, which produce what needs to be represented. The business of the people of California is to take from the earth that metal which, by the common consent of man, has been made the current medium of values: for that purpose they have left behind them the advantages and refinements of the East, and have formed for themselves a new State, a new and powerful community, which bears with it all the characteristics of republicanism, and a youthful vigor and intelligence which gives it a certain superiority over every other.

Producing nothing but gold, but in such quantities as to sustain already an entire people, feeding and clothing them, and even providing luxuries for the more fortunate, the commercial interests of this State are unlike those of any other in the world. They depend simply upon the imaginary or legalized value of gold. The time has not yet come to determine the laws by which the commerce of gold is regulated in a civilized and enlightened nation, devoted wholly to its production. The protection which they demand thus far is only to have the means of communicating its final and highest value within their own limits to that which they produce. While the people of the Atlantic States ask protection for iron and wool, substances which they produce, and to which they demand the privilege of communicating the highest value—the value of fabrication—to make wool and iron current in the world, like a precious metal, refined and stamped by the order of a government; the people of California, who, out of every ounce of gold which they raise from their own mountains, lose at present a sixteenth or a seventeenth, because they have not the privilege under the law of converting it into a circulating medium, ask for *protection* for gold—that is to say, they ask to be made secure in all the lawful fruits of their labor, not to be deprived of that sixteenth which to them, it may be, is the accumulation or profit of all that they have done. To insure this protection to themselves, they ask for the passage of a law sanctioned by every State of the confederacy, which shall give them this necessary, this just and natural privilege of communicating to that which they take out of the earth its last and highest value—that value which makes it current in all parts of the world. The people of California are,

therefore, in regard to that which they produce, not only protectionists, but protectionists of the highest grade, asking the protection of the Federal Government in behalf of their *peculiar* industry, to assist them in adding $5,000,000 of profit to the annual return of their mines; taking this $5,000,000 of profits out of the hands of those traders and commercial persons, those brokers and agents, who at present are the gainers by their loss. The produce of the soil of California is now carried by the million at a time, four millions in a month, to the eastern shores of the continent, by a circuitous voyage, to receive at other hands its final value.

We have spoken thus far of the one product of California, to show how even the producers of gold—a substance which of all others requires the least preparation in proportion to its value to fit it for use—require legislative protection; but, in so speaking, we have as it were inadvertently illustrated the fundamental principle of protection. Gold as an article of commerce, a subject of human labor, and a product of the earth, ranks with other substances serviceable to men, and is distinguished in commerce only by the singular purpose to which it is applied. Yet we have seen that this substance, produced by the most intelligent industry the world has ever seen, requires imperial protection and the intervention of a law to make it fully available even to them; and this protection is to be given to the industry of the least successful, literally and strictly, of the poor, who value the additional sixteenth rendered to them by the protective intervention of the imperial Government as, perhaps, the only profit of their labor.

No doubt, there are thousands of influential persons who profit by the absence of this protection; but will they dare to gainsay or oppose the soundness of the principle—the right by which it is demanded?

Let us now cast our eyes upon another part of this continent—the Eastern States, so called. These States produce, under the severest toil, only what is necessary for the food and clothing and ordinary comforts of life; not gold, but fleeces, grains, the more useful kinds of wood and metal, heavy, massive, cumbersome, difficult to be wrought, and that have to be submitted to machinery and tedious processes, requiring time and long, alternate labor, to give them value and currency. These, also, when they are wrought, become media of exchange, like gold itself. With the product of the loom, as with gold, the farmer purchases for himself luxuries and comforts; with his fleeces, and not with gold, he buys for himself the luxuries of tropical climates, and other things more essential than these, necessary to civilization, but which are the work of intelligence more refined and cultivated than his own. Were it possible for the man of the East to communicate to his products that highest stamp of value which is given by the most intelligent labor; were it possible for him, by *quality* more than by *quantity*, to acquire what he seeks and needs, that is, the means of exchange; he, like the man of the West, would have attained his utmost wishes. *He also* demands the action of the federated government; the sanction of thirty-two States to *protect* him in his course of industry and intelligent labor, and enable him to secure that which now passes into the hands of foreigners.

But, it is said, there are two parties to the legislation which is required to protect the Eastern manufacturer—the farmer who produces, and the artisan who gives its final stamp and value to what is produced. A pound of wool, worth, in the Eastern States, to the farmer, between forty and sixty cents, may be raised in value, by the application of machinery, to $10 or $20. This additional value, it is said, is not communicated by the farmer, and, therefore, the profits do not accrue to him, but to the artisan; or rather, is divided among a great number of persons, machinists, weavers, dyers, and others, who communicate value to the coarse material. A portion of this profit is also reaped by the manager and the capitalist, the clerk, the banker, and the trader; almost every species of human industry and ingenuity being employed upon this single article of wool, in the process of converting it into the finest woven fabric.

Suppose the whole world to be an open market, and fabrics of wool every where in demand; then add the supposition that wool, like gold, was a product of only one State of the Union: if now the people of that State were compelled, either by the management of speculators or by positive law, to send away their wool to a foreign country, and those who had the means were forbidden the privilege of converting it into a valuable fabric, their position would be

precisely that of the producers of gold in California at the present moment, who require positive law to enable them to communicate the last value to their product. The right upon which all economical legislation is founded is the right of property; out of that *right*, as we have elsewhere explained, arises the fundamental *duty* of economical legislation—rights and duties being correlative—namely: to protect that right. The farmer who grows the wool has the first right to it, nor is any legislation justifiable in standing between him and this right. It is his privilege to communicate to his product the highest value, and he must be defended in doing this, not only against the fraudulent designs of those who seek to rob him of it, but, in many cases, against his own weakness, which induces him to make a ruinous sale; and this is the principle of that encouragement which is given by the laws to such kinds of industry as require a high degree of protective legislation; but as it is a necessity of civilization that communities should be considered as one, and as having a common interest, economical legislation should not stop with the first producer. Not only the laborer, the shepherd, the shearer, the butcher, but equally the artisan, the spinner, the weaver, the machinist, the dyer, the agent, the salesman—in short, all who are connected with the production, manufacture and sale of woollen, must have an equal and just protection, considered as one community, against all foreign influences. They must be defended against all and every deprivation of profit, in order that they may enjoy the natural, we might almost say the sacred, privilege of communicating to that which the earth produces under their feet, the last and highest value; and if this is not attained for them—if the opportunity of labor, and of profit, is *drawn* away from them by the superior and more ingenious and powerful legislative, persuasive and attractive power of foreign countries, the institution of their state of society has failed of its effect, as it has done in most parts of the United States.

Clearly, the first degree of intelligence, and the lowest, is to produce; the second is to find a market, that is to say, a foreign value; the third, and highest, is to communicate this value at home; and this should establish the order of legislation. To protect, first, the producer in his production; and this the people of America have already done, by legislating with the most jealous care against every species of oppression which may fall upon the agriculturist or the grazier. But when it is considered that he is, in fact, only the first workman, engaged in the first and rudest of all the processes, we find our legislation extremely defective. We have secured to ourselves the liberty of producing, and have very thoroughly protected that liberty by the most stringent laws; we have made the protection of agriculture a part of our fundamental law, by denying to our government the right of taxing exports; but we have denied ourselves the liberty of giving its highest value to the article produced. While we earnestly defend the right of growing the wool and the cotton, we deny ourselves the right of working it up; legislating, in fact, for the benefit of communities foreign to ourselves, and with whom we have no economical or republican sympathy.

Since the introduction of the word "reciprocity," many new and strange theories have been generated, contrary alike to nature and to common sense. Reciprocity is always a good thing; but there are various kinds of reciprocity, and many degrees of it, and the highest degrees, when compared with the lowest, are as a million to one, in the good which they produce. It is relatively a good thing that the American people should produce wool, cotton, and iron, for other nations to stamp with value; that is to say, it is better than nothing; it is a form of industry; it yields a certain profit, to the multitude extremely small, to the few bringing wealth: and if there were no other possibility of subsistence, or profit, than this, all our legislation should be directed to confirm and strengthen the colonial relationship between England and the United States. But under such a system, it would not be necessary for us to legislate in our own behalf. Under the colonial, or free-trade system, it were better to allow Great Britain to legislate for us, being engaged, not in the production mainly, but in the superior occupation of communicating the last and highest value. We might repose securely under her economical system. But before touching upon this point, let us turn now to another department of our national indus-

try—the production of metals not originally precious, but made so by the application of labor and skill.

There is probably no crude natural product more worthless in its first condition, or more valuable in its last, than iron. In furnishing to the inhabitants of the new continent their outfit and means, Nature has placed an inexhaustible quantity of iron in the very centre of their finest latitudes, side by side with the fuel necessary to its manufacture. The coal and iron of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, seem to have been deposited in those States as a trust fund, or capital, for the inhabitants of the new continent, inexhaustible, and which requires only labor to communicate to it any desirable value. Nature *provides* the means, intelligence *employs* them. The American Indians made no use of the coal and iron of Pennsylvania. The Dutch inhabitants of Pennsylvania do not seem to have the requisite degree of intelligence to make a profit out of their mines. It was necessary that the intelligent men of the East should invent new methods, and direct the operations for opening and working these valuable mines.

Almost as exclusively as gold to California, do coal and iron belong to Pennsylvania. There is gold in Virginia, there is iron in Connecticut, profitable to work; but when we speak of iron, we think of Pennsylvania; as, when we speak of gold, we think of California. The situation of Pennsylvania, in regard to her natural product of iron, is analogous to that of California in regard to gold: she also requires special legislation to defend her interest in that product. She demands the sanction of thirty-two States to protect her in her endeavors to communicate the highest value to her inestimable product of iron. Pennsylvania, like the Eastern States, wishes to establish a just and natural *reciprocity* between herself and the other States of the Union; she wishes to supply them with iron, raised to a high value by her own labor, and they, in their turn, to supply her with what is peculiar to themselves. Now, in the system of reciprocity which the American people have been forced to adopt by the policy and persuasion of England, Pennsylvania is deprived of that valuable reciprocity which she desires to establish. Her sister States have said to her: "We will not reciprocate with you, but we will reciprocate with England. That is to say, we will not protect your manufacture of iron. There are two States who wish to communicate value to iron — yourself and England. We prefer reciprocity with the latter, to a reciprocity with you.

"'FREE TRADE BETWEEN REPUBLICS,' between Pennsylvania and her sister States; alternate production and exchange, freed of all tariffs and restrictions whatsoever, between Pennsylvania and the other States of the Union, based upon the article of iron, shall *not* be established; but 'free trade with the British isles,' based upon the article of iron, *shall* be established, and in your despite, though you are one of us."

In regard to iron, however, the laws established by the United States are more defective than in regard to any other article of commerce; for though the farmer, the producer of wheat, of cotton, of flax, achieves for himself all that he desires in the protection of his raw material, or first product, those, on the other hand, who wish to take the ore of iron out of the earth, have not the slightest protection for this first and lowest kind of toil; much less for the intelligence and labor which stamp it with a high value. They are met by legislative obstructions at the very birth of their enterprise.

It is necessary that the forge should be within call, a stone's throw from the mine. Could the crude ore be dug up like gold, and sent away to foreign countries to be there smelted and stamped with value, to be made current in the world's markets, why then England would persuade or compel us to send our ores of iron to her forges, as the Californians are now compelled to send their crude gold by a circuitous voyage around the continent to be smelted and stamped in Philadelphia; and that would be a fine and telling illustration of the British system of reciprocity, which goes by the name of free trade.

Now, the only system of reciprocity which we, as Americans, think it just to favor, is reciprocity between friends and brothers, bound together by a common interest; that is to say, between the several States of the Union. We advocate absolute free trade between republics, on the same continent, speaking the same language, and upholding the same system of government;

and we maintain that it is the duty of one and all of these republics to favor reciprocity among themselves, and no other; as we consider it the most powerful means of preserving and perpetuating the sovereignties of the States, and the Union itself.

There remains another illustration of this subject, as singular and exclusive as that of the gold of California, namely, the cotton of the Southern States. The growth of cotton is confined to a particular soil and a particular climate; and it is argued by those who produce it, that it requires, moreover, a certain constitution of society—that it must be grown by slave labor. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that this is true, we find the production of cotton more peculiar than that of any other product, and therefore more apt to illustrate the subject in hand.

We hold it to be the first and earliest duty of our government, as it represents the will and judgment of the people, to secure for the cotton-growing States the privilege of communicating the last and highest value to that material upon their own soil, and by their own ingenuity and industry. In the States of Georgia and the Carolinas we hold that it is just and natural to have the manufacture of cotton established; but if circumstances forbid this much-desired arrangement, if these States are not able in their present condition to stamp the highest value upon cotton, we next claim that other States of the Union should have a preference to all foreign countries whatsoever, monarchic or free. We strenuously advocate *free trade between our own republics*—the highest degree of reciprocity; but we claim for each republic the privilege and the right of communicating to its own products as high a value as they may desire or find convenient; and we claim that our government ought to protect them in this right, in the same spirit and for the same reason that they establish a mint in California.

The principles of the two measures, as argued in the Senate, are identical. If the protection of the Federal Government were extended to those who wish not only to produce the valuable and peculiar substance which gives two thirds of all their profits to our Southern States, the injurious preference of England, *a monarchical country*, opposed in spirit and in practice to Southern institutions, would be done away with; and those Northern States *who have protected the South from devastation and destruction would receive that to which they are entitled*, namely, the right of communicating the highest value to Southern products. To a certain extent they have claimed and enjoyed this right; and certain branches of the cotton manufacture are successfully, though precariously and dangerously, carried on in the North, under a variable and inadequate protection. We demand, as a duty owed to us by the South, that a true and substantial reciprocity be established between the cotton-growers and the manufacturers, not only in Georgia, where it is already partly established, but in every State of the Union qualified by nature and disposition to engage in the manufacture of cotton; and we venture to add that their persevering and unnatural preference for England has been one of the leading causes of the agitations they so greatly fear.

Such are the fundamental doctrines and ideas of reciprocity between the producer and the manufacturer, of necessity briefly and imperfectly developed, which we maintain as the grounds of our demand for a revision of the present tariff. In reciprocity with Great Britain or her colonies we have had small confidence, and of late none at all. Other States than those we have named might have been taken to illustrate the doctrines and measures which we advocate; but to develop all the resources of the Union, and show the extent of legislation which will in time be demanded by the people for the protection of their industry, and the establishment of a system of internal commerce, reciprocal and free, is an argument which must be extended over months and years to come.

We are clearly of opinion, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary by many admirable writers on our side of the question, that the so-called free-trade policy of England, which she has forced upon other nations and persuaded us to adopt, is not only highly advantageous to her, but even necessary to her existence. We have frequently proved, by arguments based upon the most accurate calculations, that the policy of Great Britain does accomplish the end which she has in in view. It enables her to produce articles of manufacture at a price which places them beyond competition in every unprotected market. Her desire is not so much to obtain high prices—though she is always ready to

give that turn to affairs when it is safe—as to produce at low prices. For the last ten years, we find the entire legislation of England directed to the attainment of this object. In point of fact, she disregards every thing, under her present system, excepting the extension of her market. Not only do the common people of Great Britain, the operatives, but a large and powerful faction of the nobility, together with the entire middle class, sustain the policy of Sir Robert Peel. The nature of this policy is clearly exemplified by the great measures which have passed of late years in the British Parliament, and received the sanction of the crown. Against these measures, the enormously wealthy but numerically small faction of the old nobility have set their faces in vain. It appears, from the elections which have just closed in the United Kingdom, that a very large body of the Tory faction have found it necessary to yield to the second of the great measures of free trade, namely, the admission of grain, and generally of the food of the people, at low duties, though raised in foreign countries, and therefore entering into immediate competition with food of English growth. For the aid of this measure the arguments of philanthropy were more powerfully urged than those of profit; but it was not philanthropy, but the calculations of the manufacturers, which compelled them to admit the products of American soil to competition with those of their own estates. And this measure did not have the ruinous consequence upon England herself which was predicted for it: it cheapened the food of the poorer classes in Great Britian, and thereby enabled the manufacturers to employ their operatives at low or moderate wages; a measure necessary for the existence of the manufactories, now become the largest source of the national wealth.

The third of these measures, the introduction of the materials of manufacture at low duties, beginning with American cottons, was carried with ease in connection with the abolition of the corn laws, and passed almost unnoticed, but was highly satisfactory and propitious to the manufacturers, who were enabled by this two-fold reduction, in the price of food and the price of raw materials, to continue to throw out upon all the world those enormous masses of manufactured products which at present encumber every market. Wages of operatives, meanwhile, and prices of food were still but just sufficient to keep soul and body together. Only one other measure was necessary to complete the series of free-trade or manufacturer's legislation in Great Britain, and this was to admit foreign vessels to a competition with those of English build; a measure by which freights were reduced on the products of foreign countries brought to England, and on those of England exported, to a figure which left scarcely the shadow of a profit to the ship-owners. Thus, in less than an age, we have witnessed the most remarkable political phenomenon of modern times, namely, a powerful Empire driven by the competition of a Republic, not one century established, into a complete and radical change of its commercial policy; a change ending, not, as usual, in destruction and revolution, but in an incredible augmentation of wealth and power to that empire itself.

We hear it said, that England is desirous of selling her manufactured articles, her cloth and iron, at high prices; this is asserted by one of our most sagacious writers on the subject of the Tariff—we mean a writer in the *New-York Tribune*, which in general felicity and powerful argumentation on this particular subject can compare only with the *London Times*. The position maintained by the *Tribune*, that the free-trade system of Great Britain is intended to enhance the value of her products in foreign markets, is subverted by the history of the last few years. The struggle amongst her manufacturers, which has drawn to itself the entire force of her legislation, has been to produce at the lowest possible rates and to sell at the smallest possible profits: a system which, if thoroughly successful, as every trader will understand, ends in the absorption by England of the world's trade and wealth. For this she has striven with all her private and imperial energies, with all her internal and external forces. Against this the manufacturing peoples of the earth have struggled in vain, by combinations, restrictions, tariffs, and every species of opposition, not excepting war itself.

In spite of all their efforts, every frontier is crossed by the smugglers of Great Britain, and every port is occupied by her merchant ships, guarded by a detachment of her powerful navy, and an accomplished diplomat, armed with all the powers necessary. Eng-

land has set herself to make clothes and utensils for all the world. Master of the wants and luxuries, she is the master of men.

Of the ultimate fate of the British Empire, under this system, it were vain to offer any predictions, especially in regard to our own country, where she almost holds a monopoly not only of our physical, but of our intellectual wants, and rules us with the equal sceptres of literature and commerce.

Necessarily the reader will conclude that if England wishes to displace and annihilate our native manufactures by the excessive cheapness of her own productions, she is not the less desirous to bring down the prices of food in this country and in all others. It is her desire not only to cheapen what she sells to us, in order to command our markets, but in her own markets to create the largest competition. The investment of her capital and the exertion of her influence in the commerce of the United States and the British Colonies is controlled so as to harmonize with the general system of her industrial policy. The monopoly of manufacturing power which she demands for herself as a new and golden development of her ancient aristocratical system, depending, like all other profits of that system, upon vast conquests by the sword and pen, followed by enormous sales, in which the immensity of the transaction compensates for the smallness of the profit *per cent.*, requires that the food produced in America should be immense in quantity, and cheap by reason of the amount produced and the quality of labor applied. It is *necessary* for Great Britain that *all other nations should engage in agriculture;* that they should enter into competition with each other; that they should invest their capital in the means of conveying the produce of their farms to the seacoast; that they should borrow her capital for that purpose, to eke out their own; that the cheapest and most expeditious navigation should be employed for the conveyance of these masses of food and stock; that every obstruction to the working of this system should be removed; that the entire diplomacy and naval force of the British empire should be kept in active order to aid it; that the tariffs of all nations, excepting such as are necessary for revenue, should be broken down. This is the system of the British Free-traders, and it is harmonious, in spirit and effect, with the policy of the Democratic party of the United States. The political affinity between that party and the money-magnates of England, is more operative and subtle than any other active principle in the politics of the United States.

The Free-traders of Great Britain rejoice in the nomination of Franklin Pierce for the Presidency. They offer no opposition to the annexation of Mexico, but speculate upon it as a probability not undesirable. They did not oppose with any vigor or sincerity the annexation of Texas: instinct forbade. They looked upon that annexation as a means of extending, and consequently of *cheapening*, the production of cotton. They are not opposed to the annexation of Mexico, because they look forward in it to an immense addition to the agricultural population of the Union; toward which their merchants will turn the prows of their steamers with the certainty of a market devoted to them and their monopolies. If England continues uninterrupted in her career, maintains as heretofore the sovereignty of all the seas, the American system of Henry Clay will cease to be a basis of public law in the United States, and the Americans, like the Egyptians of old, their manufactures destroyed and their industry restricted to the cultivation of the earth, will fall at last under a kind of Roman domination. But it is impossible that this system should continue. Were the United States inhabited by an unintelligent and effeminate people, such a result might be predicted; but not otherwise. Modern philosophy, in conjunction with history, has at length taught us, that in calculating the horoscope of a nation, we must take first the altitude of its intelligence and the strength of its moral nature.

Let us now turn to the statistics quoted from the *Tribune* newspaper, in an article of which we have forgotten the date, but which will not have been forgotten by intelligent readers. The London *Economist*, says the *Tribune*, has given a comparative view of the prices of certain articles, coffee for example, to illustrate the workings of the British system. It appears that of the article of coffee alone, the people of England have consumed, during the past year, 53,000,000 lbs., of which in the year 1851 they consumed only 50,000,000; the price of this article having fallen ten or twelve per cent. at the same time. An increase of 6 per cent. in the quantity consumed, a diminution of 12 per cent. in the price; being a clear loss of 6 per cent. to the producers of the arti-

cle in South America and elsewhere! Here is *one* instance of the successful working of the British system: *a small increase of consumption, a very great decline in price.* Let the cotton-growers of the South take warning. "This it is,"—as we have ourselves repeatedly set forth during the past two years,—"This it is which constitutes British prosperity. Diminution of import duties is held out to the agriculturists of the world as a reason for giving to Great Britain a monopoly of the manufactuning machinery of the world; and yet the prices which they obtain fall instead of rising with the extension of the system called Free Trade." Let the reader compare this with the American system of Henry Clay as it has been developed by Henry C. Carey, and by writers in this journal, and pronounce which of the two is most advantageous to the farmers and cotton-growers of America. The "American System" is not consistent with England's commercial prosperity.

The consumption of sugar in 1851 amounted to 6,000,000 cwts. This consumption has increased during the past year 413,000 cwts., and the price has fallen from 38 to 28 shillings in the same time. Thus it appears, that while the consumption has increased nearly in the proportion of *one fourth*, the price has fallen nearly in the proportion of *one third*. Under these circumstances, says the *Tribune*, "the consumers of the sugar in Great Britain may well be prosperous, but what becomes of the producers?" In like manner, while the consumption of tea has increased only *five per cent.* the price has fallen *thirty per cent.* The article of timber, also, is shown by the *London Times* to be at present furnished to the people of England by foreign countries, at less prices than ever before.

We have repeatedly shown our readers, in previous articles, that the secret of British commercial prosperity consists in her ability to undersell the manufacturers of other countries; and it is now demonstrated by the experience of a single year, and suggested as a matter of triumph by the Chancellor D'Israeli, that her prosperity depends equally upon the low prices of foreign produce; these low prices having, of course, a ruinous effect upon the agriculture of America, and of all other countries who refuse, as we do, to provide themselves with a home market by judicious legislation.

The reason of this astonishing fall of price in the produce of all agricultural countries, is the excessive production to which they have been led by the open competition of the British market, joined with the want of a steady, legislative protection to raise competitors against the monopolists of Great Britain. The prosperity of the cotton manufacturers in England at the present time is traceable to the fact, that the same article of cotton which sold in March, 1851, for 6s. 7d. to 8d., sold last March for 4s. 3d. to 4d.; a fall of *more than one third!* In like manner Australian wool has been depressed in the British market, though not to the same extent. The recent large increase in the circulation of the *Whig Review* makes it necessary to repeat to our new readers many arguments with which the old ones are familiar. We have again and again demonstrated the certainty of these results of free trade. We have shown that it is a system of taxation which embraces the whole world; and that it would not only make all agricultural countries dependent upon Great Britain, but would eventually work a fatal depression of all their products. We have developed the working of this system in that part of the world where it has been applied in all its intensity—in Ireland, a country from which the population is now receding *en masse*, as if Ireland were not the most fertile and food-producing country in the world, but an arid desert. Anticipating the final exhaustion of Ireland, formerly the market-garden of Great Britain, and now fast changing into a wilderness, the commercial monopolists of England *have directed their attention upon ourselves as the next in order* to be consumed and exhausted; and it is perhaps one of the most astonishing political phenomena of the present epoch, that those masses of emigrants, who fly starved and furious from British legislation in Europe and in the British islands, enlist, immediately upon arriving in America, under the banners of Democracy and British Free Trade; and thus build up again, upon American soil, the fortunes of that people who have done their best to destroy them at home. The grand ally of British commercial aristocracy, the Democratic party of the United States, makes us a second time the vassals of that oppression which we hate, the oppression of Norman aristocracy in the guise of capital and commerce.

Is he not a strange, a ludicrous, and miserable object, the unlucky Celt, rebelling in Ireland against England, and defeated and exiled by her, the instant he sets foot upon the free soil of America, enlisting again under her banners, and consecrating the first fruits of his newly-acquired liberty upon the altar of "British Commercial Prosperity"? Is it the fate of the Irishman, every where and always, on this earth, to be the Englishman's tool?

It is not at all astonishing to ourselves, with these facts before us, to hear of the defection of D'Israeli and a numerous faction of the Tories from the ranks of the old Protectionists; though, for reasons that we cannot fully understand, the writer in the *Tribune* endeavors to make it appear that this defection is temporary, and preparatory only to a change in the Imperial policy. The writer, however, adds: "We are by no means convinced that he (the Chancellor) is the man to grapple fairly with the difficulties into which a false policy has led his country, and which are precisely those prophesied by Adam Smith as the inevitable result of sacrificing the near trade in the effort to secure the distant one. It is nevertheless to be borne in mind, that the country was on the eve of a general election, and that he must have felt himself in a situation somewhat akin to that in which General Jackson found himself, when he gave his opinion in favor of 'a judicious tariff.' It is said, that when taunted for repudiating the principles which brought him into office, he indignantly replied that he intended to put in practice the opinions, and carry out the policy he had advocated when on the other side of the house." Now, on referring to the "declaration of principles" of the party of D'Israeli, we find no mention of protection as an *essential* point; and in the letter of Sir John Pakington to the North American colonies, the government express a positive reluctance to trench upon the system of their predecessors by granting bounties. Our own opinion, though we broach it with some hesitation, is that the Tory party will move over, gradually, to the side of the Free-traders, and adopt their system, as the permanent governmental policy of the empire. The foundations of the peerage will not be then laid as exclusively in the ownership of land; and it may be that the aristocracy of England will acquire a Venetian or Carthaginian character. Their *present* platform embraces particulars esteemed by them to be at least of equal importance with the opposition to an income tax; nor have they suffered as much by the policy of free trade as is commonly supposed. The tariffs of Great Britain, at the present moment, by means of what we should call a heavy tax upon tea and coffee and other articles in popular use, added to the excise, are found equal to the interest of the public debt and all the expenses of colonial, military, and civil list. The incomes of the church and peerage being derived principally from rents and tithes and other forms of impost, which are not *much* affected by a change in the system of taxation. The income tax will perhaps be gradually shifted upon the middle class, as a compromise with them; but the points for which the aristocracy are at present more jealous than for any others, are the maintenance of the church establishment; the Protestant education of the people, as opposed, on the one side, to Catholicism, and on the other, to that liberalism which has crept in of late; determined resistance to republicanism in every shape, which *they* call "democracy;" a distribution of internal taxes which shall throw the burden of the national debt upon the middle class, who are the principal holders of it; a foreign policy in harmony with the present European system; active and *loyal* administration and incitement of the colonies; and finally, an augmentation of the military power of the empire, especially in England itself. We must confess, we see nothing in the movements of the Tory party that indicates a lack of wisdom or of ability in the administration of affairs after their manner. We think it highly necessary for the people of the United States to inform themselves minutely in English affairs, and watch with old-fashioned republican vigilance the movements of England in regard to ourselves. We repeat that we are constrained to differ from the writer in the *Tribune*, in regard to the impending weakness and dissolution of the British empire. This writer refers to the process of exhaustion applied by England to the densely populated countries of Asia, to Portugal, Turkey, and Ireland, in her efforts for extending the area of free trade. We have ourselves, in former

articles, enlarged upon these topics. The annexation of the Burman empire to that of Great Britain, which seems to be a calculated event, and the compulsory sales of British opium in China, are also referred to by the same writer, and the remark added, that with every step in this direction, the wages of English labor will of necessity decline, together with the percentage upon investments. Already the iron manufacturers of Great Britain, and in general the largest operators with fixed capital, content themselves with one, two, and three per cent. income; but this is a natural result of the accumulation of capital in great masses. And though it is not, as the *Tribune* justly remarks, a proof of the advance of national wealth, it is a proof of the continued concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, and of the inability of small capitalists to engage in important enterprises. An ingenious Democratic editor has endeavored to establish the doctrine that large capitals attain large profits, and small ones the reverse. The entire industrial systems of Great Britain and America are proofs of the falsity of this position. The owner of a million pounds sterling realizes a princely income with a profit of one per cent. The owner of a hundred will starve at ten, and is compelled, for the sake of larger profits, to associate himself, in a subordinate relation, with the millionaire; and this doubtless is the secret of the wonderful unity and concentaneity observed in the movements of British capital. The industrial engagements of the people follow the judgment of the millionaires; these in their turn being consulted by and consulting the aristocracy. Wages of labor in England are not as low in general as some have imagined; but they are subject to dreadful vicissitudes in consequence of changes in the foreign market. We conceive, therefore, that England has adopted a sound policy for herself in establishing, against all the world, her system of free trade, and in giving a Carthaginian or Venetian turn to her legislation.

Let not the people of America stand in awe of this power, but let them exercise the utmost sagacity and vigilance in protecting themselves against it. Should England continue her hostile attitude, and compel us, against our will, into a naval contest with her, the result will be *eventually* favorable to ourselves upon one condition; and that is, that we seize the otherwise unhappy opportunity of shaking off our dependence upon her industrial system. So thoroughly sensible of this are the Free-traders of our own country, we predict from them a powerful opposition to every measure that will engage us, under any national disgrace, in hostility with the Tories. We have frequently made this prediction. If the reader wishes to see the first symptom of its justification, let him read the debates on Mr. Evans's amendment to the Appropriation Bill, establishing a light-house duty on foreign vessels. We discover in that debate of August 4th indications of the spirit of the two parties which cannot be mistaken. Sincerely and heartily as we deprecate hostilities of every kind, *either with Mexico or with Great Britain*, if we are *driven* to a choice between the two,—an unhappy choice, but which there is some fear our antagonists may one day force upon us,—we prefer the latter, as likely to entail the least amount of evil in every shape. May the favor of Heaven and the inherited wisdom of our fathers avert the necessity of either!

Meanwhile we repeat, that it is absolutely necessary for every citizen of the United States to bear in mind the maxim of Thomas Jefferson, "that the price of liberty is perpetual vigilance." Let us not weary ourselves with vague philanthropical speculations, but consider for once, and simply, the *exclusive* interest of the great Republic. The day of action is at hand. By securing the election of the most illustrious soldier and the most vigilant and honorable of diplomatists, whose simple decisions are not biased by a number of interested considerations, but rest only upon a sense of national honor, we shall secure for ourselves every possible advantage, and escape every *avoidable* calamity. Now or never is the time.

NATIONAL HUMOR.

A FRAGMENT.

Let us commence, like a respectable Sphinx as we are, by a riddle. What is humor? Do you give it up? It is the meeting of two opposite ideas from which a third is evolved, as in the concussion of the two flints which blew up Baron Munchausen's bear. Humor is the music of discords, just as poetry is the echo of harmony. The difference between them is, between being tickled, and being caressed or sympathized with. Humor is the point in which pain and pleasure meeting produce a third element, which strangely partakes of the nature of both. It is a sort of voluptuous torture, like being pinched in the arm by a pretty girl. Hence, some humor makes us cry, and some makes us laugh, according to the quantities in which the radical elements are mixed. Less prettiness and harder pinching, or less pinch and more prettiness, is the question. Humor is the identity of contraries, like every thing in Hegel's metaphysics. In fact, humor is so essentially subtle and mysterious a matter that it would seem to be extremely difficult to describe, or, in the language of modest authors who are apt to confound their own stupidity with the universe, *indescribable*. It is precisely for that reason that we have so minutely described it.

But, in case one description be considered unsatisfactory, we will give the opinions of the seven wisest men we know—*the* seven wise men of America—on the subject.

It being proposed over a bottle of champagne to define the nature of humor—

"Humor," said Twanky, "is a knife, of which the handle is smooth and the point sharp."

"Humor," said Cranky, "is a sort of red pepper, which burns while it pleases the palate."

"Humor," said Spanky, "is the smile of a coquette, which has a double meaning, like the esoteric and exoteric philosophies."

"Humor," said Lanky, "is candied ill-temper."

"Humor," said Panky, "is good-nature in pickle."

"Humor," said Yanky, "is impossibility made easy."

"Humor," said Zanky, "is a mint julep in which bitter and sweet are so exquisitely blended, that it is impossible to distinguish where one leaves off, or the other begins."

Hobbes, as is well known, attributed laughter, which is the outward development of a humorous idea, to a sense of exulting superiority, and even pleasure in the pain of another. But this crude theory needs no examination. It is evident that in the majority of cases which provoke our laughter, there is no room whatever for such a feeling. Our own line of explanation is far more consistent with facts. The enjoyment of humor is indeed akin to eating a cucumber with vinegar and pepper, or an acidulous fruit-pie with sugar. Contrast, and contrast only, is the radical element of humor.

The poet delights in resemblances, the humorist in discrepancies. Humor is poetry topsy turvy.

Not long since, some droll fellow, to whom pen and ink were unluckily accessible, deliberately asserted that poetry was a disease—like scrofula.

Now, so far from this being the case, poetry is the acme of health. It is the overflow of moral and corporeal redundancy of strength. All great poets have been men remarkable for their physical beauty and perfection. For example, Shakspeare, Goethe, Dante, Petrarch, Milton, Byron, (who swam the Hellspont, notwithstanding his defect in the foot,) Lamartine, Tennyson, etc. Where will you find such a collection of faces and forms as these? Each of them have, in their own time and country, been celebrated for their majestic stature, or personal beauty.

On the other hand, we have our doubts about humor. We suspect that, uncombined with poetry, of which it is the engine reversed, whence all poets are humorists, though all humorists are certainly not poets,

it is at least a mental malady. We fear that your regular humorists are mostly queer-looking fellows, apt to be dwarfish and wrinkled, with sharp noses, and a diabolical sort of grin, with small piercing eyes, and thin wicked mouths. We know many of this stamp, and, notwithstanding our own sacred character as philosopher and poet, cannot help feeling an odd creeping of the flesh in their presence. We draw our prophet's mantle uncomfortably tight about us, and catch ourselves calculating the chances of their hitting the well-known holes in our garment with the arrows of their unscrupulous sarcasm. An unreversible, that is, an unpoetical humorist is an imperfect creature, a sort of madman or devil-possessed demoniac.

We never felt ourselves a match for one of these human goblins. Their incessant sharp-shooting, their shower of insignificant hits, and adroit turns and paradoxes, is quite dazzling and confusing. A man, whose mind is cast in the mould of reason and love of truth, will ever be "bothered" in a contest with such antagonists. The true healthful man is afraid of his own strength; he cannot return the little rattle of taps and flips, from fear of striking one blow that may be mortal—at least to the temper of his opponent. Habitual banterers are terribly sensitive in their own persons.

Humor, then, is, in the abstract, to poetry and art, what fungi, weeds and wild berries are to the oaks of the forest, and the fruits of the orchard, and the flowers of the pleasure garden. Every land has its own weeds, fungi, and wild berries, and every nation its own peculiar humor. It is our wish to describe the special character of humor belonging to a few of the more important nationalities. For the present, lest our task should prove endless, like the Indian serpent which encircles the universe, we will confine ourselves to England, France, Germany, and America, the living representatives of progress. They will furnish us with ample stuff for analytical comparism. So, as when in Southey's "Devil's Walk," the Czar of all the hells exclaims:

> "Here's heads for England, tails for France;
> He tost, and heads it came;"

we, not being desirous of imitating the devil's example, will take care in tossing that tails shall turn up, and, accordingly, as the spectral army of Napoleon cried in the song, "France is our watchword."

We will begin with the humor of France, of beautiful France, the land of Rabelais and Molière, of Rochefoucauld and Talleyrand, of Paul de Kock and the Charivari. How the old jests and repartees rise up before us, at the thought, like the grinning skulls of departed boon companions—the Yoricks of our youthful days of frolic! We are in Paris; we jostle brother dandies on the gay, crowded, dusty Boulevards; we lounge in cafés whose walls are mirrors of interminable reflection, on sofas of everlasting red velvet; we sip eternal coffee from white cups, on infinite marble tables; and newspapers without end, affixed to inevitable mahogany sticks, are spread before us by garçons in white jackets, numerous as the poet's

> "Horsemen, like the sand
> On ocean's shores, uncounted,"

whose devotion to our individual happiness, so far as the resources of Parisian cafés go, appears to be of a most perennial and inexhaustible nature.

Once more we walk the arcades of the lively, glittering *Palais Royal*—Palais *National*, we mean, if any thing be now *national* in France, save humor; we pause and stare into the curiosity shop, where there is the dear old fan, made of hummingbirds' feathers, as some think, others say floss silk; and the candelabra man, who stands on his brazen head, like the Colossus of Rhodes upside down, with a socket for a candle in each of his brazen legs, thus illustrating the fable of the hungry man, *hollow to his heels*, of our youthful reminiscences. There, too, is the marble bust of nobody in particular, standing on the Chinese cabinet that never came from China, and a small army of little bronze men and women, who may think themselves lucky that they are not flesh and blood instead of bronze, so uncomfortable is their general style of attitude. And there, also, is the set of Indian chessmen, with real elephants and castles, and small warriors for pawns, looking altogether much too expensive for anybody but an emperor to play with. We pass over the old china, with brick-dust colored roses, and the sticks with the heads of griffins, and other terrible and fabulous animals, ready to bite your hand the moment you attempt to

lay hold of them. Yes, we pass over those and many other remarkable things, and we make our way across the Place du Carrousel, where there is a bude light, and an arch, stuck up out of sheer extravagance, and precisely because it is not wanted, a most useless and fine-gentlemanly structure! We cross the bridge of the "Arts," or of the "sacred fathers," it matters not to us, and we find ourselves in the *Quai Voltaire*, opposite the old Hôtel Voltaire, which faces the Tuileries, and devours the substance of foreigners with carpet-bags, who, mayhap, deluded by its chipped and unpainted aspect, have walked into it in search of economy, like a mouse seeking luxurious living in a mouse-trap. We cannot help it—we know it is a weakness, but we cannot help looking up at those windows on the first floor, erst the dwelling of that lovely and most gracious young baroness, whose only fault was that she had run away from a monster of a husband, and somehow, for want of papers of some kind, could not make it quite all right with the police, notwithstanding the devotion of the ugly *femme de chambre* who perjured herself black in the face—she was very brown to begin with—as her mistress pathetically assured us.

We painted the portrait of that lovely young baroness, at least we engaged to paint it; but it all ended in three-cornered notes, which a friend of ours, the leader of a new socialist school, assured us was a proof of her liberality in politics, as the triangle is the symbol of equality in what may be called modern political heraldry.

The fact was, that when the charming young baroness discovered that we were not professionally portrait painters, she set us down as rich milords in mufti, and rather astonished our strong minds by a broad hint at ten thousand francs a year, and a carriage. Such are the surprises young philosophers of adventurous temperaments are apt to encounter at Paris!

We turn from the old hotel and its romantic reminiscences to the long line of book-stalls, or rather book-boxes, arranged for nearly half a mile in unbroken line along the parapet of the terrace overhanging the Seine. An old man in a pale-blue frock, with dark-blue patches, and a queer cap, watches us intently. Perhaps he merely regards us as a possible customer; perhaps he sees something wild or Eugene Aramish in our looks. We take up a volume of Gavarni's caricatures—a startling reminder that we are not writing reminiscences of Paris, but a treatise on National Humor. We return to our muttons, or rather our muttons return to us. Dreams! vanish!

Let us try, Gavarni-like, to put a few bold touches into our cartoon. Let us say that French humor is preëminently the humor of the passions and feelings; that English humor is that of the interests and of social relations, the German of the abstract philosophical and political idea, the Italian of the artistic sentiment, the Spanish of the grotesque and the fanciful, Arabian of the moral, and American of the purely and essentially comical intention. Having said all this, let us admit that the distinctions are but rude, reckless generalizations, implying a predominating, but by no means an absorbing element.

And now for a few examples of French humor. If many of our illustrations be old or familiar, let us at least care that they be good of their kind. It is a poor joke that will not bear repetition, and the newspapers of all nations take care that the axiom shall not fall into disuse. We have known even originations of this poor brain of ours go the rounds of the English and American papers in a way that amazed us. Assuredly the man who invents a droll story or says a smart thing, needs be in no fear of wanting readers in this journalizing world, where even a novel platitude is pounced on with such vulture-like alacrity. The consumption of fun is greater than the production. The people demand it as a necessity of their natures, and the will of the people should be respected.

"Make way for the representatives of the people," said somebody at the commencement of the late French Revolution, as Lamartine and his colleagues were proceeding to the Hôtel de Ville.

"Make way for the people themselves!" retorted a body of the insurgents they encountered.

This reminds us of Lamartine's famous reply to the demand for his head, raised by some of the most violent during one of his harangues.

"I wish you *had* the head of Lamartine," replied the poet smiling; "you would be more patient and less bloodthirsty."

Talking of the poet-statesman reminds us,

by antithesis, of Prince Talleyrand, who certainly was any thing but a poet, though he would make a very good hero of a poem for any one witty enough to treat such a subject. Talleyrand is one of those men whose fame as a wit and a humorist is not to be disputed. Such names have this remarkable peculiarity, they become in a manner bonded warehouses or pounds for stray witticisms and anecdotes of unknown origin, to which they lend a certain aureole or halo. Just as the fifth book of Moses is popularly attributed to that author, whose death takes place in the course of the narrative, so are countless jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, remorselessly fathered upon Talleyrand, Theodore Hook, Lord Byron, Beau Brummel, and a few other piquant celebrities, perhaps as a sort of reparation for the numberless examples of their really genuine "good things" which have passed away unrecorded with the occasions that gave rise to them.

Talleyrand's *bons mots* were infinite. We wish our memory were not the sinking fund it is, or we would give a few of them. One story, however, we *do* recollect, and that *one* is eminently characteristic of the habitually cunning and sarcastic diplomatist.

A lady was extremely desirous of possessing Talleyrand's autograph. As if to prevent the possibility of an improper use being made of his signature, the astute minister wrote his name *at the top and close to the edge* of the blank sheet of paper which was presented to him.

Washington Irving attributes to Goldsmith the saying commoly given to Talleyrand, that the use of language is to disguise thought. The real fact is that it is one of Rochefoucauld's maxims; and talking of Rochefoucauld we cannot, however well known may be the *mot*, pass over his name without mention of his most bitter and perhaps most brilliant stroke of humor. It is a jest which only a ducal cynic, a fine gentleman of the old school, or a professed satirist, could possibly have uttered.

"A man must live," said somebody in extenuation of somebody's conduct.

"I do not see the necessity," replied the Duc de Rochefoucauld.

The French *Seigneur* has not lacked disciples. His opinion has been adopted by a large school of eminent suicides. Laman Blanchard the wit, Haydon the artist, and many others who did not see the necessity of living—in other words, who made up their accounts summarily—found, as Byron has it,

"A deuced balance with the Devil,"

and preferred death to misery.

It may be said that Rochefoucauld's philosophical sarcasm had nothing to do with these events; that the suicides in question would have occurred had the repartee never been uttered. Possibly; yet it is well said that the last hair breaks down the camel. To a hesitating resolution the last hair is often a jest. Who knows how often Rochefoucauld may have broken the back of a suicide's lingering love of life by his pitiless maxim?

We remember ourselves a solemn incident which occurred some years ago, and which tends to confirm the above position. It is not humorous, nevertheless we will take the liberty to interpolate it. It cannot be quite uninteresting, for it is a fact.

One evening we were introduced, at the studio of Thomas Woolner, the English sculptor and poet, the friend of Tennyson and Carlyle, the plastic chief of the Pre-Raphaelite school, the delicate poet and generous friend —now one of a party of literary and artistic adventurers in the gold diggings of Australia—we were, we repeat, introduced at Woolner's studio to a tall, thin, pale, deep-eyed man, named Ashford. He was the sculptor's inseparable companion, and had been named the "philosopher" on account of the peculiar bent of his studies, which chiefly turned on chemistry and natural science. We observed that the "philosopher" regarded us with peculiar interest, and that he appeared particularly eager to lead the conversation to the topics which were supposed to be the special object of our labors. Soon we were involved in a deep and still deepening discussion of the mysteries of life and of the destinies of the soul. Our arguments in favor of the indestructible and eternal nature of the individnal spiritual essence were listened to by Ashford with marked attention. His objections were feeble, and as it were spasmodic. He seemed to feel a strange pleasure in allowing himself to be carried away by our enthusiasm for "progressive immortality." Yet, after all, he parted from us without any apparent care for improving the acquaintance.

When next we visited our friend the sculptor, he welcomed us with a grave and

sad expression. "Have you heard," said he, "that Ashford has poisoned himself?"

"Poisoned himself!" we exclaimed; and the tenor of our conversation, with our own remarks on the nothingness of death, flashed strongly across our memory.

"Yes; with prussic acid. He had, it appeared, long contemplated the act. What decided him I know not. He had a small independence, just enough to keep him from want, and yet deny him the enjoyments of life. His finely sensual and intellectual nature could not endure this barrenness of existence. Life was too bleak a prospect, and he despaired. So he thought it wisest to die."

We may be mistaken, but we have often fancied that but for our meeting Ashford might yet have lived.

Death is a serious thing when before our eyes; but it is strange how distance alters our appreciation of even the most horrible incidents. Let us take from Balzac, the prince of French novelists, an example of this anomaly:

In the *Père Goriot* (the King Lear of modern life) two students are arguing the question of *conscience*. One of them maintains, in opposition to his friend, that interest is the only real motive, and that the dread of the reaction of crime upon ourselves is the only source of moral scruples. "For example," he says, "suppose that you possessed at this moment the power to destroy by a mere act of will a mandarin dwelling in the centre of China, and that no connection between the two events could ever possibly be traced, and that by this operation you could become suddenly a millionaire; would the mandarin's life be fairly insurable?"

"Egad! I am at my five-and-thirtieth mandarin already!" replies the second student ingenuously.

But *Rabelais*, even when dying, would seem to have kept death at a distance from his fancy, for he is related to have said, "Bring me my domino—*Beati sunt qui in Domino moriuntur!*"

Our theory of contrasts is here fully carried out. At the great exhibition of paintings at Paris in 1851 we recall another fine instance of this quality in humor.

There was a large picture exhibited, in which some god, angel, or genius of something or other, was driving with outspread wings a chariot and eight fiery horses.

"Superfluous outlay!" exclaimed Charu, the great French caricaturist; "why keep a carriage when you have wings?"

Charu is the most popular artist of the Charivari, the best and most popular comic journal in the world. It is written by three men only, though it appears daily. Their names are Taxile Delord, Louis Huart, and Clement Caraguel. They all write very much in the same style, though perhaps Delord is the most brilliant writer. But their humor is inexhaustible, and on the whole vastly superior to the coarse and heavy buffoonery of Punch, rather impudently called the London Charivari.

But the true Charivari is free from the cant of its English imitator. Keen as is its satire, it is not the less severe that it is clothed in playful language and fanciful images. Punch is a mere snob (one of themselves) or a henpecked old Mr. Caudle, by the side of the Charivari. It is in their illustrations alone that any comparison is possible.

The way in which week after week, a year or two ago, Louis Napoleon was ridiculed under the disguise of reports concerning the Emperor Soulouque, whilst the republican party was symbolized by the character of Cacambo, from Voltaire's Candide, was indeed a splendid example of triumphant satire. Yet perhaps, after all, the Charivari is greatest in its adversity. At this present moment, when the press of France is gagged in every way, when the bayonet is at its editors' throats, the Charivari still manages, under the most ingenious disguises, and with ever-changing metaphors, to pour forth daily a stream of contempt and ridicule of every act of an all-powerful government, and is at the hour we now write the only surviving republican journal in France! Why M. Napoleon has not had the witty triumvirate shot, we cannot understand. Perhaps he affects to despise their satire. But what politician, that can read the future, does not see that ere long his overthrow and ruin must furnish matter for an article and a caricature in the two next mornings' Charivari!

If we turn now to the humor displayed in French literature of a more permanent order, we find in Molière, in Voltaire, and in Le Sage the same epigrammatic style of description and analysis. We compare their neat, pungent hits, that go straight to the mark as the ball of a practised rifleman,

with the elaborate facetiousness of the English, or the complicate and many-idea-made-up-of drollery of German writers, and we unhesitatingly give France the *pas*. The French are the best *stylists* in the world. And why? Because it was in France that language first became a science, and authorship an art, since Greece and Rome had fallen, and with them the results of their civilization. Possibly the best writers of English prose have formed themselves on a French model. And what was the model of the French writers? Strange to say, infidels as they were, it was the *Bible*. It is in the works of Orientals who flourished thousands of years ago, who wrote perchance whilst Rome was yet a wilderness, and Athens a petty sea-port, that the simple and concise forms of speech are to be found which in "Candide," or in "The Devil on Two Sticks," delight us by their terse clearness and delightful simplicity. Extremes meet; the rudest and the most polished speech is found to be the same. Voltaire's *Zadig*, Le Sage's *Gil Blas* will be read after many Monte Christos and Mysteries of Paris have gone to the tombs of oblivion.

If the mantles of these great humorists have fallen on any modern Frenchman, it was on the late lamented *Henri de Balzac*, whose collected tales, under the title of the *Comedy of Human Life*, form a panorama of French manners and ideas and of human character such as but one other writer has yet presented, and that one is Shakspeare

The works of Balzac are a series of curious studies, of a marvellous fidelity in the artistic execution, and an exquisite distinctness in the creative conception. His humor is free, abundant, and varied. Yet he throws around every subject a peculiarly poetical charm. In one of his works (The Great Man of the Province at Paris) he describes the struggles of a young poet in adversity. One chapter of this work opens with a most enthusiastic invocation of a great philanthropist, a friend of the unfortunate, and a patron of letters—in a word, *Fricoteau!* And who do you think Fricoteau was? He was the proprietor of a cheap *restaurant*. There did many students and eke poets and rising Balzacs, (destroyers of countless mandarins, not to mention tailors,) with slender purses and large appetites, dine royally for a franc. "But in truth," pursues our author, (we only quote from memory,) "taking the abundance of horses and the vast yet surviving amount of cats into consideration, it was possible to conceive that this great philanthropist might not only have escaped loss, but even realized some small profit on his viands, but for one recklessly adopted principle of his establishment, which sooner or later must have insured the ruin and downfall of Fricoteau and all his noble philanthropy. In large letters in his window was announced, and the announcement was no trick of trade, but a solemn truth, *Pain à discrétion*—bread at discretion! That is to say, without discretion, beyond all discretion. What discretion, in the name of youth and hunger and poverty, could any human being expect from the people who dined at Fricoteau's?"

On this last flash of Balzackian humor, feeling that we cannot stop all our lives in France, or fill all our space with French matter, we take one bound into Germany. We are at Berlin—though we might almost fancy ourselves still at Fricoteau's.

Close to the Linden, the Broadway of Berlin, (or rather *three* Broadways abreast,) stands or stood the Catholic church, and behind the Catholic church, which occupies the centre of a square, is, or was ten years ago, when we were students of eighteen, with less beard and more good humor, the *Café de Prusse*, popularly spoken of as "Ostermann's."

Nobody ever insulted Ostermann by calling *him* a philanthropist. He would have scorned the idea. He was a big, bald-headed, vulture-eyed old miser. He had grown rich, and while we were at Berlin had his locale fresh painted, an infallible sign of prosperity in an eating-house. It betokens superfluous capital.

Ostermann's customers were nearly all students. The University building was within a few minutes' walk, just across the Linden, and they came straight to Ostermann's from the lecture-rooms. It was very convenient. The more aristocratic Café de Belvidere was still nearer, and many went there, especially the fast men, and young "somebodies." But Ostermann's was cheaper and more popular. Most of its patrons subscribed by the month. For three dollars American they received thirty tickets, each of which represented a somewhat larger sum on the bill of fare than its actual cost, as a premium to subscribers. The tickets were

like bank notes, payable in dinners, and might be used at any time, transferred, sold, or lent to any body with an appetite. We ourselves accidentally carried away a few of these tickets from Berlin in our pocket-book, and having, nearly a year afterwards, forwarded them by post to a friend, had the satisfaction of hearing that they were duly honored. Such was the system of dining at Ostermann's.

What made us think of all this in connection with Fricoteau's was a circumstance that occurred to us at this very establishment. We have said that Ostermann was not a philanthropist. Nevertheless, like Fricoteau, he gave "bread at discretion." It was the custom of the country, and the bread was only rye bread after all. One or two cents' worth of bread was decidedly the very utmost any man could possibly eat at a sitting. We remember making this calculation at the time. Thereupon, however, turned the incident we have to relate.

It appeared that a poor student was in the habit of dining at Ostermann's on the very economical plan of ordering a basin of soup, the charge for which was some three cents, and consuming a most disproportionate amount of the great "staff of life."

This, the miserly old restaurateur was not slow in observing, and it so chanced that we were dining in the Café de Prusse precisely at the hour when his indignation, at what he considered a downright swindle and imposture, had fairly boiled over. We overheard him say to the waiter: "I tell you, Hans, it is a rascally fraud! Day after day he comes here as cool as an iceberg, and eats an *Erbsen-Suppe*, or a *Kartoffeln Salad*, or a ——yes, there he is now, eating a *Pflaumen-Suppe. Donner Wetter! Potz tausand mal!*"

And there indeed he was, a tall, somewhat thin young man, with a very long, light moustache, pointed beard, and fine curling hair. His dress was good, his linen irreproachable, his countenance grave and intelligent. Even as I looked at him, he calmly broke off about a quarter of a yard of the literally staff-like loaf which lay along the centre of the table, and proceeded to sop some portions of it in the plum soup (simply plums stewed with sugar) to which old Ostermann had so savagely alluded.

This was too much for the latter. He bustled up to the table, and said in a bullying tone, "You had better dine somewhere else in future. You ——"

We know not what else the old fellow might have said, for the student, who, like ourselves, had overheard the colloquy with the waiter, arose, and with the most sublime self-possession, dashed the whole mess of stewed plums in the face of his assailant, and exclaimed aloud in a tone of comic indignation:

"Here is an old scoundrel! he says that I eat too much bread with my soup!"

At that moment we regarded the student as a sort of hero. His courage, in boldly facing the shameful exposure of his poverty, appeared to us most admirable. We shouted an enthusiastic "Bravo!" whilst, amid a general and threatening murmur of disapproval, the restaurateur shrunk away, wiping his face with a napkin.

At this moment a friend of ours entered, and after saluting us, shook hands warmly with the hero of the soup adventure, who turned out to be a very curious character. He was a sort of German Mark Tapley in a higher walk of life, and certainly deserved some credit for being "jolly" under circumstances of a remarkably discouraging nature. Not only had he to maintain himself whilst studying at the University, but his mother and sister were also dependent on his exertions. However, he was a man of decided energy, and what with lessons and a few odd literary jobs, including an occasional inaugural treatise in Latin for some wealthier, lazier, and stupider student, he managed to make both ends—not *meet*—that was hopeless, but come near enough, at any rate, to be bridged over by debts, privations, and endurance. We became very intimate, and his inexhaustible humor was a source of continual amusement.

One evening, another student, named L——, was complaining that he had been cheated at play by some Polish swindlers, and that one of them had had the impudence to dun him for a sum of twenty dollars which he pretended to have won.

"Well," said the humorist G——, "as you are rich, L——, you may as well pay him; but there can be no harm in getting the money *changed into farthings;* or stay, as he might change them again, suppose you put the notes between two brick-bats, and pack them loosely; or still better, send them by post, wrapped up in a few sheets

of *pappendeckel*, (pasteboard,) so that the postage may not be much over the amount inclosed."

The last suggestion was adopted.

Another time G——, after a long conversation on animal magnetism, and its kindred sciences, galvanism, electricity, &c., gravely informed us that he had solved the great problem, and would immediately share with us the secret, of *how to raise the dead*.

We listened in breathless expectancy.

"The secret is simple," said G——, without moving a muscle: "*Carry them up stairs.*"

G—— went with us to hear Liszt, the great pianist, who was creating at that time an immense sensation at Berlin. In the course of the concert G—— suddenly whispered to us, "Did you observe?"

"What?"

"That he struck *eleven* notes at one time just now?"

"Impossible! but even if he did, what of it?"

"Don't you see?"

"No."

"You do not draw any inference?"

"No: what do you mean?"

"That he must have struck the eleventh note *with his nose!*"

It required all our power of self-restraint to avoid an explosion, which might have caused us, in the then state of enthusiasm for the great musician, to have been summarily ejected from the concert-room, if not thrown out of window incontinently.

G—— had a peculiar faculty for hoaxing. He had a dexterous way of exciting expectation without a suspicion of the coming absurdity. We remember once at a supper table, his suddenly starting, slapping his forehead, and exclaiming that he had hit upon a plan by which any one could make a large income without labor or capital.

We all awaited the revelation.

"In the first place, *steal fifty thousand dollars*," began the solemn humorist.

He never got any further.

The last time we saw G—— was in London. A number of *Punch* was on the table, praising the Prince de Joinville for his exertions in saving the passengers from the wreck of the *Amazon*, and concluding by saying that he was worthy of being a true son of John Bull for his heroism.

"I suppose," said G——, "that Joinville will change his name to *John Veal* in consequence."

The Germans are very fond of serenading, and this passion was at one time carried to such an excess in Göttingen, that all singing at night, except in parties of four, was forbidden by the municipal and university authorities. One night an unlucky student was caught bellowing out a most uproarious stave, and was accordingly arrested by the watchman.

"Off, fellow!" said the unmelodious Bacchanal; "can you not hear that I have *a quartetto voice?*"

Goethe, in his tragedy *Goetz of Verlichingen*, resolved to attack the pseudo-refinement of the day, introduced in the scene where *Goetz* is summoned to surrender his castle a very coarse popular expression of contempt, which was, however, expunged from later editions.

The Duke of Weimar, walking with the poet, who was also his minister, in the streets of Frankfort, heard a carman make use of the identical expression.

"Do you hear that man quoting you?" said the Duke; "what a thing it is to be a great poet!"

But Goethe, *the writer*, as Emerson calls him, was, indeed, a humorist of the first order. The scene between Mephistopheles and Martha is without a rival out of Shakspeare. We shall never forget Seidelmann's acting as Mephistopheles.

Next to Goethe's Faust, Chamisso's Peter Schemihl, the man without a shadow, appears to us the most strikingly humorous work in the German language.

"I was travelling in the arctic regions, and my shadow froze to an iceberg," is one of the extraordinary excuses which Peter Schemihl makes for his unfortunate peculiarity. "A rich man arrived, a bankrupt with a very pale shadow," again says Chamisso. This single passage proves that by the shadow he typified a man's reputation. The German critics, however, wrote and disputed much on the subject, and Chamisso was beset by entreaties to explain his allegory. In reply, the poet was in the habit of sending an exact scientific definition of a shadow from the Encyclopedia.

Heine, the German, Jew, poet, and satirist, much resembles D'Israeli in the character of his mind. He is the prince of exaggerators. In one of his poems he speaks most enthu-

siastically of a great patron who had fed and clothed and assisted him in every way most munificently and generously. "It is a pity," adds Heine, "that I cannot embrace him, for *I myself am this excellent man.*"

We will quote one of his shorter poems, as we happen to have a translation "all ready cut and dried," as the saying goes:

AGNES.

"I took a reed and wrote upon the sand,
'Agnes, I love thee;'
But the wicked waves came rolling
Over the sweet confession,
And blotted it out!

"Fragile reed! changeable sand!
Rolling waves! I trust ye no more,
But, with mighty hand, from Norway's forests,
I tear the loftiest pine,
And dip it in the boiling crater of Mount Etna,
And, with this flame-dripping giant pen,
I write upon the azure vault of heaven,
'Agnes, I love thee!'"

There is nothing more extravagant than this, even in Hoffmann or Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, the two subtlest humorists and most fantastic writers in the world. These are the men on whose writings we should love to dilate. But it would be impossible to give the slightest idea of their style in an article like the present. Ludwig Tiek is also very felicitous as a humorist, and Wilhelm Hauff much resembles Dickens in style, being quite an exception to the general love of his countrymen for complicated phraseology and fantastic abstruseness.

If brevity be the soul of wit, the Germans are certainly the least witty nation of the earth. Even the French are apt to be somewhat wordy in their humor. Your Englishman is the true joker, the real man for fun. But here let us pause for a while in our illustrations.

We have used several words in a vague manner, viz.: wit, humor, joke, fun.

It here becomes necessary to fix our meaning accurately, and to draw certain distinctions.

Now, despite the opinions of divers learned pundits and punsters, we hold the opinion that wit and humor are at bottom the same thing, and that to say where the one leaves off and the other begins is a vain and useless distinction.

If any thing, wit may be said to be the acme of humor, the point of the sword of which humor is the edge. Humor is more pleasant to the mind than wit, because it is more in harmony with the ordinary level of the thought, whilst wit requires a certain amount of exertion in order to appreciate its points.

Strolling or lounging in the shade of trees upon the green grass, we are disposed to be humorous. After a champagne supper, in the excitement of a select party of good fellows, the inclination to wit is apt to develop itself. Humor is a steady flame, wit an explosive fire-work. Humor is a convenient garment, wit a useful weapon. That which is but humor as long as we keep it to ourselves, may become wit if thrown at the head of another person. Humor is the reed as it naturally grows; wit the arrow into which it is manufactured. Humorists are loveable, wits formidable. It is quite possible to be a tolerable wit with very little humor, because it is the application, not the raw material, that differs in the two commodities. On the other hand, a very fine humorist may indulge very rarely in wit, from a natural benevolence and evenness of disposition.

It is not every body who could so far conquer the natural respect for another man's feelings as to say with Wilkes, when Lord Thurlow exclaimed: "If I desert my king, may God desert me!" "No, he'll see you d——d first."

We need scarcely allude to a well-known replique of Douglas Jerrold, on meeting a great bore, who asked him which way he was going. "Going on," replied Jerrold, suiting the action to the word.

A London writer named Reach, it seems, pronounces his name as two syllables, thus: Re-ack. Dining at Thackeray's one day, the author of Vanity Fair addressed him innocently as Reach.

"Re-ack, if you please," said the young author, ("it made him *sick*," he said, "to be called *Reach*.")

After a little time, Thackeray again addressed his guest: "May I assist you to a *pe-ack*, Mr. *Re-ack?*"

Some people would have hesitated at such a personality, and might nevertheless have been greater humorists than Mr. Thackery, great though he be.

And here we are in England, our native joke-land.

All hail, dark London! smoky Babylon! vast and mysterious city, in which a traveller

may wander for years and yet find new regions to explore, new phases of human misery or folly to study. It was in London we made our first professional joke, first learned that the faculty of striking a balance between two contrasts was a marketable property.

"Sir," said the publisher of the "Illustrated Mercury," "we can only offer you three shillings sterling (six American) per dozen for jokes, and five shillings per dozen for illustrated comicalities."

Truly, since the store-rooms of our mind have been so tightly packed with metaphysics, political economy, (the *dismal science* of Carlyle,) cranks, levers, geological coal systems, ichthyosauri, rules of perspective, electrical, galvanic, and magnetic phenomena, moral regenerations of mankind, canons of art, historical reveries, and we know not what other chaotic minglings of heterogeneous "ideation," we (poor devils of students that we are!) should laugh somewhat loudly at so practical a proposition.

Jokes and sketches by the dozen!

Ideas by the gross!

O editor of a defunct Illustrated Mercury, long buried in the intramural graveyard of Anglo-metropolitan oblivion! Couldst thou and thy paper—for the two go together in our fancies, for ever inseparable—rise from the dead, and offer not three English shillings, but three Athenian talents of gold—not far from three thousand dollars as times go—for the same quantity of jokes, (attic, at least, if written in the traditional garret,) as thou didst so tersely phrase it, *we*, poor as we are in dollars, greedy as we are of gold, the talisman of power, should nevertheless be reduced to a most humiliating confession. Ichabod, Ichabod! the glory is departed! It seems to us almost incredible that we ever could have possessed the faculty of making jokes by the dozen!

Yet, but ten years ago, to the elasticity of brain of eighteen years, this mercurial proposition was a sort of compact pocket Eldorado. We had no fear of exhausting the "diggins." To knock words about like nine-pins or billiard balls was a mere relaxation from heavier toils. Somehow the ideas went with the words, or got jammed between them by accident. It was quite a relief to make a dozen conundrums and say, "*There!* there's three shillings at any rate!" in the intervals between composing two chapters of the "engrossing romance of supernatural and appalling interest," which the advertisements announced, and of which we were, of course, the pitiless manufacturers.

What a place is England for comic periodicals! After the Illustrated Mercury had, as the penny-a-liners say, "relapsed into that obscurity from which it ought never to have emerged," we ourselves started half a dozen at moderate intervals, and were connected as contributors with nearly half a dozen more.

Oh, the humor of those humorons journals! We do not mean the published or exoteric, but the private or esoteric humor. The writings were indeed mere jokes compared to the lives of the young literary adventurers who edited them! And where are they now? Scattered abroad to the four winds of heaven. Some dig gold in Australian mines, some in Paris sustain a wild existence by irregular contributions to more regular periodicals, some ply pen and pencil in the great republic, (sole land of earth to whom poet and ploughman, patriot and pauper, are alike welcome,) whilst others are at length reluctantly admitted into that older clique, of which Punch is at once the organ and the support—Punch, the survivor!

Yes, Punch has survived all its rivals. Its publishers, strong in their wealth, have succeeded in scattering at length the army of the opposition. Punch stands alone—the representative of modern British humor. Its writers have grown rich and dull. Its tone has become respectable and tame. It repeats itself over and over again. It harps upon single strings, till the string is worn out by mere friction. As each new number comes out, people say, "How stupid Punch is this week!" The writers have worn themselves out.

The writers have worn themselves out? How so? Why, then, have not the writers of the Charivari worn themselves out? Why did not the writers of the Spectator wear themselves out?

Because the latter were and are superior men—men of imagination. There is no poetry in Punch. They cannot reverse their engine—the stokers of the Punch Locomotive. The writers, with scarcely a partial exception, are men of critical, not of creative, minds. Hence they are superficial by neces-

sity. They make the most of what they see and hear, but they never penetrate into the future. They are not really progressive. *They evidently take up the newspapers, and make jokes (and very bad ones of late) over their paragraphs.*

Why, then, does Punch continue to exist? Because there is one man of genius connected with it, and that man is JOHN LEECH the artist. He is a real humorist, not a dry caricaturist, like his colleagues the writers. There is as much exquisite beauty in some of his female faces, as there is drollery in his exaggerated social absurdities. He is the man of Punch. Were he to die, Punch would gradually sink into obscurity and non-existence.

The reader will perhaps be surprised when we assert that the writing in several of the rivals to Punch that were started, was vastly superior in every way to that of Punch. The cause of their failure was not want of talent, but *want of purpose.* They took no hold on the sympathies of their readers, they appealed to no class of minds or men. They were taken up like toys, and thrown down again. They were toys, and the prettiest toys tire. There was only one English writer who knew *what* was the real element of success, and his best attempt was crushed by the exertions of the Punch publishers with the book-trade. His engravers were bribed to be behind time, his posting bills were destroyed instead of being distributed, and deliberately false statements as to the non-appearance of his paper were made by wholesale houses in the pay of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans.

Punch, to a certain extent, is consistent. It represents the London shop-keeper, and at the same time the moderate aristocrat. Its satire of classes is feeble, its attacks on individuals unscrupulous. Twice Punch was beaten in the open field. Once by Silk Buckingham, the great traveller, who demonstrated in a pamphlet that the cause of the malignant attacks made upon the *British and Foreign Institute*, was the fact that Mr. Douglas Jerrold, one of the chief writers in Punch, had been struck off the list of members as a defaulter. Once by Alfred Bunn, the theatrical lessee, who brought out an exact parody on Punch, in which he literally lashed them into silence. They had attacked him with pitiless personality, and done their best to ruin him, by continual repetitions of the attack. He turned round upon them at last, and exposed their obscure origin, the degrading pursuits in which they had been engaged, and the bankruptcies, &c., through which they had gone. He might have said to them, in the words of Julia's maid to Don Alphonso, in Byron's great humorous poem:

"Pray, don't you think you cut a pretty figure?"

They knocked under, and Bunn's name disappeared from their columns.

The defeat was as utter as that of the young Life-Guardsman, who at a London party satirically asked a poet who wore a moustache, "to what service he belonged."*

"To the great army of martyrs," replied the poet with a yawn, languidly removing himself from the bore's vicinity.

The same humorist being asked whether he was for a monarchy or a republic, replied, "That depends on whether I am to be king in the monarchy; otherwise I would rather take my chance of being chosen president of the republic."

This political repartee reminds us of a very curious jest, which was the cause of an unhappy leader of the Chartists, named Vernon, (who had formerly edited a scientific journal,) being imprisoned several years as a common felon. Addressing the mob with his usual fiery impetuosity, he exclaimed: "I say, boys, that quill-driving is no use; we must use *steel pens, and dip them in red ink*, if we wish to produce any real effect!"

It is related that Macaulay once, entering the House of Commons, pointed to Benjamin D'Israeli, and said to a friend, "There sits Young England, represented by a middle-aged Jew."

What D'Israeli would have retorted had he heard the sarcasm is hard to conjecture, but we are impressed with the idea that Macaulay would scarcely have had the best of it. D'Israeli is a very caustic and penetrating satirist, and in his "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming," the humor is of a very high order. England boasts, at the present day, a very respectable array of humorists. There is Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who succeeds, to our taste, better in the comic than in any other line. There

* It is a part of the English bible of prejudices, that none but a military man in a horse regiment has a right to wear hair on his upper lip.

is Charles Dickens, there is Thackeray, there is George Borrow, the author of "Lavengro;" there is Kinlake, the author of "Eöthen;" there is Bon Gaultier, otherwise Martin, the poet, and inimitable translator of Goethe's poems; there is William North, author of "Anti-Conigsby," and the "City of the Jugglers;" there is James Hannay, the author of "Fontenoy," and of "Biscuits and Grog," the naval satirist of Punch. There are many more, whose books are, in the English phrase, more or less "at all the libraries." Nor must we forget the brilliant author of the "Revelations of Russia," "Sixty Years Hence," and "The White Slave."

Let us see what America can array against these, or rather what she can add to them; for the republic of letters, at any rate, includes both nations.

Washington Irving still lives, a host in himself. There is Lowell, the author of the Bigelow Papers, and the "Fable for Critics," the best poetical satire since "English Bards." There is Herman Melville, there is Harry Franco, otherwise Tom Pepper—the C. F. Briggs of private life. There is Whittier, there is Nathaniel Hawthorne, there is Shelton, there is Ik Marvel, or Donald Mitchell. There are many more whose names we need not recall to the reader; though not to mention "*Sam Slick*" would be truly a sad omission, so, Canadian though he be, Judge Halliburton shall have his place in our catalogue, as his fun has its place in our memory.

The Americans are a great nation, and the first sign of their greatness is, that they have originated a new style of humor. We shall not quote examples, because those we should select would probably be familiar to most of our readers. We will merely observe, that as America is a nation of nations, a grand composite order of human architecture, a sort of Yorkshire pie, which, from the combination of every thing, produces the one thing desirable, so American humor is the combination of the humor of all other nations, with a new element of its own; and that element is vastness. It is a great, an extravagant, a towering humor. It goes up in a balloon to tie its own cravat, it is so tall; so deep is it, that many men die in looking to its bottom, one looking till he drops down dead, and the next goes on where the last leaves off. It is a humor that will some day make fun of all the rest of the world. It is already a terrifically long boy. Before long it will be a formidable Titan.

And now we look back upon our labor, and we perceive that after all we have by no means realized the idea with which we started. Let us hope that the reader's acuteness has drawn the conclusions which we have failed to point out, and his imagination bridged over the chasms which we have failed to fill up. But we feel ourselves so incompetent honestly to excuse the fragmentary nature of our work, that we can only fall back upon a parable.

"It was a vast, flat, cylindrical, amber-tinted, sharp-flavored cheese. The countryman, a true clod-hopper, who had brought the parcel to the hall, gazed despairingly on the comparatively small effect his efforts had produced on its vastness, as the master of the house entered.

"'Why, Roger, what a long time you take to make a meal!' said the master impatiently.

"'Ah, zur,' said the rustic, 'it's an a'mighty lot of cheese to get through with only one pot of beer and a half quartern loaf!'"

Evidently the man labored under a singular hallucination with regard to the necessity of finishing the monster cheese before him "right away," as a point of sacred obligation. Nature, however, was stronger than principle. Chucks the boatswain said, when he tumbled up on deck without breeches, "Duty before decency." But though the world seems constantly to be expecting it, we really cannot, as earnest anecdotosophers, having a "mission to fulfil," seriously regard it as any man's duty to perform an impossibility.

Now, our own case is precisely analogous to the rustic's. Our subject is the cheese, and we sit before its mountainous mass with an awful sense of responsibility. We feel that in the abstract we are bound to eat it up, as it were, and digest it totally, whilst in a practical point of view, we can only manage a scarcely perceptible nibble on its margin.

We are not the devouring element, nor is the reader; and were we to write all that might, should, could, or ought to be written on the vast theme of national humor, both

we and the reader should inevitably perish of old age in the process. Fifty years of American Whig Reviews would not suffice to contain the enormous work, and our sons would have to continue the task for the benefit of the reader's descendants, *sæcula sæculorum*, till the day of judgment itself arriving, should bring forth a final and decisive critique on the hereditary composition.

EDMUND BURKE.

Fame, which is only the just appreciation by the public of the mental and moral value of the individual, is seldom awarded in a just measure to the great conservative intellect by the age in which it is produced. While the Reformer is certain to be applauded if successful, because his object is definite and clear to every one, the Conservative, whose influence is felt rather than seen, must content himself with but a small measure of that public approbation which he feels to be his due. There is something in the idea of progress which seems to every dissatisfied mind so closely related to improvement, that the one term is constantly used for the other; and so few are contented, that almost every one is an advocate for change. Whoever therefore attempts to moderate this passion of mankind for novelty, especially in politics, is sure at first to be misunderstood: to the enthusiast he seems cold to the best interests of his race; while those who are indifferent themselves will not be likely to take up his defense. However great may be the influence of his teachings upon his age, very few will care to acknowledge it, or to confess that they themselves had gone too far. They yield with reluctance to the voice of prudence, and are not apt to celebrate the hand that restrained them. The silent respect of the prudent part of his contemporaries is all that the conservative receives, to repay him for his unpopularity with the remainder; and he can only look for a full appreciation of his policy among a posterity that has witnessed its good effects. Of all men he is most dependent upon his own self-approbation, and a conviction of the impartial justice which he will receive in future ages.

These reflections will naturally be suggested by the life of Edmund Burke. He was the great conservative intellect of his nation, in an age of unexampled political progress and excitement. To him England owed her preservation from revolution, and the invention of a policy which led her safely onward in prosperous reform, unaffected by those violent convulsions which desolated the rest of Europe. He warned her of the certain results of her conduct towards America, and preserved her from its worst effects. He saved India from further oppression, although he could not revenge her wrongs upon her chief oppressor. He was ever the advocate of prudence, notwithstanding his own natural vehemence of disposition; and when the patriotic statesmen of England were deceived by the flattering opening of the French Revolution, he alone was able to foretell its conclusion. Yet all the services of Burke to his country never won him its entire regard. He was never understood. The force of his character is felt far more strongly now than then. He could never obtain the chief place in the ministry; his measures were almost always defeated in the Commons; the American war which he denounced became popular; Hastings, whom he impeached, was acquitted; and he died at the moment when the French Republic had struck terror into the heart of England and of Europe by the glory of its victories and the energy of its policy.

In all these disappointments the great soul of Burke was wounded to the centre. The mere loss of office indeed would not have moved him, except as it deprived him of the means of carrying out his favorite measures, but the disastrous consequence of his defeat was seen in the declining state of his native land. He believed that he had been born in the last stages of the declining glory of a vast empire; that all his efforts to preserve it from dismemberment and destruction would be unavailing; that the age of honor

and of chivalry was for ever gone; and that Britain, the last refuge of loyalty and virtue, was about to yield to the opinions if not to the arms of France. In this opinion he died. His end was uncheered by the slightest hope of that final triumph of his principles which posterity has witnessed, and which has preserved to England all that it seemed about to lose. We, who look back upon those events in which he was engaged with a clear recollection of their results, can alone do justice to the real value of a mind like that of Burke. To his contemporaries he seemed a mere prophet of evil and a bitter foe to new opinions; but to us he appears one of those leading spirits who trace out the unknown effect of known causes, and who impel a nation towards its own good in the face of calumny and misconception.

Burke was born and grew up in Ireland. His father was an attorney, and his family had little fortune or influence. He entered the world with no prospects of unusual success; and when his education at the Dublin University was finished, he went up to London to study law at Lincoln's Inn. London about the middle of the last century was far more the metropolis of England than at present. The great manufacturing cities were as yet mere villages, and Liverpool or Bristol had no pretensions to a rivalry with the capital. London therefore was the point towards which all aspiring intellects naturally turned. There was the field where alone distinction could be reached, where intellects were measured with each other, and a lasting influence obtained. Here Burke came in the year 1753, when he was about twenty-three years of age. His character was now formed; he felt conscious of his own great powers, and he had already adopted those political principles which he passed a lifetime in carrying out. They were in fact the natural fruits of his large and generous disposition. For he possessed a kind of political magnanimity which enabled him to escape the prejudices of party zeal, and to look upon public measures uninfluenced or guided by other men. In this way, he tells us in one of his letters, he had already become a conservative at twenty-one.

Politics, however, did not immediately attract his attention. He was indebted to literature for his first escape from obscurity. His earliest work, "A Vindication of Natural Society," was unsuccessful; but in the next year he published his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." Hume, who was staying in London at the time of its publication, pronounced it an ingenious work, and made the acquaintance of the author. The subject of the essay was attractive, the style unaffected, and although there was not much novelty in the execution, there was sufficient to render it popular. It was read with pleasure by the cultivated minds of the time, and gave the author considerable celebrity as a man of taste and learning. The Essay fully answered the purpose of Burke. He was known no longer as the wild Irishman from the provinces, but as an educated and intellectual man. It gave him friends among the leading writers of the day, and prepared the way for that success which he was afterwards to obtain in politics. He now knew Johnson, Goldsmith, and Garrick; he made his way into general society, and was taught a greater degree of confidence in his own powers by finding them not inferior to those of the greatest and most famous of his age.

Common minds seek power and station as a means of self-gratification, but the great intellect looks upon them only as instruments that enable it to fulfil its own beneficent designs. It seeks the respect of men only to lead them to their own good, and sees in ill-used power and wealth the badges of public shame. In this spirit Burke labored to advance himself. He had that instinctive certainty which a consciousness of mental power produces, that he should play a great part in the events of his time. All that he wanted was opportunity, but that was not easily obtained. At one moment he became discouraged at his prospects in Enland, and formed the design of going to America, where the British colonies were now rising in importance, and seemed to offer a promising field for the friendless aspirant. But this plan was soon given up, and he continued to labor on, waiting patiently for that chance which was to open the way for his further advancement. He engaged with Dodsley to edit the "Annual Register," a work which he had planned, and in which his attention was necessarily directed to the affairs of all parts of the empire. It particularly led him to study the history of the growth of the colonies in India and America, topics upon which he showed a vast amount of information in his political career, and to which his attention was ever afterwards di-

rected. As the compiler of the "Annual Register," Burke gained much of that general knowledge of the true condition of the world which gave such force and truth to his views of the proper policy of England, nor could he in any way have better prepared himself for his future career than by this apparently useless and humble drudgery.

Literature was the school in which Burke studied, but it is not probable that he would ever have attained any high distinction as a literary man. He could never have been a Johnson, a Goldsmith, or a Gibbon. He has written nothing purely literary that would have given him a lasting fame, or that shows any peculiar excellence above the Cumberlands, Hawkesworths, and other second-rate writers of the day. The Essay, which is the most labored of all his writings, deserves no more than the praise which Hume gave it of being ingenious. It is so cold and correct that it seems hardly to have come from the same intellect that produced the speech on American Taxation, or the invective against Warren Hastings. It has no vigor of fancy nor any warmth of expression. The Sublime and the Beautiful seem to have had little effect upon the mind of their expounder; he analyzes them with a coldly critical tone that almost convinces us he had never felt them, and never warms either himself or his reader into a proper conception of his subject. His language is as plain as that of Swift, without the slightest trace of that richness and imagery in which all his speeches so abound. He culls out the finest passages from the classics, without paying any regard to the loss they sustain by the change, and often wholly destroys their beauty by injudiciously separating them from the context. He writes of loveliness without enthusiasm, and grandeur in nature as if he were writing metaphysics. The Essay is certainly ingenious, because it shows marks of wide reading, a correct taste, and a habit of thinking justly, but is wanting in all the higher elements of a great writer. Burke's mind turned instinctively towards politics as the subject which would best exercise and display its highest powers. The "Annual Register," though apparently a mere literary drudgery, gave him a wider scope for the display of his peculiar excellences. It is a far greater work than the Essay. It is full of large and liberal speculations, of noble reflections, and of warm enthusiasm upon various political topics. Burke's passion for pure literature was not strong enough to have given him uncommon success in any of its departments. When he attempted a history of England, he produced only a cold and methodical abridgment; and the best of all his writings are his letters upon political subjects, in which he is rather an orator than author. The Letters on the French Revolution and a Regicide Peace, except for their length, might have been delivered successfully in the House of Commons. The former gained a wide and sudden popularity from the occasion on which it was written, but as a literary production, although his best, could never of itself have gained him a lasting fame. The arts and eloquence of the orator constantly outshine the peculiar traits of the man of letters. It is a grand and noble appeal against the tendencies of the age, addressed to a wider audience than could be collected within the walls of Westminster, and uttered with a fulness of expression and a warmth of imagination that was better fitted to produce a strong instantaneous impression than to satisfy the demands of reflection and taste.

The literary studies of Burke, however, were the best preparation to which his mind could have been subjected to adapt it to his future career. Had he been less a man of letters, he would have had less influence as orator and statesman. The Essay served to render him familiar with pure models, and the Register gave him an infinite fund of facts. When he came into the House of Commons, he had gone through an amount of mental exercise, such as probably no other member beside could boast. He was without doubt the most learned man in that assembly. Every portion of the globe had become familiar to him. Africa, Asia, and America had long been his peculiar study; he knew the habits and condition of their people, the nature of their resources, and the prospects which awaited them in the future. He had become familiar with the secrets of European history, and was well acquainted with the politics and literature of the ancients; and all this knowledge he must have gained during those years of silent preparation while he labored in obscurity as essayist, magazine writer, and compiler.

When Burke had at length succeeded in lifting himself from obscurity, he found his

further progress rapid and easy. No sooner did he mingle with the leading men of the age than he produced an instantaneous impression of his own greatness. One power he possessed, peculiarly well adapted to reveal the force of his intellect. He was unequalled in conversation. All his contemporaries bear witness to this fact, from Johnson, who did not fear his rivalry, to Walpole, who was overpowered by it. No one had a finer flow of language or a more constant novelty of thought. All those noble and wide views of things which had risen in his mind during his season of study he was now enabled to pour forth among a society that was worthy of receiving them and capable of admiring their author. The talent and aristocracy of the empire were gathered in London when Burke made his first appearance in society; he was surrounded by those who possessed and those who bestowed fame; he had access to their houses and familiar circles; every where his superiority was felt and the charms of his conversation allowed.

His conversation, however, was not of the kind that is usually called entertaining and agreeable. He was not a wit nor a buffoon; he had few anecdotes, and little mirth. He was only a man of large and generous spirit; taking noble views of all things; uninfluenced by selfishness; talking not for vanity or for triumph, but anxious chiefly to convey information to every one he met with, and to render the opinion of his contemporaries as peculiar and as elevated as his own. It is sometimes regretted that his conversation could not have been preserved like that of Johnson, but it is not likely that a Boswell could ever have preserved the eloquence of Burke. Johnson, who spoke axioms and antitheses, was a fit mark for Boswell; but Burke, whose charm consisted in the warmth of his language and the generosity of his thought, must have passed the understanding of that faithful follower. There was probably little in his conversation that is not in his speeches; the thoughts which he agitated in private circles he enlarged and impressed upon the public. His information was of that general kind that would be most interesting to the circle of gifted and thoughtful men who held the first place in their nation either in politics, letters, or rank. He had sufficient literature to give him a place in the literary club, and no pedantry to render him unacceptable to the members of the House. On all questions of general policy he had read and thought more than his contemporaries; he could inform the politician, and direct the minister; he was learned in the manners and spirit of royalty and aristocracy, and felt a sympathy with true greatness, whether of rank or genius; he knew much of art, its history and excellences; his love of poetry was encouraged by an earnest spirit; and on these and all other topics he could speak with a force of language that moved his hearers even more than the thoughts themselves.

With such conversation, Burke could not fail to be understood by the gifted circles in which he moved. He had the means of forcing a conviction of his own greatness, or at least of the promise which his talents held forth of his future success. In the literary and political circles of his day he walked without a rival, even before he had entered the House. The wild Irishman, whom the English wits had laughed at for his nation and his eccentricities, soon rose into the polished man of the world, without losing any thing of that original truth and ardor which had forced him into notice. He was always too honest to comprehend the common art of rising by servility and complaisance, and too impetuous ever to have made use of it. Whatever advance he made by their aid, he certainly had never used his conversational powers to flatter the vanity of the great, to detract by insinuation from the value of his rivals, to advocate bad measures because they were acceptable to his friends, or for any purpose but to aid the prosperity of his country and to extend the glory of her name. In his conversation, Burke was always sincere. He spoke only what he meant; and in an age when diplomatic insincerity was fashionable, and when words were commonly used, after the Italian mode, to conceal thoughts, this young Irishman never for an instant fell into the prevailing vice; none of his enemies ever suspected him of this, and their silence is conclusive. In society he was calm, serious and resolved, and all men who knew him acknowledged the grandeur of his character, the vigor of his imagination, the fulness of his information, the generosity of his impulses, and the purity of his heart.

By this time Burke had made several

powerful friends. He was married to the daughter of Doctor Nugent, to whose house he had gone during an illness and general decline of his health, produced by his literary labors. He had gone as under-secretary to Ireland with Hamilton, with whom, however, he had quarrelled; had written several political pamphlets, which had obtained some attention; was introduced by Johnson to Mr. Fitzherbert, and through him obtained the friendship of the Marquis of Rockingham. By the liberality of the latter he was enabled to obtain a seat in Parliament, and when the Marquis was placed at the head of the ministry, upon the resignation of Grenville, Burke began to take a leading share in the political movements of the day.

The great question of Colonial Taxation had now begun to agitate the nation. The Grenvilles and the advocates of arbitrary taxation had fallen for a moment before the just remonstrances of the colonies and their friends in Parliament against the Stamp Act and its principles. Burke and his party came into office for the purpose of quieting the internal dissensions of the empire, and of winning back the confidence of the colonies in the mother country.

No man in England was better acquainted with the condition of the colonies than Burke. Besides the information which he gained concerning them as a general student, the design which he had at one time entertained of emigrating thither had led him to acquaint himself with many circumstances which he might otherwise have overlooked. How well he understood the character of the people will be seen in the following thoughts: "In the character of the Americans," says he, "a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and intractable whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or to shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth." The whole speech upon conciliation with America is so true an exposition of the condition and motives of the colonists, that it might have been delivered by Hancock or Adams. The noble spirit of Burke found something congenial to itself in the determination of the sincere and earnest Americans to maintain their liberties at all hazards; for he knew them to be no mere politicians struggling for a favorite measure, but men driven by a strong necessity to claim their just share in a government which was oppressing them.

Burke understood, too, the real strength and importance of the colonies. He had watched their growth with constant interest and regard. To his foresight they seemed about to become the great prop of the empire when the elder country should have sunk into decline. His bold imagination warmed with the prospect of that greatness which they were certain to attain. He already saw, in fancy, the wilderness sink before civilization; the great rivers lined with cities that should rival the glories of the old world; their inland seas teeming with commerce; and a new race of Englishmen peopling that fertile country with a people remarkable for virtue, honor, and religion. He professes himself amazed at the wonders which the settlers in the new world had already wrought. More than two millions of intelligent and thriving inhabitants had sprung up in the wilderness; they had proved their skill in agriculture by supplying the mother land with food during a late scarcity, which, but for their aid, would have ripened into famine; their commerce, in those branches of it which they had been permitted to exercise, had increased to an astonishing extent; their fisheries surpassed in value those of every other nation; their trade with England amounted to four millions sterling; they had begun to excel in ship-building, and were unsurpassed in seamanship; in intellectual pursuits they were far advanced, and had addicted themselves chiefly to the graver studies of law, morals, metaphysics, and theology, which were particularly suited to encourage the spirit of freedom.

With such information Burke entered upon his parliamentary and ministerial career; but the very knowledge which he possessed of the real power of the colonies, together with his natural conservatism, kept him as far from the extreme liberality of Chatham as he was from the arbitrary opinions of Grenville. He could not at first consent to weaken the tie of allegiance which bound America to England, by yielding any portion of the prerogative of Parliament. His policy was to waive the whole question of taxation; to repeal the Stamp Act; to treat the colonies

with leniency; and still to assert the supreme power of Parliament to regulate the affairs of every part of the empire. Such a course, however, proved now unavailing. The repeal of the Stamp Act could not satisfy the colonies, because they demanded the settlement of the principle upon which they were in future to be governed. This principle Burke was not yet prepared to allow. His conservatism had not yet permitted him to feel its justice; and it was some years later before he was able to throw aside the centralizing prejudices which led him to overrate the power of Parliament. The ministry with which Burke was connected retired from office; they were succeeded by the motley administration of Pitt, who was himself displaced in time; and finally commenced the destructive, but more lasting, ministry of Lord North.

The new ministers were ignorant of every thing relating to America, and had resolved to continue so. They never could understand what the colonists fought for, or how they could dare to oppose their king, or to face a British army. The king was, no doubt, the real author of their policy; for the obstinate dulness of George III. could alone have remained, for seven years, blind to the danger and wickedness of the contest. It was, doubtless, a dull king that planned those measures which gave freedom to America, which plunged her people in bloodshed and confusion, only to make her arise, after seven years of sorrow, the most prosperous of nations.

To the deep sensibility and warm imagination of Burke, the wrongs of the colonies, and the danger which hung over the empire, were sufficient motives to enlist all his powers in opposition to the ministerial policy. In March, 1775, he offered a set of resolutions which show that he had become a convert to the principles of the Americans. His object was conciliation, but his resolutions contain an admission of the legal right of the colonies to tax themselves so long as they possessed no representation in Parliament. These conciliating propositions, although rejected at the time, have since formed the basis of British policy towards its dependencies.

And now began that struggle, the most remarkable in the history of politics, between the brilliant minority in the House of Commons who sustained the policy of Burke, and the ministry, supported by majorities that seemed to render the contest hopeless. On the one side stood the king, the people, and the nobility; on the other a band of resolute and gifted men, who strove with all the resources of the intellect to convince their countrymen of the dangers of the crisis, and the fatal imprudence of their rulers. The House of Commons had never before produced such an array of varied talent as was now displayed by the opposition. The best intellect of the nation arrayed itself on the side of America. By the side of his friend Burke stood Fox, the most ready and vigorous of debaters, whose clear thoughts shone through his pure English without a shade to obscure their brilliancy. The oratory of Fox resembled that of the ancient Greeks; he was careful never to weaken its force, either by too great warmth of language or of fancy. In writing, he was nice even to effeminacy in the choice of his words; but when he grew warm in debate, this purity only lent unusual force to his rejoinders. His thoughts seemed to pierce the minds of his audience. This was the peculiar strength of Fox. His ideas are not so remarkable for their newness, as for the novelty of that clearness with which they were enunciated. But besides this, he had a fine impressive countenance, a daring nature, and a perseverance that sustained him against constant defeat. The gentleness and modesty of his manner in private life formed a fitting contrast to his ardor and energy in public; and he yielded only to Burke in eloquence and general knowledge.

The name of Sheridan naturally follows that of Fox and Burke among the defenders of the colonies. The play-writer and the manager of a theatre, Sheridan took an almost equal place with the great statesmen of his time. He was of such a rare union of powers, that it is vain to hope for such another. Nature will hardly again combine in one intellect so much wit and humor, so much eloquence and feeling, such generosity and such prodigality, such elegance of taste and such magnificence of thought. America owes a tear of sympathy to the sorrows of her early friend, poor Sheridan.

Besides these leaders, the opposition numbered among its members Conway, Barré, Townshend, the younger Pitt, the Earl of Shelburne, Burgoyne, Lord Camden, Lord Thurlow, and Dunning, names that in every

other age would have held the first rank even in the House of Commons. Of these, William Pitt attracted much notice from his youth, the fame of his father, and the early maturity of his powers. He was the great master of words and oratorical periods, and in the heat of debate never lost the fulness or smoothness of his sentences. Without any of the ardor of deep feeling, or the bold impulse of imagination, he was always elevated, earnest, and eloquent. His mind did not produce many great thoughts, but it brought forth moderate ones in such a manner that they seemed great. He had Johnson's power of elevating trivial ideas by the force of his style, and of always maintaining a dignified and imposing mannerism, a faculty that has ever a singular influence upon the multitude.

His father, the Earl of Chatham, was now in the decline of his powers, but the last exertions of that wonderful genius were dedicated to the cause of freedom. He was never more eloquent than when, at the close of a consistent life, he endeavored to arouse a listless audience in the House of Peers to the dangerous condition of the empire, the horrors of a civil war, and the revolting nature of those measures by which alone that war could be carried on. In fine, this celebrated opposition was worthy of the cause which it sustained, and of that nation which it aided in bringing into existence. For who can doubt but that the patriots of our Revolution, amid the gloom of their situation, must have gained new vigor from the thought that they were watched with approving eyes by the greatest intellects of England, and must have heard with exultation of those efforts of unrivalled eloquence which were daily poured forth in the British Houses of Parliament in their behalf?

The ministry, throughout the whole contest, was assailed in every point that seemed to offer a chance of success in impressing a sense of their incompetency upon the people. Their mode of carrying on the war was equally reprehensible with the principle on which it was begun. They had hired foreign troops to attack the English in America; had formed an alliance with the savages, and encouraged them to invade and devastate the colonies; they dispatched British troops to burn and lay waste those flourishing settlements which the wisdom and benevolence of their ancestors had planted; they turned churches into riding schools; destroyed colleges and seats of learning; and seemed resolved, under the influence of a terrible infatuation, to reduce the country to its original barbarism. All these unnatural measures formed a noble but melancholy theme for the eloquence of Burke and the opposition. In fact, there was never a scene better fitted to call forth the indignation of the British patriot, than that which was beheld in America during the whole administration of Lord North. The great body of the people of England had been led by the ministry to regard the sufferings of their transatlantic brethren with indifference; but the opposition leaders, who saw the injustice of the contest, could only look upon the spectacle with horror, and endeavor to awaken the sensibilities of their fellow-countrymen to a proper feeling of the ill-merited woes of the Americans. They depicted, therefore, those unhappy people, pressed by the savages on the one hand, and by the German invaders and the fleets of England on the other; their chief cities in the hands of an enemy, their country desolated by treachery; and they asked why those colonies, which had been one chief source of the prosperity of the parent country, were thus ruthlessly abandoned to the plunderer and the destroyer? "Who," cried the venerable Chatham in the House of Peers, referring to the employment of the savages, "who has dared to let loose upon our countrymen in America those horrible bloodhounds of war?" "These circumstances," wrote Burke of the condition of England in 1777, "appear to me more like shocking prodigies than natural changes in human affairs. Men of firmer minds may see them without staggering or astonishment. Some may think them matters of congratulation and complimentary addresses. I scarcely know how to adapt my mind to the feeling with which the court addresses mean to impress the people. It is not instantly that I can be brought to rejoice, when I hear of the slaughter and captivity of long lists of those names which have been familiar to my ears from infancy, and to rejoice that they have fallen under the sword of strangers, whose barbarous appellations I scarcely know how to pronounce. The glory acquired at White Plains by Colonel Rohl has no charms for me; and I fairly acknowledge that I have not yet learned to delight in

finding Fort Kniphausen in the heart of the British dominions."

The people of England, however, together with their rulers, listened to the most moving appeals in favor of their suffering fellow-countrymen without betraying the slightest interest in their fate; and, what was more remarkable, were equally indifferent to their own dangers and losses from the decline of commerce, the threatening or hostile attitude of the Continental powers, and the constant failure of all the measures used to subdue the independent spirit of the Americans. The war continued popular notwithstanding all the brilliance of eloquence with which it was assailed, and the succession of evils which it continued to inflict upon the empire. We can only attribute this peculiar fact to the characteristic perseverance which has ever marked the Anglo-Saxon race in all their wars and enterprises, and which sometimes, by degenerating into obstinacy, as in the present instance, has ended only in defeat and disaster. A spirit, however, which has led, more than any thing else, to that universal triumph which they and their descendants are daily achieving in all parts of the world over the difficulties of nature and the opposition of rival powers. England clung to her colonies like the ancient sailor to the enemy's boat: when one hand was lopped off, he seized the side with the other; when that was gone too, he fastened upon it with his teeth, and only gave up his inveterate hostility when the same axe which had cut off his two hands had also severed the head from the body. In like manner, England saw the forebodings of Burke one by one accomplished; her commerce sank, her debt grew enormous, Europe united against her in an armed neutrality, and France, her ancient enemy, seized this opportunity of inflicting upon her a fatal blow, by parting from her for ever those colonies which had been the chief source of her greatness. Peace was restored to the world, but it was a peace upon which the British statesman could not look without shame and regret. The empire was wounded and bleeding in every part, its enemies had triumphed, and men began to lose that confidence in its destiny which the fierce energy of Chatham had every where inspired. Turning in disgust from the spectacle at home, Burke sought another scene of action. His restless mind, ever seeking for an object of greatness commensurate with itself, now fixed itself upon the affairs of India.

The nature of Burke was formed of two elements, which served to render him a solitary and noble example to his contemporaries. He was a man of unusual strength of imagination, and of remarkable force of feeling. These elements predominated in his character, and influenced all his political career; but in these he stood among his contemporaries almost alone. The age was one of coldness, duplicity, and sensuality. The prevailing turn of its intellect was towards skepticism. The idol of the hour was self. Government was administered by placemen, who sought only office; the church was filled with priests who entered it as a means of subsistence, or a path to the gratification of ambition. The halls of Parliament were trod by men who, whenever they spoke of magnanimity, justice, or freedom, were only urging their personal claims to a support from the treasury of the nation. Among these men Burke rose, of necessity, to a height of independence, from which he could hardly fail to discover the true policy of England. His feeling, his imagination, and his intellect conspired to give him a prophetic power.

The policy of England at this moment was of far greater weight than ever before upon the destinies of the world. The British Empire, by means of its continued successes, had extended from the narrow circle of its islands to embrace the most distant and important regions of the globe. Her gains in the East had compensated for the losses in America. The French had been driven out of India, and that great peninsula was now exposed to her ambitious designs. Her navy now ruled the seas, and alarmed the unprotected colonies of Spain and Holland by its unwelcome visits. Russia had not yet arisen from her steppes to govern Europe, and England, in greatness and in influence, stood unrivalled among nations.

This power she chiefly exerted in extending her dominions in India, a country that had long been the prey of a succession of invaders. Alexander, the Mahometans, the Tartars, the French, and the Portuguese had each in turn indulged their tastes for glory or plunder in the massacre of unoffending Hindoos; but it was left for England to render that country the scene of prolonged

horror and misery, such as no other land has exhibited. All the crimes of the French revolutionists become light when compared with those of the Anglo-Saxons who invaded India. The millions who died to gratify the ambition of Napoleon are few when contrasted with those who fell by famine, massacre, or legal murder, to build up the iron despotism of Warren Hastings.

The English entered India as conquerors, and governed it by that title alone. They had, in fact, no other. Had they been discoverers settling upon an unknown continent, they might have justly pretended to its possession; or had they gone thither as Cortez to Mexico, impelled by religious ardor rather than by the hope of gain, there would have remained an excuse for their enormities. But they have no such palliation. They have ever openly avowed the injustice of their rule. They were not discoverers, for the country had been known for ages. They were not settlers upon a barbarous coast, for India had been the fount from whence ancient civilization had flowed, and had retained its refinement when Rome and Europe had sunk a second time into barbarism. They were simply a band of blood-thirsty adventurers, who destroyed for ever the happiness and prosperity of an intellectual people to gratify the coarsest of human passions, and who plundered and sacked the East with as ruthless a spirit and as little cause as the buccaneers had ravaged the Spanish Main.

The people of India were not far behind their conquerors in government, education, or morals. Their rulers were often men of refinement and information, who watched tenderly over their people. Though despots, they were sometimes such rulers as the purest republic would have chosen. Their taxes were light; their policy usually peaceful; the fields were well cultivated; and the laborer throughout India was at least secure in the possession of a cottage and a field of rice. Vast public works suited to the wants of the climate had been planned and completed by the native princes. The chief want of the country was water, and all through the low land innumerable tanks had been provided at the cost of the government. Bridges, city walls, and highways were every where carefully maintained. Travellers went from place to place with a security and convenience that England itself, in that day when London teemed with robbers, could hardly boast; and excellent regulations every where protected trade and agriculture. Under the influence of such governments the country prospered and grew populous. Fertile territories stretched out on every side, abounding in all the wealth of the tropics, and maintaining innumerable inhabitants in comfort and repose. The cities were well built, busy, and teeming with people. The great highways were trodden by a never-ceasing throng of traders, pilgrims, and travellers, who could pass in safety and comfort from mart to mart, or to the most distant seats of devotion, under the shelter of a protecting government.

The character of the Hindoos was far more pure than that of the depraved English whom they first encountered. They were intelligent, industrious, and prudent. The intellect even of the poor was often highly trained. They were skilled in the law of trade, were excellent merchants or bankers, and excelled the European in their powers of calculation. They were just in their dealings, and careful not to violate the laws. Their little farms were tilled by the labor of a whole family, every member of which could contribute something towards the common support. In the manufacture of cotton and woollen they surpassed the English in the delicacy of their fabrics. Although not a commercial people, yet their inland trade was immense, and great fleets of boats floated annually down their navigable streams, exchanging the produce of one section for the manufactures of another.

The nobility of India, too, in manners, intelligence, and refinement, were equal and probably superior to the same rank of English. The Brahmin was educated in all the learning of a literature which, in some respects, excels that of any other nation. Indian literature has never been thoroughly explored, yet all that we have learned of it proves its wonderful variety and extent. It abounds in metaphysical speculations, of which the novelties of Hegel or Schelling are only modern reproductions. Its poetry is full of tenderness, and a power of imagination that Milton has hardly surpassed. Its history is less known, yet who can assert that a Hume or a Macaulay may not have adorned the annals of a nation which can justly boast of more than three thousand years of literary labor? Upon all these departments of learning the high-born Indian

bestowed an amount of study, such as would have found no parallel among the noble graduates of Oxford or Cambridge. Their inclination led them to intellectual pursuits, and their lives were spent in the acquisition of knowledge. Their manners were stately, refined, and impressive; their morals not worse than those of any other aristocracy; their dispositions usually gentle and forbearing.

Upon this ancient and gifted people a band of plunderers suddenly intruded themselves. At first they came in the disguise of peaceful traders, who modestly prayed from the native rulers permission to erect a factory and a trading post upon the shores of that vast peninsula which they were soon to conquer and lay waste. The English merchants were hardly landed before they became transformed into conquerors. Wonderful success attended their earliest enterprises. Whole kingdoms fell suddenly into their grasp. The Indian armies melted away before the first shock of their invaders. One Englishman was equal to a thousand natives. And the clerks and traders of London or Bristol suddenly started up into famous generals, whose exploits rivalled those of Alexander, and whose enormous wealth united with their great deeds to render them as powerful as they were conspicuous.

India became the land of promise to Englishmen. All who were young, and poor, and healthy, believed that their fortune was gained should they be able to reach the scene of fabled wealth and glory. When these men succeeded in their hope of standing upon that shore, they found that in lawful trade it offered less attraction than their own. They found that the natives were poor, humble, and contented, and that whatever wealth was to be gained in India must be drawn by force from the grasp of suffering millions. Disappointment hardened their hearts, and avarice impelled them to violence. The native princes were made the instruments of robbing their people. They yielded with many groans to the harsh demands of the invader. Gold was gathered in minute portions from every side. The reed cottage of the laborer was searched and plundered; the support of innumerable families was confiscated; and money devoted to sacred or useful purposes was diverted to build palaces in England for the directors or the generals of the India Company.

It was the unhappy fate of the Hindoos to fall into the hands of a private association. Had the British Government conquered India, its sufferings might have been less. But the organization of the India Company was singularly well fitted to accomplish its work of tyranny. Its deliberations were secret and selfish. It was little influenced by the fear of public reprobation. The only duty which its directors owed to the stockholders was to provide them with handsome dividends. Within their closed doors in Leadenhall street, the managers decided the fate of princes and nations by the same rules which guided them on the exchange. That policy which paid the best was the true one. This spirit was carried out in all their measures. Their officers and servants were so scantily paid that no honest man would consent to serve them long. Their dependants, therefore, became from necessity as unscrupulous as their masters. The wide system of plunder became perfect. The directors of the Company robbed nations; the generals, cities; the servants, individuals. Clive by the sack of a single town became enormously rich. Where force was not openly used, other means offered themselves. The judge traded in decisions; the man of influence sold his good word; the merchant monopolized the food of provinces; and every year the ill-paid servants of the Company were becoming richer and more avaricious, and cared less for the groans and tears of the famishing people around them. They remitted vast sums to England, and contributed to swell her luxury and magnificence to a height that attracted the envy and wonder of Europe.

But fearful was the condition of that people from whom these streams of wealth had flowed. The tyranny of the Company had spread over India like a malaria. Its beauty and its prosperity had withered at the touch. Famine ravaged whole districts where the avarice of the English had refused to repair the tanks which gave water to the people. Wars and massacres filled the country with woe; cities once flourishing were burnt and destroyed; whole communities were reduced to poverty; noble mothers stood by the wayside offering their children for sale to any one that could maintain them; high-born women, who had

never before ventured from the harem, now rushed famine-struck into the open street to beg a morsel of food; aged and honorable men died of starvation; learned and polished Brahmins fell by their own hand to escape the spectacle of the universal poverty: while the young and hardened servants of the Company were gathering up their gains, and expending them in building palaces upon the Thames, or stocking the parks of Devon.

At the head of this band of adventurers stood Warren Hastings, looking calmly upon their excesses, and sharing largely in their spoils. He stood the example and the pride of all those Englishmen who had their fortunes to make in India. England would gladly throw a veil over the character of this man, whose enormous crimes established her empire in the East. She feels grateful to one who abandoned humanity to become for her sake a destroyer of his race. English writers have, therefore, for the most part, treated Hastings very tenderly. They endeavor to direct attention to the results of his policy rather than the means. They would have men, if possible, forget that Hastings brought upon the crowded population of India calamity such as the world besides cannot parallel; that wherever he and his followers appeared, a fertile land was blasted, a happy people decimated, and famine, pestilence, and despair diffused at his approach. They would blind us to the enormities by which the glory and power of England have been extended. But the groans of bleeding India have been transmitted to us by a mighty intellect which pierced the veil of empty glory by which other men were dazzled, and which read the heart of Hastings with proper loathing and disgust.

Calmly, coldly, yet successfully, had Hastings pursued his career of unutterable wickedness. He triumphed in India, he was powerful at home. But there was one breast in England which swelled with indignation at his conduct, and which had resolved, in any event, to bring the great criminal to justice. The fate of India had awakened the attention of Burke. Almost alone, he turned a pitying eye upon the misfortunes of the ancient home of civilization. His imagination was fired by the recollection of its former greatness, his feelings were touched by its present woe. He remembered that while Rome was yet a village upon the Tiber, the cities of the East had teemed with refinement and learning; that while the Thames was visited only by savages, the waters of the Ganges had rolled amid the same remarkable people who now, in his own day, wept tears of blood upon its banks. His hatred of injustice was aroused by the spectacle of a guiltless people thus fallen into the hands of a band of plunderers. This feeling arose almost to madness. His nature was one that was never governed by cold intellectual caution. It was all warmth, impulse, and energy. And hence sprung that violent hatred which he conceived and constantly displayed towards Hastings. It was not, we think, as has been generally believed, a personal or party feeling, but a natural and necessary impulse. In the man he hated he saw the cruel oppressor of a people whom he revered for their antiquity, and pitied for their misfortunes. In him he beheld a criminal before whose crimes all other offenses grew light as air; who was the murderer of nations, the robber of the famine-stricken poor, the destroyer of a large part of the human race. When, therefore, at the great trial scene in Westminster Hall, Burke threw upon Hastings a glance of hatred so marked that it was noticed by all around, and generally mistaken for personal disgust; or when again, upon the neglect of the prisoner to kneel, Burke, indignant that so great a criminal should defy the frowns of his judges, commanded him in a loud tone to kneel; it was only the same strong feeling displaying itself that had led him to commence the prosecution. As he studied more closely the policy which Hastings had pursued in India, he grew more earnest in the cause. Every step of his investigation opened to his view some new scene of tyranny, fraud, or violence; and during the whole course of a trial which wearied the patience of every other person engaged in it, this noble indignation of Burke never died out, but burned as brightly at the close as at the beginning.

Burke looked upon Hastings as his enemy. He hated him with a feeling like that which an angel might display towards the spirit of evil. It was the necessary indignation of one who loves good against all that is selfish, cruel, and destructive of human happiness. Sir Philip Francis, too, hated Hastings, but his was a personal quarrel. Dis-

appointed aspirations, broken hopes, long years of altercation and unavailing struggle, had embittered the dislike of Francis, but it was as nothing compared with that of Burke. With him it became a ruling passion. No lover in pursuit of his mistress, no author in pursuit of fame, ever endured severer labors than did Burke in carrying on this trial. His merely mental exertions were wonderful. The age had seen several remarkable examples of literary toil. Johnson had produced a dictionary which rivalled the united labors of the French Academy. Gibbon was engaged upon a work which occupied a lifetime. Yet the labors of both Johnson and Gibbon were rivalled by the untiring researches of Burke. Without reward, through infinite labor, and with much reproach from the nation at large, he moved steadily onward towards his single aim of punishing the oppressor of India.

This fact distinguishes the trial of Hastings from all others. None other ever shed such a clear light upon the history of an obscure people, or diffused such an amount of knowledge. Under the ample researches of Burke, India arose from her obscurity, and stood revealed to the world. Her history, her government, her religion, and the condition of her people, all passed in review before his imagination, were condensed in a series of speeches, and were given to immortality. It is wonderful to trace the minute information he obtained to its source, and to consider how many Parliamentary reports he must have read, how many committees he must have attended, and to see how clearly he was enabled to convey what he had learned to the understanding of his hearers!

We have before said that Burke was never understood by his contemporaries. That large and generous heart, which beat full of benevolence towards its race, was doubted and wounded continually. His prosecution of Hastings was never acceptable either to his king or to his country. He was charged with petty personal malice by some, with a vain-glorious and overbearing spirit by others. He was assailed with repeated insults, from the coarse assaults of Peter Pindar to the vote of censure passed by the House of Commons. At length the great trial closed, and Hastings stood before his country free from blame. All the immense labor which his accuser had undergone was apparently wasted, for the great criminal was yet unpunished. The splendor of his oratory had vainly dazzled the intellect of the noblest audience that the age could have produced. The verdict which he had demanded against Hastings had, in a measure, fallen upon himself, and men pointed him out as a vindictive partisan, who had vainly attempted to destroy judicially a rival politician and public benefactor.

What must have been the emotion of Burke at this final defeat! How must his great soul have swelled with indignation when he saw the tyrant, worse than Verres, go forth not only uncondemned, but followed by the public sympathy and esteem! We may imagine, though we cannot hope to penetrate, all the workings of that mighty mind: that in that hour of humiliation he turned to the bar of posterity and left there his cause; that he felt sure the time would come when his country would discover and acknowledge the justice of his measures, and would inflict upon his rival a deserved and universal reprobation; that he received the consolation of a fixed confidence in his own immortality, and beheld through the long coming years his eloquent declamations against national injustice and distant crimes become the study and the guide of succeeding generations.

The effect of the trial of Warren Hastings upon the sentiment of civilized man has been great. It threw a shield over helpless India which has protected her from much cruelty and injustice. It checked the rapacity of the Company's servants, and the cruelty of its governors. Above all, it has taught the European to be just in his dealings with the Asiatic; to respect those ancient races which were civilized at a time when his forefathers were yet barbarians; and to remember that posterity will avenge the wrongs of the weak. In this famous trial we look upon Burke as the champion and the savior of the inferior races, and the invectives which he poured out against Warren Hastings as the noble eloquence of a friend of mankind. By the side of Las Cases or Wilberforce, but far above them in genius, he stands in the highest rank of the benefactors of his species.

We hope to conclude our estimate of the labors and services of Burke in a succeeding article.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON ENGLISH POLITICS.

"ENGLAND," says Carlyle, "with the largest mass of real living interests intrusted to a nation, and with a mass of extinct, imaginary, and quite dead interests piled upon it to the very heavens, and encumbering it from shore to shore, does reel and stagger ominously in these years."

In truth, there never was a period which illustrated more forcibly the weakness of statesmen and parties in Britain than the last twenty years. Minister after minister falls ere he has tasted the cup of power; the leader of the opposition has scarcely grasped the seals of office before an adverse vote hurls him back to the *gauche* and insignificance; whole cabinets, huddled like sheep into the Treasury benches, must pack and scatter just as the chief's shoulders were becoming used to the burthens of state. Such chopping and changing betoken an unusual crisis in the history of Britain. Stability has ever been John Bull's *forte:* some extraordinary accident must have befallen his household when his servants are discharged every six months. Some organic convulsion must have been silently throbbing beneath the surface to have disturbed the time-honored routine of ministerial preferment, and the usual allotment of patronage and power; some secret cause must have been operating with unseen force when a cabinet resigns on the appointment of a Chancellor, or the petticoat squabbles of the ladies of the bedchamber. What that cause may have been—whether no single set of men could keep pace with the strides of civil and social progress; whether twenty years be but a brief period to test the working of a new Reform Act; or whether the storming of a fort like the Corn Laws cost, of necessity, the lives of the front ranks—it is not, at present, our province to inquire. We simply chronicle the facts.

No administration ever came into power under more brilliant auspices than the Whig ministry in 1833. Besides Grey, Brougham, Richmond, Stanley, Ripon, and, we may say, nearly all the first men in the kingdom, the remains of Mr. Canning's party gave a cordial support to a cabinet in which they were represented by four office-holders. Thousands of citizens, who owed their civil rights to the fathers of the Reform Bill, set no bounds to their gratitude. England was in a blaze of joy and triumph. All former administrations, said the people, would sink into utter insignificance when compared with Earl Grey's. Eighteen months afterwards, Earl Grey was requested to resign, and Lord Melbourne reigned in his stead. He had been prime minister four months, when the cabinet broke up, and the Duke of Wellington was intrusted with the superintendence of the affairs of the kingdom. His Grace was glad to relieve himself of the task after a month's labor, and in December, 1834, handed the reins of state to Sir Robert Peel. Another brief period of four months elapsed before the Litchfield House compact forced Sir Robert to resign, and once more replaced Lord Melbourne at the head of the council board. The Whigs dragged on a wretched existence—bullied by the Irish, bullied by the Radicals, bullied by the Tories—for a little more than four years; then, sick of discouraging conflicts, in which victory was as much to be feared as defeat, Lord Melbourne threw up his office in disgust. On the 7th May, 1839, Sir Robert resumed office; but, quarrelling with Her Majesty on a point of etiquette relative to the removal of the ladies of the household, he resigned without setting his seal to a single official document. Lord Melbourne was again sent for. He consented to forego his personal comfort and govern the kingdom, since no one else could. On these principles, he laughed at the vote of 4th June, 1841, and continued to hold office as though the majority had been in favor of ministers. Forced by the clamors of the opposition to dissolve Parliament, he and his colleagues went to the country on a broad free-trade ticket; but the result of the elections placed Sir Robert in power, as the champion of protection. Scarcely, however, had his government begun to exhibit signs of stability, when the free-trade doctrines spread like wildfire

through the country; an agitation second only to that which ushered the Reform Bill into existence, shook the large constituencies to their centre. The unmistakable voice of the people called for Cheap Bread! Sir Robert was not one of those statesmen who cannot distinguish dogged obstinacy from honest consistency, and shut their ears to the teaching of time. With an effort of moral courage rarely equalled in modern days, he boldly announced his own conversion to free trade, and the consequent defection of his colleagues. This brought Lord John Russell forward, in December, 1845; but after an unsuccessful attempt to form a cabinet, he was forced to abandon the task, and Sir Robert appealed to the patriotism of his friends not to leave the country without a government. Lord Derby and a few others alone stood aloof. A large section of the party consented to hold office under a leader for whose apostasy they could not find terms too harsh, and whose principles were precisely the reverse of their own. This ill-assorted union lasted six months. In July, 1846, a new ministry was formed, with Lord John Russell at its head, pledged to carry out the principles of free trade to their fullest extent.

Under this government the country began to reap the practical benefit of the repeal of the corn laws. The revenue steadily increased, and the surplus was not diminished by the removal of several heavy taxes. The augmentation of the annual value of exports was met by a corresponding increase in the imports of raw material and agricultural produce. Money was never so plentiful; the most pusillanimous alarmist could not foresee a commercial crisis. No more cheering proof of the soundness of the cheap-bread policy could be found than the steady falling off in the number of paupers; nor did the unusual tranquillity of the manufacturing towns, and the diminution of crime, speak less plainly for the success of the experiment. The increase of marriages and births was an equally healthy symptom. Britain was at peace with the world; the army and navy estimates were fair game for Mr. Hume and Mr. Cobden. The only blemish in this fair picture—the Caffre war—was perhaps a necessary evil.

It was while the world was contemplating these scenes of unexampled prosperity, and congratulating the poor of Britain on their participation in blessings which, before 1846, had been enjoyed by the poor on this Continent only, that the astounding news of the defeat of ministers on Mr. Locke King's motion for an extension of the franchise, on the 20th February, 1851, was announced. Though free trade had been eminently successful, Lord John had been blundering for some time; nursing Puseyism, and writing evangelical letters; preaching tolerance, and introducing the Ecclesiastical Titles bill; earning the sobriquet of "Finality John," and fathering Chartist reform bantlings; advocating the advancement of lowly merit, and choking the highest offices with an unbridled license in nepotism; driving the Orangemen to the verge of rebellion, and making an implacable enemy of the Irish Brigade. Add to this that it is the inevitable destiny of every ministry to wear out its popularity by degrees; the public tires of old names, and sighs after novelty. So Lord John Russell fell.

The "Duke"—the Delphic oracle—recommended a coalition of Peelites and Whigs. But Lord Aberdeen was too old, and Sir James Graham too wary to risk his fortunes in the same boat with Lord John Russell. Earl Derby dared not parade his weakness. So it ended, as before, in a compromise. Lord John, the most capable of the incapables, was suffered to retain office on condition that he would introduce, early in the ensuing session, a liberal measure of electoral reform. In other words, a respite was granted in order to afford time to some other statesman to compose a cabinet.

A year elapsed. A year pregnant with great events: the Industrial Exhibition; the repeal of the window tax; a fresh reduction in the sugar duties; the *coup d'état* in France. In December a fatal blow fell upon the tottering cabinet. Lord Palmerston—unquestionably the most able man in the ministry, a popular favorite, and, though an intractable subordinate, a most efficient and dexterous ally—was dismissed from his office *for misconduct*, by Lord John Russell.

The prospects of the administration were gloomy indeed. In 1851, when all was quiet, the kingdom flourishing, the people contented, and the minister at the head of a powerful party in both houses, Lord John had suffered an ignominious defeat. Now, the country expected of him a satisfactory measure of parliamentary reform, (which was sure to

be too liberal for the Tories, and too narrow for the Radicals;) a bill to remodel the Court of Chancery; a modification or repeal of the income tax; and some scheme for allaying the popular fears of invasion from France. To carry these measures, he could no longer count on the support of him whose ingenious skill and commanding oratory had so often warded off the fatal blow. Wounded vanity and personal *rancune* had made an unsparing foe of Palmerston. A sorry compensation was it to rely on the hereditary talents of the Elliotts, the Greys, or Sir Charles Wood.

The impotency of the Cabinet was a favorite theme for popular scorn. The *Times* upbraided the opposition with cowardice for planning damaging but barren defeats over the helpless minister. A well-known satirist published, under the title of *Cupid in the Cabinet*, a clever paper, in which the late chief of the Foreign Office was, strangely enough, introduced on the stage as the god of love. Speaking of his dismissal, the rhymer says:

> "He sped away, and scarce the wind
> Had borne him o'er the garden wall,
> Ere a most hideous crash behind
> Announced an unexpected fall.
> The Cabinet was rent in twain!
> The wood was broken into splinters,
> As though for many hundred winters
> It had been dashed by wind and rain.
> Golden no more, the jars of clay
> Were dull, and cracked, and dingy gray.
> Down fell a beam of rotten oak;
> The chain beneath the anchor broke;
> And all the furniture around
> Appeared at once to be unsound."

No false bard was he. A sharp debate on the first evening of the session gained the verdict for the Premier in the case of Russell *vs.* Palmerston, but did not contribute to soothe the defendant's feelings. After an anxious fortnight, during which the late Foreign Secretary played with his ex-chief as a cat plays with a mouse, the blow was struck. Lest the public should mistake the cause of the defeat, or fail to give due glory to Palmerston, issue was joined on a most insignificant difference of opinion—the substitution of the words "regular militia" for "local militia," in a bill which was obviously intended to remain a dead letter. Members cared so little about the result, that many were comfortably seated round their mahogany, and others were admiring a beautiful aurora borealis, when the government passed out of the hands of the Whigs. The division was 136 to 125; and Lord John, not without some lurking sense of satisfaction, announced to Her Majesty, in a private note, that he had lost the public confidence. This was on Friday night, 20th February, the anniversary of his defeat on Mr. Locke King's motion of the previous year. On Saturday he formally tendered his resignation, and it was accepted. At two on Sunday, Lord Derby mastered his gout, and had an audience of the Queen; and on Monday, the 23d, he kissed hands, and presented the list of his cabinet.

In point of talent, it could compare favorably with the last administration. Though more of a wit than a financier, Mr. D'Israeli (Lord Derby's second choice, Mr. Thomas Baring having declined to take office) was likely to make at least as good a Chancellor of the Exchequer as Sir Charles Wood. Sir Edward Sugden's reputation as the first lawyer in England was not perceptibly impaired by the known anti-reform bent of his mind, and did not fear a parallel with Lord Truro. Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Herries, Mr. Henley, and Lord Hardwicke, could well make up for the deficiencies of the Worcestershire police magistrate, who was hoisted into the Colonial Office, of the inexperienced gentleman who was set over the Home Department, and of the *débonnaire* nobleman to whom the foreign relations of Britain were intrusted. New as most of them were to the mysteries of red tape and blue books, they possessed a fair average share of honesty and ability.

The eyes of the country were on the Earl of Derby. No one had forgotten his inflexible refusal to coalesce with Sir Robert Peel, and waive his protectionist opinions, at a time when his example, had it been followed, might have brought the government of the country to a stand-still. It was frightful to contemplate the probable results of his adhering to that policy at the present moment.

On 27th February, the new Prime Minister was standing bareheaded at the table of the House of Lords; his clear melodious voice was ringing through the hall, which was filled with the highest men and noblest ladies in the kingdom; a death-like silence prevailed, and the quick breathing of some of those who, with outstretched necks, listened to his words, attested the magnitude of the

crisis. For one sentence might have been the tocsin of a rebellion at Leeds, Manchester, or Paisley; at a single phrase, the funds might have fallen, and the commercial world been convulsed; a few short words might have been the signal for the abrupt departure of more than one august personage from the ambassador's box, and the peace of Europe might have been destroyed.

After explaining his intentions with reference to the foreign policy of Britain, the proposed bill for extending the franchise, law reforms, and minor matters, Lord Derby continued: "My Lords, I have now stated to your Lordships the principles on which I think that our foreign policy should be regulated and conducted. I will not shrink, my Lords, from dealing with questions of far greater difficulty. I will not shrink from speaking frankly upon the subject of our commercial and financial policy." After referring to Sir Robert Peel's opinions, and alluding to the United States Tariff, as a model to be imitated,* the noble Earl added: "In my individual opinion, I can see no grounds why the single article of corn should be made a solitary exception to the general system of imposing duties on foreign imports. I state this as my opinion; but I think the question one *which can be satisfactorily solved only by reference to the well-understood and clearly-expressed opinion of the intelligent portion of the community.*"

The country breathed freely. Britain was not to be rent by a contest between the government and the people. The Earl of Derby would govern, as a *pis-aller*, without venturing on freedom of thought, or attempting to carry out a policy which was only based on the dictates of his own conscience. His followers were well drilled; they went to the country on a non-committal ticket. Even D'Israeli, whose flights of fancy had given an air of reality to the rumors of his conversion, and who, forgetting his position in the cabinet, was likely to indulge his constituents with a chapter from his unpublished novel of *Protection*, or, *The Truth Triumphant at Last*, was content to stammer an indefinite hope that the vague aspirings which had constituted the burthen of his speeches while in opposition would, at some future day, be amply realized.

These cautious tactics disarmed the hostility of all moderate people; but the nausea attending the acceptance of a Protectionist ministry operated severely on Cobden and the Manchester men. That wordy demagogue was convinced that Earl Derby had a bill for the imposition of a five-shilling duty on corn in his sleeve. The chairman of the Corn Law League dreamt that "a mad and wicked attempt to reëstablish a duty on corn" had already been made, and confounding the vision with the reality, called a general meeting of the League. So potent was the cry of Haro! so resolute were the cotton spinners to arrest the first retrograde step, that, although Mr. Ashworth entreated the members to restrict individual subscriptions to a mere thousand guineas, $133,375 were subscribed in twenty-five minutes, and $364,000 in a few hours.

Earl Derby met the charge by the most perfect specimen of oratory which the debates of the last twenty years contain. We regret that want of space prevents our giving the reply to Lord Beaumont in its entirety. We must hurry on to July, and can barely afford a passing allusion to the passage where the Prime Minister distinctly stated that "he would never force on the country a measure to which a large portion of the

* If any thing more were needed to prove the fallacy of Earl Derby's reasoning on the subject of free trade, this allusion to the United States would supply the deficiency. We are at a loss, we confess, to comprehend how a man like Earl Derby, possessed of such varied and accurate stores of information, and endowed with a discerning intellect, could possibly pretend for a moment to apply the same commercial policy to two countries so widely different as Britain and this Union. In England, where, but a few years since, every ninth individual was a pauper, and where, even now, nearly a million of persons are supported by public alms; where the manufacturing classes earned so bare a subsistence, that the slightest fluctuation in the price of cotton brought starvation to their door, there was something inhuman in opposing the removal of the restrictions on the importation of corn and the other necessaries of life. But where are our paupers? How often do we hear—nay, do we ever hear of whole towns, or wards, or even families suffering from hunger in this favored land? Again, Britain's manufactures have reached their apogee; they have grown to manhood under a fostering protective policy, and now that they have attained their full development and strength, do not require artificial support to insure their prosperity. Ours are in the cradle, and are actually choked in their infancy by the want of protection. Extend to Massachusetts and Pennsylvania for ten, nay, for five years, such a protecting hand as was held out for centuries to the manufactures of Britain, and we will then meet them on equal terms in any field.

community was directly opposed." A few days afterwards, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was still more explicit in deprecating any abrupt attempt to disturb "the sound and durable prosperity" which Britain enjoyed; and though he talked of "compensation" to the farmers, every body knew what that meant. Finally, in replying to Earl Granville, the Earl of Derby resolved to silence for ever the croaking band of alarmists.

"The noble Earl," said the Premier, "is wrong in quoting me as stating that, in my opinion, a duty on corn is a necessity. What I stated was, and distinctly as my own opinion, that for the purpose at once of relieving the agricultural classes, and also for improving the revenue, whereby we should be enabled to take off other taxes, then, without injury to the consumer, an import duty on corn would be desirable. I also stated that whether relief was to be afforded to the suffering agricultural classes by the imposition of a duty on foreign corn, was a matter which was to rest on the opinion of the constituencies. In no case did I say that it was a matter of necessity, but that, in my opinion, it was a desirable mode of offering relief to the agricultural classes. I hold that opinion still; but I again state that it is a question to be left to the constituencies of this country: *and moreover I may add, if it will give any satisfaction to the noble Earl, my opinion is, from what I have since heard and learned, that there will certainly not be in favor of the imposition of a duty on foreign corn that extensive majority in the country without which I stated to your Lordship's House it would not be expedient or desirable to impose such a duty.*"

It was, in fact, on this footing—safe, if you will, but somewhat derogatory to the dignity of a statesman—that the Protectionists resolved to meet the country. In the language of a caustic writer, Ministers had resolved to delegate to the Parliament all those mental operations which most men are in the habit of performing for themselves. They could not throw Protection overboard, for fear of alienating the country party, which, weak as it was, was their only standby in case of danger; nor could they prudently venture on bearding their powerful opponents in their stronghold. Peelites, Whigs, and Radicals tendered the issue of Free-trade *vs.* Protection; but notwithstanding Earl Derby's oft-repeated appeal to the constituencies, the Ministerialists would not accept it, and trumped up fifty other differences of opinion between themselves and their adversaries, on which they strove to make the battle turn. True, the Solicitor-General, whose political capacity falls far short of Sir Fitzroy Kelly's forensic fame, forgot that he had voted with Sir Robert Peel in 1841, and prated of "the disastrous effects of a fatal and blighting policy;" true that one Mr. Christopher, who seemed to imagine that the rank of a subaltern in the ministerial army entitled him to be the herald of the Cabinet, comforted the country bumpkins of his county with the assurance that "we have no intention of abandoning protection;" and other honest squires, protectionists perforce in virtue of their rent-rolls, broke fairly loose from the Derby tether, and exulted in the prospect of a return of the good old times when rents were high and bread was dear. But these were rebels or traitors to the cause. Lord Stanley, Mr. Henley, and the really responsible men, contented themselves with subdued murmurs at the existence of a system which, however ungraciously, they could not but tolerate: like the sweet *nenni* of Marot's coy damsel, their blushing refusal was but a delicate form of acquiescence. Others brought religious fanaticism to bear on the electors. The Church of England, said they, is in danger; Popery strides unmolested over the land; and if some potent check be not resorted to, another half century will see the Inquisition flourishing at Westminster. Lord John has been palpably beaten by Cardinal Wiseman; it remains for Earl Derby to vanquish the insolent intruders. Against Popery on the one hand, and Dissent on the other, it behooves all true Englishmen to raise a conservative barrier. An air of reality was given to this feigned issue by the insensate conduct of the Catholics in London, and the savage intolerance of the Irish priesthood. While Mr. Lucas was issuing a turbid stream of periodical abuse of the Church, and ribald blasphemy, on a conspicuous platform in the city of London, the Protestant Bible was burned to ashes. Riots at Cork and Limerick were perhaps not worth notice; but a priest who emphatically gives out from the pulpit that he will neither christen the infants, nor marry the living, nor bury the dead of the family of any man who

votes for Hamilton and Taylor, was an admirable text for the ultra Protestant candidates. Thus we have Mr. Forbes McKenzie at Liverpool laying his hand on his heart, and calling God to witness that cheap bread is less necessary than pure Protestantism. So in many other parts of England, the pure fossil Derbyites arraigned the successors of the advocates of Roman Catholic emancipation at the bar of the hustings, and bade the electors ponder the fruits of Whiggism.

The great conservative organ, *Blackwood*, was peculiarly concerned to hide the protectionist feature in the Cabinet. The battle, said this magazine on the first of each month, is not between the "LITTLE question" of Protection or Free Trade, but between "the GREAT questions" of the Constitution or Democracy, Government or Anarchy, the Church or Popery. Catching at a rhetorical flourish at the close of one of Earl Derby's speeches, *Blackwood* implored the country "to oppose some barrier against the current, continually encroaching, of democratic influence, which would throw power nominally into the hands of the masses—practically into those of the demagogues who lead them," and charged Lord John Russell with truckling to the Manchester men, condescending to the bidding of Mr. Locke King, and seeking sweet counsel of Mr. Cobden. The Whigs had proved themselves to be incapable of governing the country: if, therefore, the electors refused to support the Earl of Derby, they would willingly accept anarchy as their portion. While the member elect for Meath called upon the Catholics to "batter down the monopoly of the Established Church," Lord John, said *Blackwood*, the author of the letter to the Bishop of Durham, the father of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, was dallying with the instruments of Wiseman, Cullen, and MacHale.

These were the false issues on which the majority of Earl Derby's henchmen solicited the suffrages of the electors of Britain. The first and second of the three can claim to have exercised but little influence on the result; the last, the appeal to national against ultramontane bigotry, was more successful. More than one member owed his election to a pledge to advocate the repeal of the Maynooth grant. Many Conservatives were accepted from personal confidence in the Prime Minister; others from considerations of private esteem. Few, very few, were returned on an avowedly protectionist ticket.

It is, of course, impossible at this period to classify the new members otherwise than by guesswork. The losses of old soldiers have been large on all sides. The Derbyites will miss Mr. Grantley Berkeley, Mr. Liddell, Mr. Edwards, Mr. G. F. Young, and others of less note; the Whigs will seek in vain the honored faces of Mr. Bernal, Mr. Greene, Mr. D'Eyncourt, Mr. Horsman, Sir John Romilly, and Colonel Thompson; while Feargus O'Connor, Mr. George Thompson, and Mr. Anstey can well be spared. The Peelites are almost extinct as a party; Mr. Cardwell, Lord Mahon, Mr. Roundell Palmer, and most of their leaders are gone. Sir George Clark, Mr. Pusey, and many other men of worth, have disappeared from the ranks of the liberal Conservatives.

After an impartial review of the various tabular statements of the returns—from the *Daily News* and *Economist*, which grudge Earl Derby even a decent minority, to the *Morning Herald*, which is prepared, at all hazards, to place him at the top of the poll—it will appear that about sixty-five liberal Conservatives (Free-traders) have obtained seats in Parliament. The balance of five hundred and ninety-one members is pretty equally divided between Derbyites and Liberals. The former claim, in round numbers, three hundred Prætorians, and some thirty or forty less trusty allies; but the latter assert that, setting the liberal Conservatives out of the question, they have themselves, i. e., Whigs and Radicals, an absolute majority of from ten to twenty-five over Government. Even granting that Earl Derby counts more adherents than Lord John Russell and Messrs. Cobden and Bright, it seems beyond all doubt that were the liberal Conservatives, with Sir James Graham at their head, to throw themselves into the scale with the latter, the administration would be left in a feeble minority.

This would inevitably be the case if any attempt were made to reimpose a duty on corn. Nor would the result be different if, on moral or commercial grounds, the Cabinet were to interfere with the gradual removal of the sugar duties. Britain has decided finally in favor of free trade.

In an old, thickly-peopled country, which has already attained its prime of strength and maturity, how could it be otherwise? Let

statistics—those unerring guides—speak for themselves.

The national income in 1846, the year preceding the introduction of free trade, was $256,807,500; in 1851 it was $250,699,500, and left a surplus of $13,216,250. In the interval, taxes on sugar, timber, molasses, oils, stamps, bricks, coffee, and windows had been repealed to an amount exceeding $27,465,550. In 1842, the consumption of sugar was 4,068,331 cwt.; in 1851, 6,884,189 cwt. were consumed, giving a net gain to the poorer classes of 2,815,858 cwt. in the ninth year. So with regard to tea, the consumption during the same period increased 16,600,000 lbs. About 6,000,000 more pounds of tobacco, and 4,000,000 more pounds of coffee were consumed in 1851 than in 1842. All these necessaries were thus placed within the reach of the lowest. The man who, in 1842, had been unable to afford a pound of tea and sugar a week to his family, now purchased one pound and a half of the former and one pound and three quarters of the latter. The statistics of the corn and wheat trade show an increase of good bread consumed by the poor of 4,213,730 quarters in 1851 over 1842.

Nor was the gain of the manufacturers less, as will appear from the following table:

	1842.	1851.
Quantity of raw cotton manufactured, lbs.,	486,498,778	562,215,920
Wool	44,022,141	59,938,104
Silk	3,856,867	4,385,107

The following table speaks volumes for the progress of trade:

The total imports of 1842 were valued in round numbers at	$228,000,000
1846	279,845,000
1847	285,180,000
1848	257,280,000
1849	308,460,000
1850	346,096,000
1851	361,312,000

The stated value of the imports of 1846 was $368,600,000; those of 1851 have not yet been published, but those of the preceding year were valued at $487,425,000.

A surer test of the prosperity of the country will perhaps be found in the returns of pauperism and crime. The first has the authority of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer for being considered the true gauge of popular comfort and welfare. The expenditure for out-door relief and in-door maintenance of paupers during the year 1850 fell short of that during the previous year by $1,964,250; and $198,850 were economized during the first six months of 1851. A reference to numbers sets the improvement in a still stronger light.

	1st Jan., 1851.	1st Jan., 1852.	decrease.
Total number of paupers of all kinds receiving relief	862,827	835,360	27,467
Number of able-bodied paupers receiving relief	154,553	137,318	17,235

On the 1st Jannary, 1849, returns from 590 unions in England and Wales showed 940,851 pauper inmates; on 1st January, 1852, the same unions only contained 792,026 inmates. In several of the unions it has lately become necessary to hire farm servants and sewing women to do the work of the establishment. Nor do the statistics of crime belie the flattering picture.

In 1846, the number of commitments in England and Wales was	25,107
1847	28,383
1848	30,349
1849	27,866
1850	26,813

It must be remembered that the activity of trade witnessed in 1846 will account for its occupying such a low position in the scale.

Such being the results of the free-trade experiment in Britain, it is not a matter of surprise that Earl Derby's appeal, cunningly carried out though it was, should have met with no response.

But how is the government of the country to be carried on? Granting that Lord Derby has even a bare majority of the whole House, that does not constitute a working majority. Suppose, for argument's sake, that he is permitted to jog on with the Law Reform Bills, and make a ministerial question of the organization of the militia, what stand can he take against the Extension of the Franchise Bill? What would be the fate of any motion to interfere with the Maynooth grant?

Blackwood may rail against the forty shilling rate-payers, and sneer at the great unwashed; he may raise his hands to heaven and implore supernatural aid to fight the battle of oligarchy against the British people; but Earl Derby well knows, or if he does not, he will soon learn, that the Reform Bill of 1832 was not final, that it only

paved the way for approaching as near to universal suffrage as the British Constitution will permit. It savors indeed of the senescile feebleness of ancient *Maga* to bay Lord John with senseless clamor, because he consented to father Mr. Locke King's project. The late Premier is too practised a politician not to read the signs of the times, telling in a tone than which none could be more unmistakable, of the advent of a new era, in which the fullest extension of civil rights must be granted to the masses.

To such a measure we can hardly imagine Earl Derby awarding his sanction. The head of the proud aristocracy of England, the chief of the noble Tory party, he could not so belie his name and his character as to assail those institutions which it is his boast rather to cover with the moss and ivy of age than to polish and adapt to the requirements of the day. We see many reasons for believing that the very first reading of the new Reform Bill will involve a vote of want of confidence.

With parties divided as we have shown them to be, it is obvious that the real power is in the hands of Sir James Graham and the liberal Conservatives. To whichever side they lean, they must carry the day; neither the Radicals nor the "Pope's Own" combined could counterbalance their united phalanx. Is it at all likely that Sir James Graham would take office with the Earl of Derby if the offer were made to him? We think not. Whatever differences of opinion exist between Lord John Russell and Sir James, and doubtless they are wide, they cannot compare with the gulf which free trade has set between the ministry and the liberal Conservatives. Moreover, a bitter, undying hostility exists between the Tories and the relics of Sir Robert Peel's party. Lord Derby's desertion of the great statesman, the obloquy heaped on him, the taunts of apostasy which, from Conservative lips, followed him to his grave, are *causæ belli* which Sir James Graham and his friends are not likely to forget. Mutual distrust will be aggravated by rancorous vengeance on one side, and undisguised contempt on the other. Read Sir James Graham's speech at Carlisle, and say if, after the bitter sarcasms therein heaped on the Earl of Derby and his Cabinet, the orator could do homage to the former as his chief, or form part of the latter as a prop.

Still, it is within the bounds of possibility that after the House meets, Earl Derby will publicly recant his protectionist philosophy, or at all events give such a pledge to the Free-traders as to dispel their apprehensions of a retrogressive policy. Should such a course be adopted, *without driving the country gentlemen into opposition*, who knows but that all classes of conservatives may rally round the "glorious banner of the Constitution," and break a Quixotic lance against the hydra Democracy? The people of Britain regard the Earl of Derby with no feelings of dislike; on the contrary, he is personally admired and esteemed; and there is every disposition among the public to give him a fair chance, and to enable him to carry on the government of the country on at least as favorable terms as his predecessor. Some such charitable tolerance might carry him safely through the session.

But, to borrow Mr. D'Israeli's now hackneyed *mot*, there are dark clouds "looming in the future." Unless rumor lie basely, a vote of want of confidence is expected by the Liberals before Parliament has been a fortnight in session. Whigs, Radicals and a few Liberal Conservatives have determined that Earl Derby's self-abnegating doctrine shall not be a mere rhetorical flourish. They may permit him to hold the reins of power, but by the same grasp as Lord John Russell's during the year 1851—a mere puppet set up to be knocked about, and upset, and spurned, when the mood seizes them.

There is an evident disposition on the part of the Whigs to conciliate the liberal Conservatives. United, and working on a well-understood programme, the two parties might constitute a sufficiently strong government to resist the retrogressive tendencies of the Tories on the one hand, and the revolutionary schemes of the Radicals on the other. If Sir James Graham could be kept to his purpose, and prohibited under heavy penalties from changing his mind between breakfast time and dinner, or assailing a colleague out of pure love of mischief, he would be a valuable acquisition to any cabinet. His friends are liberal enough to side with Lord John Russell; and now that ecclesiastical questions are not likely to arise, a joint *carte de route* might, one would fancy, be easily agreed upon. The policy of the late Cabinet would in general suit such a

coalition; moderate reform measures would not be more acceptable to Lord John Russell than to the relics of Sir Robert Peel's free-trade party.

New Whigs may arise, under more skilful generals than Lord John Russell—without family compacts, dynasty Whigs, or cliques based upon blood relationship, to impair their hold of the public confidence. Chief among such a party would stand one whose fame as a historian has not obliterated his triumphs as a statesman—whose election, unsolicited, unbought even by a single pledge or promise, is equally creditable to the city of Edinburgh and to its member elect—Thomas Babington Macaulay. Many other men of liberal minds, large capacity, and weighty stake in the country, would rally to such a party and carry the new Reform Bill in spite of Tories and extreme Radicals.

Six weeks after these lines appear in print, the problem will be decided. The *Times* will have pronounced its final verdict on the ministry. Whether it be an honorable acquittal, or a sentence of guilty, the debates of the first fortnight of the coming session will decide.

THE WORLD A SLOW COACH AFTER ALL.

"Initiatos nos credimus; in vestibulo ejus hæremus.
Tarde magna proveniunt."—Seneca, (*Nat. Quest.*)

"We climb,
Gaining an inch of staircase at a time."—Byron.

It is a general, but a foolish mistake, to think the world is going ahead at a great rate. Editors of newspapers are very apt to get into a glow and pronounce it a fact. But, alas! it is not, and we ought to know it. It is not in the nature of the world to get along in such a manner. It is a slow coach—very; makes a good deal of noise and dust, but little way.

People say, novelty is charming; human nature likes newness. This is all a misconception. Man is "a bundle of habits," as somebody says; and mankind is a bigger bundle, made up on the same principle. Men like a little fluttering variety; but for decided change they have not a spark of cordiality. Whenever they do turn to it, they like it best when it presents itself in a combination of those elements with which they are familiar—when it is a new disposition of old things. Any very forcible innovation, any pronounced originality, seems at variance with their instincts. The world, when left to itself, loves a rather moderate pace along the path of untried circumstances. Let us look about us—let us look backward, too—and see if this is not so:

"Let observation, with extended view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru!"

as Dr. Johnson says, with his grand ponderosity. If we read history, we must see how long the abuses of society have existed in the midst of the suffering nations, and how dreadfully slow the people are, and have been, in making up their minds to remove them. Look, especially, to those periods in which a series of social exasperations, and the fierce urgencies rising out of them, have driven people into the headlong courses of revolution, and see how the world seems to disown such a vehement gait of going; how soon it comes back to the good old jog-trot pace over the customary beaten pathways. *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*, says one class: *Stare super antiquas vias*, is the motto and wisdom of another—laying down the principle of things with great gravity and much applause. That vehement advance made by the English in the time of Cromwell, Pym, St. John, and the rest, seemed to have been out of the course of English nature, which soon, however, reclaimed its order; and "the inviolate island of the sage and the free" returned, like a repentant beast that

had been rather rampant of late, to take the worn-out and incorrigible Stuarts again upon its back and stumble over the "ancient ways" as before. Then, there was the first French revolution. How rapidly and how tamely the human nature of France retraced the bloody tracks of that terrible innovation, and subsided under the more than Capetian despotism of a plebeian soldier—overcoming it with the gramarye and grimace and all the obsolete frippery of the feudal times! Look also at the two subsequent great French revolutions; and look at the astonishing and lamb-like Frenchmen of to-day! The other historic instances which are, of course, at this moment occurring to the reader, all seem to teach the same thing—that men naturally prefer custom before change—that they seem much more content to fall back upon those evils which they know than make violent sacrifices for the attainment of the good of which they are theoretically and justly persuaded. To be sure, there have been men in all ages, perched on the peaks and watch-towers of the world, who loved to make hubbubs and alarms—to cry, "*Eureka!*" and, "Come, let us all go ahead!" having apparently little else to do. And some of these agitators, by the same token—such as Socrates, Anaxagoras, Faust, Galileo, and so forth—have got rather sharp payment for their noises and their news! The comfortable mass of mankind did not exactly know what to make of such disturbers; and, generally speaking, and under most circumstances, would rather have the good old ideas and the good old ways.

It is not at all fitting that we should be writing such eloquent paragraphs and articles about the scientific advance of the age and the "mighty strides" of progress, or saying to one another, "Look, sir, at our iron horses! Look at our steam-ships! Look at the Telegraph! What would our forefathers say to the Telegraph!" and so forth. The world is not under such fierce headway, at all. It is busy enough, here and there, gold-grubbing, bone-grubbing, shaving and chaffering; but still pretty much after the old fashion of things, and on principles which have been the fashion for a hundred generations.

This was always "the way of the world." Its steps have been always hesitating, cautious and dilatory, on those pathways of science which have led to the most remarkable results it can now point to. People were very slow to believe the sublime theory of Copernicus; and the "starry Galileo" was put in peril of his life when he afterwards took up the parable of Koppernik, (for so did the astronomer write his name,) and ventilated the dangerous doctrine of the earth's mobility. We are not sure that the theory is generally accepted even yet. In 1846, Mr. Isaac Frost published in London a refutation of the other Isaac's "Principia," and astronomical system in general! We have conversed with two respectable and religious schoolmasters who cannot, by any means, believe that the earth is an oblate spheroid, that it whirls on an axle, or "walks the year" in an orbit round the sun. These good men shrewdly suspect there may be red-republicanism in science as well as in politics. This theory taught by Koppernik might have been adopted by the world long before the sixteenth century, if said world were not so reluctant to follow change. Aristarchus of Samos, and Seleucus of Babylon, who lived a century or so before our era, taught the movement of the earth round the sun. The Pythagoreans, before them, had something of a similar idea. But the world would not admit the great truth, till it could not be kept out any longer.

The principle of gravitation, which has immortalized Sir Isaac Newton, was believed in before his time. Kepler, Koppernik and others wrote about it. Philoponus of Alexandria, in the sixth century, indicated it as that which held the heavenly bodies in their orbits, counteracting the primeval impulse by which they were set going. The Greeks, Empedocles and Democritus, had the same notions; and Anaxagoras said that, if the centrifugal force of the moon ceased, she would fall to the earth, like a stone from a sling. The idea that Sir Isaac Newton waited for the fall of an apple from the bough of a tree, to receive suggestions and impulses about this long agitated subject, is simply ridiculous. As regards printing, the thing was forced upon the Europeans. It was practised by the Indians and Chinese, hundreds of years before the time of Faust and the rest. It was originally practised in the manner of engraving. The modern mode consisted in the use of movable types. The mariner's compass, in the same way, existed long before the Europeans

adopted it. The Chinese navigated the Indian Ocean with it, in the third century of our era. And they had then known the principle of it for two thousand years. Over a thousand years before our era, the Emperor Ching-Wang made the ambassadors of Tunkin and Cochin China presents of "magnetic cars," that they might travel safely over the broad Tartarian wastes, on their way home—that they might take no wrong steppes, in fact. On these magnetic cars were figures of men, in pointing attitudes; and they always pointed south. Gunpowder was wrapt up in the famous "Greek fire," which made wild work in the East before Roger Bacon and Swartz thought of meddling with such terrible chemistry.

The world was very slow to recognize the existence of America. It was certainly seen by Europeans five hundred years, at least, before Cabot saw Helluland. About a thousand years ago, the corsairs and pilots of Scandinavia began to make little creeping voyages to the north and west. Between Norway and Labrador lay three stepping-places, as it were, by which they were successively led into the new world. They first found the Faroe Islands; then, in A. D. 875, they got up as far as Iceland, under Ingulf, who called that island Snowland. The east coast of Greenland was next peopled, from Iceland, in 983. In A. D. 1000 Leif, son of Eric the Red, did not find much danger or difficulty, probably, in going from the Greenland settlement, a little farther on, to Helluland, or to *Vinland it Goda*—the Good Vinland—where the grapes of Connecticut or Rhode Island seem to have wonderfully cheered the notions of the Norse buccaneers. The fact that America was so discovered is put beyond a doubt by the narratives of Eric the Red, Thorfinn, Karlsefne, and Snorre Thorbrandsson, on which Rafn, of the Royal Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen, has founded his proofs. Indeed, if we had no such evidences, a glance at the map, and a remembrance of the roving habits of those who had certainly discovered Iceland and Greenland, would lead us to suspect the discovery of the northeast coast of this continent could not have escaped the adventurous Norsemen. Aristotle, Seneca, Strabo, and others had expressed an emphatic opinion that another continent existed in the ocean, lying between the east of Asia and the west of Europe. But neither this, nor the reports that ran for many generations among the pilots of the north, had any effect in persuading the Europeans to a search for the hidden land. In 1410, the Cardinal Alliaco, Bishop of Cambray, wrote a book called "Imago Mundi," in which he asserted that, extending from the east of Asia towards Europe, lay a vast tract of unexplored land. This book fell into the hands of Columbus, and nourished the sublime dreams of that wonderful enthusiast; who, however, had nearly passed out of existence before the world would let him go look for America.

Lord Bacon's philosophy came very slowly; and his lordship was a very great plagiarist—at least, he cannot lay claim to any remarkable degree of originality. Many philosophers preceded him in the ways of induction and experiment. One hundred years before his time, that splendid and almost universal genius, Leonardo da Vinci, said that experience was the best guide in the search after the phenomena of nature: "Dobbiamo cominciare dall' esperienza; e, per mezzo di questa, scoprirne la regione. Questo è il methodo da osservarsi nella ricerca de' fenomeni della natura." But, before either of them, came Roger Bacon, who lived in the reign of King John. If we could believe in the Pythagorean doctrine, we should be persuaded that the soul of this first Bacon had come into the body of the second, so much did they resemble one another. Roger says: "Sine experientia nihil sufficienter sciri potest. Argumentum concludit, sed non certificat, neque removet dubitationem; et quiescat animus in intuita veritatis, nisi eam inveniat via experientiæ." Roger, in fact, was known to have said that the works of Aristotle ought to be burnt; which, of course, was sufficient reason why so many of his ecclesiastical opponents thought it would be a good thing to burn himself! Bacon could respect the vast mind and lofty philosophy of the Greek sage—"the first of those who knew"—*il maestro di color che sanno*, as Dante terms him; but he felt the fallacy and mischief of the scholastics, who were bothering and smothering the human mind with their categories, antitheses, transcendent prolepsies, second intentions, etc. The "Novum Organum" of the later Bacon—which James the First said

was like "the peace of God," for it passed all human understanding—should not have excited so much wonder, after all—unless it were the wonder that it came so late in the day.

Then, as to the telescope, through which the human mind leaped so triumphantly, as it were, into the midst of the remoter hosts of heaven; that same old conjuror, Roger Bacon, spoke, in a prophetic way, of the magnifying powers of spherical segments of glass, about four hundred years before the Dutch spectacle-makers brought out the finished tube. Spectacles were used in Holland and Italy since the beginning of the fourteenth century. From seventy to one hundred years before Harvey's announcement, the circulation of the blood was asserted by Francisco de le Reyna, a farrier of Burgos, in 1552; and also by the unhappy Servetus, whom Calvin had a hand in burning, at Geneva, for the crime of heresy. All these things show that great discoveries have had to knock for a long time at the gates of human knowledge, before the world would listen or let them in. Humboldt truly says: "On investigating the course of the history of the universe, we shall discover that the germ of those events which have imparted any strongly marked progressive movements to the human mind, may be traced, deeply rooted, in the track of the preceding ages."

If we come to consider the great discoveries, as they are called, of our own day, we shall find they were, also, a long time coming. We have no right to boast so much of our steam. Hiero of Syracuse, who lived somewhere in one of the Olympiads, had a steam engine. Coming down to the Anno-Dominis, we find it recorded that Blasco de Garay paddled a ship in the Bay of Barcelona, by the aid of steam, about three hundred years ago. We wonder if this Garay was the ancestor of the Garay who got the right of way across the Isthmus, which is so likely to make some confusion at Tehuantepec? Two hundred years ago, the Marquis of Worcester, (a descendant of the high-handed battle-axe men and sworders of England—the Plantagenets,) in his "Scantlings of Inventions," suggested the powers and practicabilities of steam. But the world went to sleep over the great demiurgic truth—set it aside, and went on, as usual, with sail-ships and windmills—till Watt turned his mind to the matter, and Fulton set it to the music of machinery. When the latter, in the midst of much astonishment and applause, paddled the "Clermont" up and down the Hudson, it was agreed on all hands that the world was going very fast indeed. But it was only the flowering of one of the buds of that great slow aloe, society. Then, near thirty years of the nineteenth century passed away before men could bring themselves to think of paddling ships by steam across the Atlantic. Indeed, they had a vague sort of idea it was impossible. About twenty years ago, the celebrated Dr. Lardner, during a meeting of the British Association at Bristol, demonstrated, in the most conclusive way, the impossibility of carrying a steam-ship from Europe to America: and this at the very time the "Sirius" and "British Queen" were steaming into the harbor of New-York! But these, after all, were not the first to cross the Atlantic by steam. The "Savannah," of three hundred and fifty tons, built at New-York, and bearing movable wheels capable of propelling her at the rate of eight miles an hour, sailed from Savannah for Liverpool, in May, 1819. She had a low-pressure engine of ninety-horse power, and a smoke-pipe rising from the deck. She reached Liverpool in twenty days, and, coming up the Mersey, was taken for a ship on fire. From Liverpool she proceeded to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and other places.

In the matter of land locomotives, the world was equally slow in adopting the change. The locomotive steam engine is, it would seem, a French invention, after all—about as old as the Duke of Wellington. In 1769—just about the time that other famous engine, Napoleon Bonaparte, began to run in Corsica—M. Cugnot, a French engineer, built a carriage for travelling on common roads; an ingenious and unwieldy sort of thing, which might, nevertheless, have flowered into the "iron horse," but that the French were so busied with the knocking down, patching and tinkering of their "body politic," and afterwards so taken up with their new Charlemagne. It was not till within the last seventeen or eighteen years, that Pennsylvania ventured to lay down a railroad, and thus harness the iron horse to the slow coach. Indeed, there was as much fuss and trepidation in the bringing in of

that metallic horse, as in introducing the wooden one into Troy, some time before;

"But there,
I ween, all likeness ends between the pair."

Massachusetts, on a similar occasion, had a great many misgivings and doubts, and did not want its Cassandras.

Again, respecting the Telegraph—which we take to be such an emblem of our fast ways—we can gather enough about it to show, that in this the world has been as slow as in most other things, and that we should have had our telegrams (rather awkward epithet that!) half a century ago. In 1797, Loneard transmitted signals by electricity; and in 1798 Betancourt, the Spaniard, using a Leyden jar and wire, sent signals to a distance of twenty-six miles. Salva, at Madrid, had his electric-spark telegraph. In 1820, Oersted showed that a magnetic needle may be made to dance, right and left, like a Turkish Marabout, at any distance, by the galvanic current in the wires. In 1828, Fravoilot, a Frenchman, proposed that a wire should be extended from Paris to Brussels for communicating intelligence. About the same time, Sturgeon made an apparatus at Woolwich, with a horse-shoe magnet having wire coiled round it, from the poles of a galvanic machine. By this means, he held up a weight of nine pounds. Harrison Grey Dyer used wires on poles, with glass insulators, for the purpose of telegraphing at the race-course of Long Island. He used common electricity—not electro-magnetism. He had an arbitrary alphabet regulated by the lapse of time, and the paper was moved by the hand. In 1830, Mr. Booth showed, in Dublin, how electro-magnetism could be made to telegraph intelligence by means of an armature. Since 1820 we have been only adapting mechanical contrivances to Oersted's fact. A trifling attention seems to have been paid to the matter, till Morse—after cogitating and conjuring on it, like the shrewd Yankee that he is—said, "Look here!" and lo! the Telegraph at work—wiry, weird, wonderful—and spelling electricity into the English language, like an unheard-of pedagogue! Well, it was certainly a thing, on the first blush, to make the poly-headed stare,

"And clap their handes, and to the making harke,
And say to one another—Lo, here a proper warke!"

But it did not seem so wonderful to those who knew that the French claim the invention of the telegraph; seeing that a young mechanic named Lomond made, in 1787, a telegraphic apparatus at Paris, by which he could send electric messages to all the rooms of his house; as Arthur Young has recorded in his "Travels in France."

Thus slowly have we got up our steam, and our telegraph wires. And certain innovations, at present soliciting the attention and furtherance of men, are following the same law of parturition, and waiting patiently to be accomplished. We are not quite ready for them yet. That plan of getting flame out of water seems to be rather premature. It hangs fire, so to speak. But it is a good idea for all that, and involves the most revolutionary consequences—such as doing away with coal and timber as materials of fuel, accelerating the movements of commerce by sea and land, and increasing the comforts of social life. Flame has been eliminated from hydrogen gas, and used for purposes of illumination, in America, England, France, and Germany. The difficulty is to catalyze or carbonize it sufficiently cheaply, to make the adoption of it as fuel a general thing. There is no reason why we should despair of seeing this theory grown into a fact, since we are admonished by the progress of steam and electricity that such discoveries or developments may be waiting on the threshold for years, before the accidents or impulses occur which shall give the signal for their entrance.

We argue in the same way with regard to the magnetic achievement which Professor Page has been for some time essaying at Washington. We mean the substitution of magnetic power for steam, in the propulsion of locomotives. The Professor's magnets hold up enormous weights, by virtue of the electric current, and drag a heavy train at a speed of eight or nine miles an hour. This matter also hangs. The Professor burns priming. But *nil desperandum:* steam took a great many hundred years to come to the power of driving the "Arctic." Magnetism will probably do as much as hot water has done—probably a great deal more. There is, also, Mr. Phillips's Fire Annihilator. It does not, as yet, come up to the sounding terms of the manifesto; but it contains an eternal truth with an unavoidable incapacity.

Carbonic acid can strangle flame, when it lays hold of the latter in the absence of its parent, the atmosphere—the liberal casing air. The gas is, as yet, feeble against them both. But there is no reason to deny that, with other apparatus, or mode of application, it may not be able to overpower them. At present the Annihilator deserves its name on board ships, where the flame is usually more confined than in blazing houses.

No doubt of it—our progress is a very deliberate thing. We need not expect to have it otherwise. It seems to be a law of human nature that we shall go slowly ahead. Men like to move all together, to move in masses—*en gros bataillons*—gregariously. They mostly act on an idea when it has permeated a large section of society, and obtained a general toleration or assent. There is an impalpable ripening necessary before people can lay practical hands on any theory; and a consciousness of that maturity seems to be awakened abroad, like that of the earth when the germs begin to stir—

> "Like those blind motions of the spring,
> Which show the year is turned."

Almost all innovations are borne into existence by the general force of many assenting minds, and after long delay, mostly. Throughout the whole history of society, you can scarcely lay your hand upon one great intellectual change or achievement which is due to the isolated inspiration of any man, or the force of accident. When Morse set about his telegraph, hundreds of people were thinking of the same thing, as we have already intimated. When Neptune, our planetary brother, so long unrecognized in the solar family, was taken prisoner in 1846, by Galle, at the command of Leverrier, many others, both in England and on the Continent, were also looking in the same direction. Sir John Herschel, with a gift of prophecy which would have done him infinite honor among his ancestry, in the days of Daniel or Ezekiel, and which, indeed, does him honor in these profaner generations of mankind—foretold the existence of Neptune, three or four years before Galle saw it first. Mr. Airy, the English Astronomer Royal, said, very truly,—and the saying may be applied generally in this argument,—"the discovery was due to a movement of the age." Movements of the age have been the causes of most discoveries—bearing individual achievements along, like bubbles upon a current. When Columbus resolved to find the eastern shore of Asia by going westward, (he never dreamed of a new continent,) he shared the belief of a thousand philosophers and pilots, and had doubtless gathered from some of the latter, in the ports of Thule, in 1477, a traditionary account of Helluland, and Markland, and the Good Vinland. Whether he had discovered the West Indies or no, the maritime movement of his age would have discovered the new world before the end of the fifteenth century. For, Cabral—who, at the command of Emanuel, King of Portugal, was on his way round the great peninsul of Africa, in 1500—was blown by contrary winds over to Brazil, and so saw the new world which he had not gone to look for. Cabot, in 1496, had planted the first firm foot upon this continent, over the old traces of Leif and his Norsemen. Now, if there had not been an independent, and perhaps traditionary movement of men's minds towards the land in the West, Cabot would scarcely have followed so promptly the suggestions of Columbus's discovery, or would scarcely have turned his prow in another direction than that followed by the Genoese. The discovery of America was undeniably owing to a great movement of the age. A fact which does not at all lessen the glory of the great-hearted and courageous Colon.

The same principle holds good in the moral and political, as well as the intellectual world. The nations are going slowly in advance—very slowly. For each must obey the average impulses of the national mind. The great army must move all together. No running of the chiefs (appointed or self-made) in advance; no walking away of the strongest legs from the greater number of weak ones. All must march together. Therefore—when the great majority of the host is in a sick or crippled condition—the movement must be slow; particularly when "there is a lion in the way"—the lion of despotism—terrifying and deranging the whole progress. As the nations are just now governed, they seem to be as badly off as they were hundreds of years ago—worse in fact. We see, almost every where, the same despotic treatment of the people—the same taxations and wars—the same sayings and doings of kings and priests. The world seems to have made

very little way upon the roads of happiness for a thousand years past:

"And these two parties still divide the world
Of those that have and those that want; and still
The same old sore breaks out from age to age,
With much the same result."

Let us take one of the fairest specimens of human progress. What has the progress of England been? Two millions and a half of her people are fed on charitable bread, and double that number are but slightly raised over the condition of these paupers, propagating their kind in the most disgraceful ignorance of the future state, or the present state—their duty to God, or their duty to themselves. The fact seems to be, that island was never, at any former period, in such an unhappy condition as now. The days of the Stuarts, in spite of all Macaulay's Whiggish *gramarye*, were comfortable compared with the present, as far as the great mass of the English people were and are concerned. What do the commerce and colonies of England signify—what do he poets, philosophers, soldiers, churchmen, parliament men and men of science signify, if two millions of her population must crawl cowering as paupers, upon her fertile soil, from their beggarly cradles to eleemosynary coffins? What can be said of the rest? Let us look to France, Ireland, and the other countries that have been striving for, or looking for liberty and enfranchisement. They are mostly all silent, and all dammed; there is no movement in them. Like Trotty Veck, they are "terribly behindhand with the world." As for the French people—that spectacle of the nations!—they are of course fit to *enjoy* liberty, but they are scarcely fit to achieve it, or to preserve it. They are either wholly uneducated, or badly educated. They do not intimately understand that they have duties to render to the commonweal, as well as rights to enjoy in it. Their ideas are widely at sea in this matter. They are loose stones of a nation, without mortar, or with very little of it. They have not the cement furnished by education and hereditary reverence for the control of laws. They have been either the slaves or the masters of their laws, for the last two generations; and are, therefore, at this moment, the most deplorable people in Europe. They are destined to damage the cause of liberty in a dreadful manner, for a long time. If France were rid of Louis Napoleon to-morrow, she would take up with some chimera or set of chimeras, a hundred times uglier than that man.

As for Ireland, her population was ignorant and hopeless. The great mass of it could not work with the few enlightened patriots; and the latter, in attempting to galvanize the dreary and inert majority, failed deplorably—but naturally. At present, however, Ireland promises better than most other unhappy lands—England not excepted. The great Irish estates are being broken up, under a good law which obliges the landlords, who are all in debt, to sell their property to pay off incumbrances. From this results the coming in of English or Scotch settlers, and the forming of an independent order of native proprietary. Another element, apparently negative, but really positive, in prospect, is the clearing away of the peasantry, the uneducated millions without any stamina who come over here to competence and comfort, and so leave the experimental ground free for the future social polity. If Ireland may be said to be going ahead at all, it is by running away—wisely running away. The Irish have proved, by the bloody and blundering demonstration of centuries, that they could never agree about vindicating their land, and making it prosperous. They are wise in leaving it; nothing in Ireland ever became them so much as the leaving of it.

For the rest, the course of the people seems to be not only stationery, but even retrogading, in the despotic European monarchies. In the middle ages, the nobles and people were mostly military, and the latter, being immediately necessary to the policy of their leaders and rulers, could not be either oppressed or pauperized. Now the case is different; the wretched people are *beaverish*, and grub at their several industries in passive masses, while vast standing armies, supported by the sweat of these beavers, strengthen the tyranny of kings, and darken whole communities with the shadow of national bankruptcy. The sway of kings in the middle and ancient ages was a fraternal, though a bloody sort of business, and the monarch in camp or castle shared the bread of the soldier, and his blows in the day of battle. At present the sway of kings is an unmitigated evil, blighting the best hopes of humanity—a thing of standing armies,

starving provinces, splendid palaces, and cruel dungeons. Such is the condition of continental Europe at this moment, with only a national exception or two. People have called this the age of democratic ideas, progress, and so forth. It is in Europe (ay, and near the American shores too, a *black* fact!) the age of monarchy—of watchful, consolidated, leagued monarchy, compared with which the monarchy of the middle ages was a feeble, restrained, and not unwholesome polity! The old peerages which stood between the people and the crown are gone, and the millions and their despots stand face to face, hereditary and inappeasable foes, that never more can be friends.

As for ourselves, on this continent, there is an idea abroad that we are about going ahead very fast in a Pacific direction with war-ships, by way of Japan. But this movement is only a bringing up of old arrears. We are only about carrying out a design of 1492. Columbus intended to go to Zipangi, but could not do so. For three hundred and sixty years the old resolve has been slept on, and if we now bethink ourselves of carrying it out, surely that cannot be called going very fast: on the contrary, it seems a slow business altogether—no reflection on the state of our war-ships at present.

The world, in fact, will not go on at a devil of a rate. Our fast friends need not expect to drive it. It won't be driven. It has taken the motto of the Onslow family—"*Festina lente!*" Hasten with deliberation. This jolly old cosmogony seems to know what it is about—no doubt. Its pears can't be plucked before they are ripe. We shall pray for the shaking of the tree, however.

THE NEW GOLD REGIONS.

EFFECTS OF THE INCREASE OF GOLD.

It is supposed that not less than $80,000,000 of gold will be raised from the mines of California in the year 1853. Before many years have passed, this yield, it is said, will be largely increased. Gold regions of vast extent, whose existence is known only to a few travellers and mineralogists, will soon be resorted to and opened in other parts of this continent. We speak advisedly in this matter. Already an incredible quantity of gold dust is washed in Australia. It is not improbable that $30,000,000 will be drawn within a year from the mines of Australia. New-Grenada and the Isthmus of Darien are also rich in gold. A very large yield may be expected from the river sands of New-Grenada, within two or three years. American enterprise is beginning already to move in that direction.

Previous to the discovery of gold in California, the most accurate English statistics computed the entire amount of gold *in circulation* at $240,000,000.

In a lecture read before the Geological Society of London, in 1852, it was computed that the gold in circulation amounts to £48,000,000 sterling. It is not pretended that this computation is accurate: no doubt an enormous quantity of gold escapes the observation of bankers; lying in small hoards in countries where specie is the only circulating medium, and where it is thrown into circulation only in times of scarcity. It will serve, however, as a basis for estimates: we are not likely to approach nearer to accuracy; exact knowledge would be of no service, even if it could be attained.

The wear and waste of the precious metals is supposed to be about 3½ per cent.

The entire *quantity* of gold in plate, specie, &c., is said to be 10,000,000 lbs. troy. This estimate was made ten years ago: allowing for the increase of ten years, and absolutely pure gold to be worth $18 the ounce troy, we arrive at the very large sum of $2,160,000,000; upon which, however, we place no reliance. Enormous quantities of gold are known to be employed for ornamental purposes, more especially in Africa and Asia. This is thrown into circulation by very slow degrees; by European conquests and commercial enterprise, converting

the luxuries of barbarous countries to the uses of trade.

The reader does not need to be informed of the extreme difficulty of attaining correct knowledge in this department of statistics.

The quantity of gold consumed in arts and manufactures is better known.

The Geological Society of London authorize the following estimates: In Great Britain and Ireland, $12,500,000 are consumed in arts and manufactures; in France, about $5,000,000; in Switzerland, $2,250,000; in other parts of Europe, $8,000,000; in the United States, $2,500,000. These numbers are near the truth.

Thus it appears that the entire consumption of gold in civilized countries equals $28,000,000 annually. In Birmingham alone between $17,000 and $18,000 worth is annually employed in gilding, and for other purposes. The gilding of porcelain and pottery consumes not less than 8,500 ounces in England—more than $150,000 worth of gold.

Let us, as a basis of computation, assume $240,000,000 to be the quantity of gold *in actual circulation* at the present time. The annual *consumption*, for Europe and America, is perhaps $30,000,000. The annual diminution is $30,000,000 for manufacture, and, we may safely say, $9,000,000 for wear and tear. The quantity estimated for circulation is doubtless too small. The quantity lost cannot be accurately known. When it is supposed that all the specie of a country is exhausted, great sums are buried in secret hoards, especially in times of war. Gold makes its appearance, at the cessation of a war, from unexpected quarters.

Assuming, however, that the annual consumption, loss, and destruction of the gold in circulation is not less than $40,000,000, the quantity raised in California is soon to be more than *double* that amount. The mass of gold in commerce is consequently increasing, at the present moment, from California alone, at the rate of $40,000,000 a year. This is the clear increase of gold to circulation, deducting all losses, without reference to the recent addition from Australia.

Again: the mines of Australia, though but recently opened, are making an annual addition of $25,000,000, which must have increased to $30,000,000 since this information was obtained.

It follows that $70,000,000 are annually added to the gold of commerce, over and above all losses and wear.

Next in order, it is necessary to consider the yield of *other* American mines, in Mexico, Central America, and South America, supposed by Humboldt to be $11,000,000, but since decreased; let us suppose it to be $10,000,000. Here then are $80,000,000 from America and Australia, deducting use, loss and wear. Add now to this $10,000,000 more for the gold of Africa, Russia, and Asia. The yield of Russia alone is at least $5,000,000. The islands of the Indian Ocean, and the sands of western and middle Africa, yield large quantities, which have not been estimated: we have supposed the addition from Europe, Asia, and Africa to be $10,000,000, and it *may be* double that amount; but we will suppose $10,000,000, and it will follow that the annual addition of gold to commerce by the merchants and traders of civilized countries cannot be less than $90,000,000 annually, clear of all wear and loss!

We have now to calculate the *increase of yield*, in California and Australia. These two yield together, the one eighty, the other thirty millions. The yield in California within four years has risen from nothing to $60,000,000, and soon to $80,000,000—not so much in consequence of the number of persons employed, as from their superior energy and intelligence. The application of new machinery to the gold rocks and sands of California has proved to be an incredible advantage. It is within the limits of probability that California in the year 1855 will produce not less than $100,000,000 of gold.

In one year the quantity produced in Australia has risen from nothing to at least $30,000,000; it is therefore equally within the limits of probability that in the year 1855 the gold miners of Australia, if not interrupted by revolution, will raise $100,000,000 of gold. If, between the present time and the period supposed, an irruption of European and American emigrants should throw open the enormous gold deposits of New-Grenada and Central America, not to say of Mexico, whose richest gold regions lie within the grasp of the United States, it is possible another fifty may be added to the two hundred already estimated.

It appears, from these rough, but by no means useless calculations, that the quantity

of gold in commerce, if not in three, yet certainly in five years, will be doubled.

We have supposed in these computations that the amount of gold in circulation is only $240,000,000: it may be much larger; but we have given English estimates. The actual quantity of gold on the face of the earth, in every form, may be much more than $2,000,000,000; but of this only a part is in circulation. Now the gold of commerce, brought from California and Australia, is added, for the most part, to the commerce of the world, from the instant of its being raised from the mines. What portion of it is locked up, or converted into plate, cannot easily be discovered, and it has been supposed that a much larger consumption in the arts and for luxury will follow upon the augmentation of its quantity. If so, the price will fall much less than some have expected, and all reasonings upon the subject will be vitiated. Let us however suppose the contrary; let us suppose that the effect of these new discoveries will be to double the amount employed in commerce and as a circulating medium: WHAT WILL BE THE CONSEQUENCES?

If gold were not in use as money, but were only an article of luxury and use, like diamonds and pearls, its value would be governed by a number of circumstances very difficult to be estimated; there would rarely be a steady and calculable demand for it in any market. Being an article of luxury, the quantity consumed would be regulated by the wealth and domestic habits of the various nations who employed it; its value, like that of diamonds and other precious stones, would be affected first by the difficulty of obtaining it. At times its price would fall to a very low point; at others it would rise to an extravagant height.

The natural or actual value of gold can be ascertained only by comparing the quantity produced with the labor employed in its production. If the value of a bushel of wheat is one dollar, and the daily labor of the miner is paid by a bushel of wheat, the average daily product of a miner being one ounce in all the mines of the world, the *natural* value of gold would not exceed one dollar the ounce. But its mercantile value ranges between sixteen and eighteen dollars. We have no means at present of comparing the mercantile value of gold with its natural value. It is necessary to believe, however, that the mercantile value is six or eight times the natural value, else it would be impossible to account for the sudden and enormous wealth of California.

The wealth of California, like that of all other countries, though it is produced by the gold miners, is not retained by them. The law of social exchange compels them, by what is called rise of price, in provisions, clothing, and all the necessaries of life, to yield the largest share of their profits to those who supply their wants. In respect of all such enterprises, the entire community share the profits of the producers. We do not propose to enter into an explanation of this fact: it belongs to the science, strictly speaking, of political economy; more especially, to the dynamics and ethics of that science, in which calculations are of no avail. It is the difficulty of such explanations that makes it impossible for the farmers of the United States to understand how the profits of their farms are carried off by foreign traders; and we do not here propose to engage in so difficult a subject.

It is absolutely certain that the demand for gold greatly exceeds the supply; and that in consequence of this regular and unceasing demand, it retains a very high mercantile value. Ounce for ounce, it represents a larger quantity of food, clothing, &c., than any other of the precious metals. Weight for weight, the value of gold compared with silver is more than fifteen to one; that is to say, an ounce of gold will purchase at any time more than fifteen times as much food and clothing as an ounce of silver. So convenient is this metal as a circulating medium, an hundred pounds of gold will pass in exchange for between twenty and thirty thousand bushels of wheat, and be less troublesome to carry than one bushel.

Gold is consequently the most convenient of all circulating-media *for large measures of value;* measures exceeding, for example, ten dollars: but for values of less amount, it is *less* convenient than silver, because of the smallness of the pieces into which it is necessary to divide it. In consequence of its convenience as a representative of large values, this metal is always in demand for commercial purposes, and much more for these than for the ordinary commerce of life.

It acquires a very great *premium* value,

above all the labor of producing and transporting it.

If compared with diamonds, as an article of luxury and use, it is far inferior in value, *weight for weight:* but diamonds cannot be used as a common medium of exchange, because they are liable to injury from slight causes, and are not susceptible, as gold is, of receiving an *equal* size, shape, and mark, to indicate their name and worth. They are also too costly and variable in worth to serve for common exchange. The cowrie shell of Africa, which has an equal shape and size affixed to it by nature, is for that reason well suited for small exchanges, and extensively used as money.

Gold has the advantage of being imperishable by rust or violence; even fire changes nothing but its shape. In all respects it seems to be the material intended by nature to serve as the embodied arithmetic of commerce, the counters of large exchange.

Whatever is in any way *useful*, has a corresponding commercial value. Gold being *pre-eminently* useful, because of all these enumerated qualities, has for that reason alone a very high value.

It will be safest to assume, however, that the present high value of gold is conferred upon it by the joint effect of *several* causes: as,—

1. Its use in the arts.

2. *Its elegance as an article af luxury and taste.*

3. Its employment in commerce and exchange.

The latter use, being the most important, has of course the largest influence in fixing the *price.*

When we think of the *value* of gold, or of any other substance, we discard the idea of any thing fixed, or of any permanent 'quality.' The value of a thing depends entirely upon the extent of its employment, and the estimation in which it is held. Merchants who speculate in trade employ all kinds of goods that have an ascertained value, instead of gold. Chests of tea and bales of cotton, in the large exchanges of commerce, are a constant medium of speculation, and even of real payment, but only where an advantageous exchange can be made with them. Goods are employed in this way, as a medium of exchange, in the degree of their indestructibility and steadiness of price. Iron bars and lead are good for large exchanges, but being cumbrous to convey, and liable to fluctuations, they are used only in a speculative manner, for the nonce.

Use in the arts, it has been said, confers its value upon gold, as upon all other things. But it is precisely this use of commodities which occasions their *largest fluctuations of value. Tea*, for example, is a more available medium of speculative, or real exchange, than *cotton;* because the appetite for tea is regular and increasing, and the article is less subject to fluctuation; while the quantity of cotton consumed varies immensely from month to month, and from year to year, nor can the law of this fluctuation be ascertained.

The less it is employed in arts, the less is gold subject to commercial fluctuations of a dangerous and uncertain kind. We may therefore *affirm, that the value of gold, as it is kept steady, so it is principally conferred by its use as a circulating medium; and the more it is employed for this latter purpose, other things being equal, the more steady will be that value.*

The problem of which we have proposed the solution is to learn what will be the effect of an annual addition of $200,000,000 of gold to the amount of specie at present in circulation; supposing that no more gold is used in the arts or in luxury than is now employed; the *present* circulation of gold being $240,000,000.

To attain even an approximate solution, we must know something of the circulation and uses of silver.

All that has been said in regard to the *use* of gold in arts, and as a medium of exchange, real or speculative, is also applicable to silver, though with certain modifications.

The annual yield of all the silver mines in the world is probably somewhat less than $20,000,000. Many hundreds of mines have been closed since that estimate was made, by the revolutions of the Spanish American Republics.

There is no reliable estimate of the amount of silver at present in circulation, though, as it is more generally employed as a circulating medium, it is probably much greater than that of gold.

If the weight of silver annually mined were equal in value to gold, it would add $300,000,000 every year to the circulating

medium of commerce. The $200,000,000 of gold hereafter to be put in circulation, is about one sixth less in weight. Gold is not quite *double* the weight of silver, bulk for bulk. If gold were equal in value to silver, ounce for ounce, the gold dollar would still be only a little more than half the size of the silver dollar. Bearing these facts in mind, let us continue our considerations of the commercial relations of silver.

Silver represents the *smaller* transactions of trade, as gold the *larger*. Were gold only equal to it in value, instead of being fifteen times more valuable, silver would not even then be replaced by gold. Pieces of *three*, *five*, and *ten* cents in gold, would be inconveniently small. At present, the gold dollar is *too small for use;* the risk of loss being greater, as the coin is smaller. Even *five dollar* and *two and a half* dollar gold pieces are dangerously small, because of the large amount of value concentrated in too small a compass. The same objection would apply to diamonds.

Silver is the laborer's pay. The dollar, the basis of silver coinage, represents the *average* value of one day's labor, in times of great prosperity.

It represents the balances and fractions of all purchases, and is consequently the medium of retail trade, as gold is of larger operations in commerce. Its coinage regulates and equalizes the value of a vast number of commodities; an effect of very great moment, and which is perhaps, like the legalization of interest, one of the most important consequences of coinage. Measures and weights of a vast number of commodities are sold for 10, 12, 18, 25, 37, and 50 cents, the standard weight or measure, *because silver is coined in these proportions.* Both the buyer and seller are alternately affected by this unnoticed equalization. As it is the indispensable representative of small fractional values, a scarcity of silver is severely felt by the community, and interferes with the general comforts and with all the minor transactions of life. Gold may be replaced by a paper currency; silver cannot, without vast loss and inconvenience.

The extent to which silver is employed will be felt, when it is considered that the retail trade of the country is only the wholesale broken up and distributed. If a single bank bill, or a box of gold, is given in payment for a house, the same has been already paid for in the hire of day laborers, who have prepared, conveyed, and fitted together the wood, stone, bricks, iron, and other materials taken from mines, quarries, and forests, and passed through forge and workshops. If the workmau receives his bank bill or his ten dollar gold piece at the end of the week, he must change it for silver; generally with loss to himself.

Nearly all the transactions of life are represented, first or last, by silver coin.

The same coin serving an immense number of purchases and sales, it follows that the quantity of silver may be vastly less, even a minute fraction of the entire exchanges of a community. It does not even equal the produce of the year; a great proportion of that produce being consumed without exchange. In agricultural districts, a very small quantity of money suffices for daily use, representing the surplus sold after the community are fed. The greater the *variety* and *activity* of employment, the greater need for silver, as in cities and towns.

These considerations lead us to anticipate a very great and appreciable benefit to the entire nation, should the activity and talent of the American people apply itself to the working of silver mines in Mexico and Central America. It would obviate, in part, the necessity of a paper currency of small bills, and relieve banking institutions of the most dangerous of all their responsibilities, namely, that of furnishing a currency for retail trade.

When there is a serious scarcity of silver, paper money and copper take its place; the latter in small proportion, and with great inconvenience. Paper money *under* the denomination of one dollar was extensively used during the scarcity of silver in 1838, and was found to be a miserable and wasteful substitute: it is highly probable that a great abundance of silver would expel a considerable part of all small bills from circulation, with equal benefit to the community and to banking institutions.

The purpose of a bank being not merely to loan money, but to give a public value to private credit, and make the promissory note of an individual or company serve all the purposes of exchange, it is natural and obvious that the system cannot beneficially extend itself below that natural level of *small credits* which regulates the dealings of retail

business. The vast majority of retail credits exceed five dollars in amount. Whatever the average of the smallest system of retail credits may be, that would seem, at the first glance, to be the natural level of bank bills.

The level of gold is also that of bank bills, the lowest denomination of each being $1. Bank bills consequently take the place of gold, and with great exactness, and the *inconvenience* of each begins, though for different reasons, at the same point of the descending scale.

The absolute necessity for a silver circulation being admitted, as well as the great advantage of its abundance; and the fact appearing, that silver *is not in competition* with gold or paper, but serves another, and, if possible, a more important purpose in the business of the community; we are fully prepared to understand why silver is generally taken as the common measure of value, not only for commodities, but for gold itself. Its excellence as a *material* for circulation has been acknowledged in all ages and countries, and need not be dwelt upon at present. It is in some respects even superior to gold. Its brightness and superior bulk fit it for division into small values.

Nor does silver enter into competition with bank bills; the inconvenience and exposure of carrying a great bulk of silver money making bills of as small denomination as at least $5 almost a necessity.

At the present price of gold measured by silver, the chasm between $1 and $5 is inconveniently and wastefully occupied by bills of *four*, *three*, and *two* dollars, against which legislation is in vain directed; as, until their place is supplied by the precious metals, people will employ them, and encourage their issue.

Let us now suppose—returning to our former calculations—that $200,000,000, as predicted, will soon be added to the gold of commerce. Our object is to show by what changes the space between gold and silver, at present occupied by bank bills, may be filled with gold pieces.

The quantity of gold *in actual circulation* is said to be about two hundred and forty millions. At pesent, thirty-nine millions are consumed; we may suppose that fifty soon will be. Suppose also that the hoped-for fifty from New-Grenada, and other regions now in process of exploration, is not produced, there will still be an addition of two hundred millions, after deducting all losses, consumption and wear.

Two hundred millions annually, added to the circulation of gold! In five years' time, from 1855 forward to 1860, there will be seven or eight times the quantity of gold in circulation that there is at present. The accidental consequences of this increase need not enter into our present calculations.

Among *accidental* consequences we reckon, (1.) An increased demand for gold in countries where it is a legal tender for the payment of debts. (2.) An unusually large exportation of gold to foreign countries; unless, as in Portugal, that exportation is checked by the action of governments. (3.) An apparent and excessive rise in the value of silver, &c., &c.

That which interests us at present is the natural and regular consequence; namely, *a fall in the value of gold consequent upon the increase of its quantity.*

Gold has hitherto maintained a *premium* value, because of its use in commerce. We mean to say, a premium value, compared with its *natural* value; the natural value being the cost of producing it, and not the difference between its coined or legal and its actual value.

The value of gold and silver in the United States are affixed to them by law, and are not the same with their *natural* or their commercial value. When it becomes necessary to establish a new currency, the first thing to be ascertained is the relative *commercial* value of gold and silver, independently of all laws and regulations. Thus, in the United States, the value of gold compared with silver may be as $15\frac{11}{27}$ to 1. The ten dollar gold piece being taken as the measure of gold values, one tenth of that, by weight, represents the one dollar gold piece; $15\frac{11}{27}$ of these pieces, supposing the two metals to be pure, would balance one silver dollar in a pair of scales.

This was the ratio affixed several years ago by legislation, upon a supposition that the relative value of the two metals would not change. If these values do change, certain difficulties arise which will be presently explained. In the United States, gold and silver being a legal tender for debt, a debt may be paid either in gold or silver with equal advantage to the payer, while the two metals remain at the standard assumed by the government coinage; but if

the value of gold should fall to a price much below that affixed to it by the government, it would be highly advantageous to debtors to pay their liabilities in gold, and in no case in silver.

When the value of one metal falls in a perceptible degree, the other, by a reaction which it is difficult to explain, rises to a value somewhat exceeding the calculated level; gold will consequently be preferred for payment of debts, while the legal exceeds the market value. This, however, is an evil which can be greatly mitigated by a simple process of legislation. The government may recall its gold coinage, and issue a new one, *on which no value shall be stamped, but only the weight of the coin. It can then declare the market value quarterly or annually, as is deemed necessary, and let payments be made in accordance with the quotations of the market; by this means avoiding all the difficulties which arise from the assumption of a false legal value.*

Let us suppose an issue of gold at the value ascertained in the year 1852. By the annual addition of $200,000,000 to the gold of commerce from California and Australia, this coinage may fall to *one half* its original value. The gold dollar of this year's coinage, supposed at present to be worth *one* silver dollar, will then be equal only to a silver *half* dollar. If the laws remain unchanged, debts will continue to be paid in this depreciated currency.

To keep up with the times, government in 1860 will be obliged, under these circumstances, to double the size and weight of the gold dollar; but it need not wait for that period. *It may every year issue a new coinage of larger pieces*, of the same denominations, keeping pace with the annual depreciation of gold.

Still, the principal difficulty is not yet overcome. Having *stamped* the coinage of previous years, and of each year, with the commercial value of that year, from the year 1852 to the year 1860, government will be obliged to receive its own depreciated currency of past years in payment; and so also, to a certain extent, will individuals, who will distribute their own loss among others. In large transactions of merchandise it will be stipulated, of course, that payments shall be made, not in the legal, but in the market value of gold; an evasion similar to those which are practised at present by lenders of money when the interest rises above the legal point, and equally justifiable. But the evil is still not altogether obviated by this process: serious inconveniences will remain, especially in the payment of debts to government. Having issued the coinage *with a certain value affixed to it by law*, it will be incumbent upon government to receive its old coinage *at that value*. Having already established payment in its own *specie*, the government of the United States cannot decline to receive *any part* or date of that specie; a great depreciation of gold will consequently entail immense losses upon the treasury; for, although it is obliged to receive, it will not be authorized to issue anew this depreciated coin. The weight of all its transactions will be in gold, and it will lose by every transaction.

Let us see what effects would follow from the adoption of the plan suggested above. If, at the close of the year 1852, government ceases to stamp a *permanent value* on its gold coinage, but marks thereon the *weight*, and name, and quarterly or annually assigns the ascertained market value to all gold, either by treasury order or by law, it will suffer serious losses only on the coinage already issued. It will retain for itself the privilege of refusing a depreciated currency, or of receiving it at its true value: it will then be able to make payments in the issue of the year without loss to itself; and the disadvantages of the general depreciation, whatever they may amount to, will be distributed over the whole community, and over all the transactions of government through long spaces of time.

Some writers on the currency, in our own country, have anticipated very great benefits, and others very great mischiefs, from the large increase of the precious metal from California. That the result will be generally beneficial, we on our part do firmly believe; and for the following reasons.

Let us suppose, as it is calculated by many, the value of gold fallen one half: the gold dollar will have to be *doubled in size;* that is an advantage. Gold pieces of *two*, *three* and *four* dollars will then be available, and can be brought into general use. The five dollar gold piece will be nearly as convenient in size as an American quarter. We shall consequently have a currency to replace small bills, as convenient in its range as silver itself. It will then be possible, and

by no means mischievous, to dispense altogether with small bills. If this be not an advantage to the community, specie itself is no advantage, which we are by no means ready to admit. The size of gold pieces being increased, each one of them will purchase as much as it does at present, and no more. A larger quantity of gold will be put in circulation, *merely because it can take the place of small bills.*

It does not follow from this, that the total value of the circulating medium will increase, except as it is augmented by the regular increase of business and population, which, in these calculations, ought not to be taken into the account, as it has an equalizing and not a disturbing effect upon the currency. Under the present banking system adopted by the majority of States in this Union, there is a periodic inflation of the currency at the end of every seven, ten, or twenty years, as it may be, during which time the credit system is shaken and endangered by enormous issues of paper money. These issues are commonly preceded by a remarkable scarcity of specie, *and the denominations of bank notes grow smaller as the crisis proceeds.*

An extreme abundance of gold, coined into sizeable *one*, *two*, *three* and *four* dollar pieces, would be a regular and natural substitute for these dangerous issues. We should have an adequate specie currency, ranging from five to one dollars in gold, large-sized, and sufficiently divided, and from one dollar to three cent pieces in silver, the series terminating conveniently in copper coin.

The recent discovery of gold in Australia may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance for us, and for the following reasons: It has been feared, by speculative economists, that the excessive cheapness of gold in the United States would give it a tendency to flow towards European markets, where it would have a higher value. There are now, however, *two currents of gold setting in upon Europe*, one from Australia and one from California. The gold of Australia, receiving its coinage in Great Britain, will gradually depreciate the value of gold in the European market, creating there a vast abundance, *and in a coinage suitable for the people of those countries.*

Now, it is necessary to observe, that *a depreciated currency is naturally confined to the region where it is issued.* Bank bills have a circle of use which equals in extent the popular credit of the bank, and extends no farther. The bills of the best New-York banks are at a discount even in Massachusetts. They are equivalent to a depreciated currency, in all parts of the Union where the credit of the New-York banks is not *immediately felt* by the masses of the people. While the Bank of the United States was in its prosperity, its paper issues were as valuable as gold and silver, in all parts of the United States: being established by and for the nation, its credit was felt by the nation.

We were remarking that a depreciated currency is confined to the circle of its issue. Now, the gradual depreciation of the gold coinage of the United States, which will begin to be felt (it is anticipated) as soon as the gold current from Australia shall have begun to operate upon the specie market of England, will have a tendency, for the most obvious reasons, to restrict the circulation of American coined gold to the continent of America. No sooner has a gold dollar been struck off by the mint, in California or Philadelphia, and the *value* affixed to it by a treasury order, or stamped upon it by the engine, *its commercial value, compared with its legal, begins to fall*, in consequence of the steady influx from the mines of California. It becomes, in effect, a depreciated currency, of more value in the country where it is legalized than in any other, because, like bank bills, its apparent is greater than its actual worth, and diminishes when it is sent to foreign countries.

The joint operation of the two great gold streams will consequently be, to provide an abundant currency of coined gold for the use of the people of the United States, of which a comparatively small portion only will be carried away to foreign countries. The excess of this effect, heightened by the injudicious action of government under the present system of coinage might be extremely injurious to the internal business of the Union. But these injurious effects, as we have already shown, may be entirely obviated by suitable legislation; a legislation *which shall not attempt to fix for long periods of time the legal relation between silver and gold, but shall ascertain the true relation, from time to time, and conform to that in its coinage.*

Such being the effects of a large increase of gold, let us now consider the result of

these effects—whether those *losses* which have been anticipated are to fall upon the people of this country from the augmentation of their gold. Very few will be disposed to deny the final benefits of such an increase; but it is said that the *process* will be injurious. That it will be injurious to some, there can be no doubt; but, as it is injurious to a few, it will be beneficial to others, and the good and the evil will exactly balance one another. He who receives is injured, he who pays is benefited, in a currency which is gradually depreciating.

The larger transactions of merchandise are regulated with a perfect understanding of these differences; and the evils of the change are avoided by stipulation and agreement, *excepting always in the rigid transactions of government.* As the business of the community moves downward from wholesale to retail, and spreads itself in myriads of minute transactions, the losses from gradual depreciation are spread out and equalized over a vast surface, and at the same time and in the same manner balanced by their equivalent gains. At this very moment, almost unobserved by the community, a worn-out, and consequently a depreciated Spanish coin, professing to be of six cents value and actually not of five, passes current in the towns and cities; and it is this very fact of its depreciation that keeps it in circulation. The same is true of Spanish pieces of twenty-five cents value, actually worth much less, which pass from hand to hand among the people, because, if they were melted up and recoined, they would lose in current value. They pass current as *counters*, like the counters annually issued, instead of money, by the government of Honduras, valueless in any other part of the world.

Setting aside our commercial relations with other countries, the increase of gold in the United States, while it depreciates the value of the present coinage, and occasions loss to one and gain to another, will neither directly increase nor diminish the *actual wealth* of this country by itself, except by the profits which accrue in California. The size of gold pieces will gradually increase from year to year in the coinage; or, if their *size* does not increase, the marks of their value will be changed; which, being the least convenient alteration, is least likely to be employed. *The size being increased, the value of the gold dollar will remain the same, and of other pieces in proportion.*

The growth of population and consequent increase of production and trade will not move at the same rate with the augmentation of the currency; and consequently will not absorb the enormous surplus of gold. This surplus will consequently replace, as we have already said, the inconvenient currency of small bills, and, replacing these, will be less likely to suffer a great depreciation.

All the effects that have thus far been considered will be esteemed beneficial, and in a very high degree. But it will be asked, by what reasoning we arrive at the conclusion that this eighty or one hundred millions of gold, annually added to the circulation of the country, cannot be esteemed *a positive augmentation of its wealth?* Do not the gold miners of California increase the wealth of the United States? Yes, by providing a currency which facilitates exchange, and consequently increases production. It is their business to issue a kind of money which is not perishable, like a bank bill, and which, being universally received, does not depend upon the credit of individuals; which will remain in the country as long as production continues, and whose depreciation, being gradual and equal, does not work immediate injury. The inventor of a new printing-press adds indirectly to the wealth of the community; the inventor of a new system of banking, safer than the old system, adds to it in a different way. California adds to it in her way, which is peculiar to herself.

The distinguishing features of paper money and specie are not, as some suppose, the universality of specie, and the limitation of paper: coinage, like paper, has its circle within which it is confined. The American ten dollar piece, for example, in the East Indies passes by weight, like old gold, if it passes at all. In China, where the currency is chiefly in silver and copper, European gold is a mere article of commerce; but in this same country, Spanish dollars are received in regular transactions. China is supposed to have a population of 400,000,000, of whom a very large proportion are engaged in trade and manufactures. In this great portion of the earth's population, the coins of Europe and America do not pass current. Each group of nations, and sometimes individual nations, are restricted to the use of

their own coinage; and that restriction is more complete as the coinage is more debased. In the State of Honduras, for example, we find a coinage of base metal issued by the government to represent twenty-five cent pieces, which are the current money of the interior.

The *popular* distinction between coinage and bills is not founded in nature or in fact: both kinds of *currency* are sustained by the government. The government vouches for the value of a treasury note, and as the credit of government is more extensive and reliable than that of any individual or company, the voucher "is at a *premium;*" that is to say, the real interest is less than the nominal, in consequence of greater security.

In the same manner, vouchers of base metal might be made to pass current instead of bills; and were it not for the greater ease with which they are counterfeited, would be an available substitute for paper money.

The invention of paper money dates from the origin of credit in business. The annual increase of trade and transaction necessitates a proportionate increase and extension of representative paper. Value is conferred upon a *currency*,

(1.) By law, as in coinage, when a value is stamped.

(2.) By labor, as when its *weight* is stamped upon a gold bar; the market price of the bar being its value, and government a voucher for the weight and purity.

(3.) By representatives of public or private credit. A bank bill issued by the government passes current because it represents the public credit. A bill of a private bank passes current because the government has become, either by charter or by legal security of some kind, a voucher for the bill.

Every species of note, bill of exchange, scrip, certificate of stock, bank bill payable at sight or after a certain time—all these, and other forms of paper representing property, have a legal value, and are consequently a species of currency; that is to say, they pass from hand to hand in the exchanges of business.

The modern invention of a promissory note, payable at sight, *in government money*, is merely an extension of legal protection downwards; enabling individuals and companies in small circles of business to give a public character to their private transactions, and convert their private vouchers, like those of government, into currency. A promise to pay protected by the law has the same essential value as a counter issued from the mint; with the difference, however, that as the credit of government is generally better than that of protected or chartered individuals or companies, small bills or counters issued by government pass current through the entire nation, when bank bills do not.

The perishable character of bills, and the fact that they are merely counters, with a very limited circulation, makes them inferior in many respects as a currency to any species of coinage which is not debased. *Specie*, being the unchangeable, and almost the indestructible representative of small values, is the natural currency of the people. *The financial problem of the present age, is the effect of a gradual and unavoidable debasement of a currency by its excess.*

The extreme advocates of specie have proposed that gold should take the place of paper in all the larger transactions of business—an impossible and ridiculous proposition. Paper money is, beyond all comparison, the most powerful medium of exchange, as it represents the entire commerce of civilized nations. The quantity of specie compared with paper must always be a small fraction of the currency of the world. We on our part are well pleased to think, that the use of specie will be increased by the recent discoveries of gold, and that it will gradually and naturally replace small bills, with the least possible aid from legislation.

The great increase of trade in modern times has been balanced, thus far, by the substitution of paper money in the smaller transactions, and the usual augmentation of credits in the larger. A very large quantity of specie is consumed in the trade with Asia, and other countries where paper money does not pass current. A consequence, but recently appreciated, is the scarcity of silver; a scarcity made more pressing from year to year by the revolutions of Mexico and South America, diminishing the production of silver. This diminution will probably continue as the anarchy of the Spanish republics grows more intense and hopeless. The ten millions annually produced from Mexico may fall to three or four millions, or even to nothing, as the government of that country becomes more and more disorganized. As soon, however, as these countries shall pass into the hands of Americans or Europeans,

we may expect an influx of silver equal in value to the present influx of gold; the quantity of silver in the interior of Mexico being so great as to defy all computation. The application of intelligent labor and machinery to the silver ores of northern Mexico, where the surface of the country is level, and the climate temperate and healthy, will doubtless produce as great changes as the increase of gold. Silver may become so cheap as to supply the place of copper for small coinage, an advantage which every one will appreciate. The silver dollar may double its size, and become inconveniently large; it would then be entirely replaced by the gold dollar.

Whatever can be said in regard to bank bills, applies with still greater force to the coinage of a government. It is generally admitted that a base coinage is not only a dishonesty in its first creation, but has a tendency to limit and cripple the commerce of the region where it is used. If this principle is fully recognized and carried out in the coinage of the United States, the values of gold and silver coin at present stamped upon them by the government will be changed for a simple affirmation of their weight and name. The duty of the mint will be merely to *gauge* and *equalize* the purity and weight of the gold and silver used for currency, dividing it into small pieces stamped with the weight and name of each. The name affixed to the coin will stand only for a name, and not for a value. It will then become necessary for the government to fix a movable scale of values, descending with the gradual depreciation of gold and silver as their quantities increase. These values do not depend upon the fiat of government; they are *facts*, over which neither government nor individuals have the least control.

In concluding this article, we desire the attention of our readers for a few moments to a discussion which has lately occupied a considerable space in the journals of the day. It is affirmed by many acute, and apparently well-informed commercial writers, that the expected increase of gold—and by and by of silver from the Mexican mines—will have a favorable effect in America, especially in the United States; because it will augment the *prices* of commodities and the *wages* of labor. These writers say that "the abundance of gold will enable the workmen to demand more gold in payment for his labor; that it will enable the farmer to ask more gold or silver in payment for his produce;" and that consequently the effect will be *highly beneficial* to the laborer and the producer. This conclusion belongs to what may be called the class of 'democratic arguments;' that is to say, one-sided, one-eyed, demagogical propositions, put forward to deceive the people.

There will be no such effect. If the quantity of gold in circulation is *doubled*, and neither the increase of population nor the enlargement of commerce is sufficient to balance this cause of depreciation, the present gold dollar will be gradually depressed in value until it can be bought for one silver half dollar. The laborer who is paid in gold will receive his *two* golden dollars of the old coinage for his day's labor, instead of the one which he now receives. Let us now suppose that the value of silver has been equally depressed meanwhile by the increase of its quantity, and that this depression, like the other, has not been balanced by the increase of population and of trade: the laborer would receive two silver dollars of the present coinage where he now receives one.

He goes with his two silver or gold dollars—or with his *double-sized* gold or silver dollar, of a new coinage, it matters not which—and purchases with it the provisions of the day, but he finds that these provisions have *doubled* in price, if he uses the *old* coinage, or that their prices, like his wages, *have not changed*, if he uses the *new*. He took with him twice the quantity of gold or silver, and brings away no more provisions than formerly. As with the laborer, so with all the exchanges of the market. Other things being equal, *the quantity of gold has increased, the quantity of provisions has not; the price of gold has fallen, the price of provisions and wages remains the same.*

In estimating the probable and actual advantages which are to follow to ourselves, from the increase of the precious metals, it is necessary to leave out of the account the people of California. The miners of California provide for the whole world a medium of exchange; they are paid in produce, in clothes, &c., for the labor which they undergo in performing this service for the rest of the world. Like the miner who raises iron, lead, or zinc, they perform an eminent service; and having, in a certain sense, a

monopoly of this labor, and the commercial price of the article far beyond its natural price, with a demand infinitely exceeding the supply, the people of California, as a whole, are rapidly accumulating wealth. What we wish to say is, that, in relation to other forms of industry, gold-mining ranges on the same level with copper, zinc and lead mining, except that it is subject to greater vicissitudes.

It is possible, that the vast extension of commerce and the increase of population may prove a strong counterbalance to the extreme depression of gold. Should the people of the United States see fit to change their present policy, and claim their just share of the commerce of the world, at present monopolized by England, it is just possible that the immense impulse that will be given, by such a change, to every species of industry, may more than double the present demand for a circulating medium. That demand will be supplied either by specie or by small bills: if by specie, the value of gold will not fall as greatly as has been expected, notwithstanding the anticipated annual supply of $200,000,000, from California and Australia.

Our purpose in this article has been rather to throw out a number of topics for reflection, than to establish any dogmas in economy. We shall even rest satisfied if the reader is only made aware by it of the extent and importance of the subject.

FRAGMENTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MAGAZINE.

NUMBER TWO.

We never approach those sacred volumes consecrated by solitary genius, without feeling a sensation of reverence and awe. It seems to us as if the spirit of Adam Eagle was rustling the discolored leaves, and mourning over the tokens of decay which stain the covers. He sadly touches with his airy fingers that great ink-blotch upon volume the tenth, and wonders (if spirits can wonder) who was the wretch so daring as to commit such an act of sacrilege. A round hole punched through and through volume the second next attracts his attention. What could have been the object of such reckless mutilation? thinks Adam Eagle's spirit sadly. Oh! lonely, disembodied scholar, thou dost not know, perhaps, that there are certain appurtenances to the mechanical action of guns, known to boys and the sporting world in general as "wads" or "wadding." This, be it known to thee, Adam Eagle, is frequently obtained by youthful sportsmen from the covers of books. Livy, Homer, Virgil, Gibbon, nay, even the world-renowned Enfield's Speaker—all have, in their time, contributed to keep certain grains of powder and shot in a cunningly contrived and destructive position, afterwards to be used malignly against innocent robins and succulent reed-birds. Therefore, O spirit of the sanctum, hast thou, in all chance, contributed thy mite to the field-sports of America. Thy cherished book has gone into regions where even in thy wildest dreams thou couldst not have anticipated its journeying. Snipes have been interiorly illuminated with thy wittiest passages, and the low-flying land-rail has soared high into the heavens when it felt a fragment of thy philosophy smite it between the wings. Even—to carry possibilities to their bounds—even some portion of thy manuscript wisdom,[5] thus discharged from the twisted barrels of a Manton, may have fallen unconsumed amid the autumn herbage, and been picked up by some loitering lad in his lazy rambles through the fields. Wondering at the strange characters, he bears it home, and in a little time it finds its way to the village schoolmaster, who reads it aloud to the finder and a circle of his friends. If it is philosophy, it perhaps sinks deep into the heart of some undeveloped Emerson, and taking root there, presently flowers out into the world. If it is humor, then the tale is caught up by a hundred mouths, and in the cold winter's nights makes many a circle roar with laughter around the pine-log fires.

If it is, perhaps, some sweet love song, a tender-hearted youth learns it off by heart, and in the summer's evenings, beneath the shade of chestnuts, he sings it to the maiden of his love, and conquors her hitherto inexorable spirit with the beauty of the words and the sweetness of the melody. Thus thou seest plainly, O ghost of a forgotten scholar, that all things change, and that even the sacrilegious transformation of thy sacred magazine into an engine of destruction to animal life may have its wholesome side of results. Besides, thou knowest not what other good thou mayest unwittingly have done. If thou hast, by the abovementioned series of means, helped a peasant to kill one dish of reed-birds, which afterwards tickled the palate of a New-York Alderman at Delmonico's, then, Adam Eagle, in spite of thy frowns and sneers, I tell thee thou hast done a good thing. For be it known to thee, Adam, that since thy departure from this world of cares, Aldermen have become great ones upon the face of the earth. In their oily hands they hold the scales of Life and Death, and can at a word give to the assassin the blessed boon of freedom. They are honored by all men, and many are tributary to them; and they go their ways arrayed in fine linen, and rejoicing over a multitude of dollars. Knowing all this, Adam, does not thy spiritual heart rejoice at the bare possibility of having contributed even indirectly to the dinner pleasures of so exalted a race of beings? Wouldst thou not gladly surrender the remainder of thy cherished volumes, now in my possession, and on which thou lookest with a keen glance, inasmuch as thou regardest them as the few raft-planks on which thy memory will sail to Fame—wouldst thou not cheerfully give up all these treasures to be converted into innumerable "wads," if thereby thou couldst secure to an Alderman of this great city one canvas-back duck for his dinner? Why, thou frownest at me, pale misanthrope! No! thou wouldst not, sayest thou? Go to! vanish, spirit of a benighted age: thou hast no business here—thou art behind thy time!

Now that the frowning spirit of the old New-Englander is gone, let us turn to the work before us. Impartially as before, we thrust into the tenth volume, that with the great ink-blotch upon it—we put it there ourselves, we confess it—but tell not Adam Eagle as you value our safety; we should never rest again. We thrust, then, our ivory paper-cutter into this great tenth volume. It opens at a tale written in a small but clear hand. We have read that tale before, and it seems to us that Adam Eagle must have perused it often in his solitary sanctum, for it bears marks of frequent reading, and sentences written in pencil, with various dates appended. We have read that tale, and a suspicion haunts us that Adam Eagle is the author. It is just the history which we would have woven for the solitary scholar ourselves. Then those mysterious literary labors, in which the hero of the story is engaged, do they not seem to be a type of the Unpublished Magazine itself, that strange, unworldly labor of love? And the search after perfection, was not that Adam Eagle's own hobby? Then the pencil notes upon the margin of the tale—broken fragments of commentary, exclamations of suffering, half illegible scrawls; some of them epitaphs, some of them prayers—arabesque the discolored border of the story. Yes! Adam Eagle, we believe it to be thine own history, told with all the sadness and experience of one who had himself suffered. This tale was, no doubt, to thee a diary of sorrow, which day after day thou couldst consult and weep over. There are marks of tears upon the leaves, and the edges are crumpled as if some strong, irrepressible grasp of agony was laid upon them. Since we have gained this insight into thy history, Adam, a deeper love for thy memory has fallen upon us, and a vision haunts us of thy sorrowful vigils in the sanctum, weeping over the records of thy imperfect dream. But we are rhapsodizing. Let us present our tale.

ONE EVENT.

CHAPTER I.

It was a wild night around John Vespar's home. The wind howled through the naked trees, and buried itself with sheer fury in the soft snow-banks. The windows of the house rattled as if they were going to give way before the rude assaults of the storm, and the long tubes of chimney blew a sad and dirge-like note. Meta, the old German housekeeper, bustled about the parlor, threw a large log upon the decaying fire, pulled the cloth which was laid for supper a little straighter than it was before, and then, ensconcing herself in a wide arm-chair, set to work vigorously on a coarse thread stocking.

"It's a very bad night," murmured Meta to

herself, as she knitted round after round with clock-work regularity. "I hope that John will stay at —— to-night, and not run the risk of a journey through the storm. Mercy on us, what a gust! The wind king is angry to-night, and will do some mischief before morning, I'll warrant. At home, in Suabia, with such a storm as this, they'd sprinkle the floor with holy water, and keep a consecrated candle alight all night, as a protection against the air-spirits; but in this country they would only laugh if one was to do such things. They have no faith, these Yankees, in any thing but money. I verily believe if one was to take them to the Hartz Mountains, and show them the caverns that lead to the centre of the hills where the Gnome King dwells amid pyramids of gold, they would only laugh in your face, and tell you that they were foxes' burrows. Well, well, I wouldn't change with them for all that. I love to hear tales about the Gnomes, the Neckar, and the Wild Huntsman; and how the poor young artist, who had been rejected by the father of his beloved, on account of his poverty, while travelling through the Black Forest, caught the Gnome King in the cleft of a rock, and forced him to give him ten thousand golden crowns, with which he went back and married his beloved. Ah! what happy hours were those, when I used to sit outside our cottage to watch the sunset, and Franz would kneel beside me and tell me legend after legend. Poor Franz! thou hadst a sad fate."

Here the half-broken soliloquy of the old housekeeper abruptly ended; the knitting suddenly ceased; her head sank upon her breast, and she straightway wandered back amid half-forgotten passages of love and home.

The thread of her thoughts was, however, rudely broken by a loud, vigorous knocking at the hall-door.

"That is John—I am certain it is John, after all," said she, starting from her seat and hastening to the door. "What an imprudent fellow to travel such a night as this!"

"Am I to stay here all night, Mother Meta?" demanded a voice outside the door, "or is it only until your soliloquy upon my temerity is ended?"

"Enter," she replied, flinging wide the door, "and do not growl because one is not as active as you are. But what have you got there, Master John?"

A stout, middle-sized man of about thirty, with a bright but thoughtful face, strode into the passage, and commenced stamping the snow off of his thick boots.

"What in the name of Heaven have you got there?" repeated the old housekeeper, peering inquisitively at a large bundle which the newcomer held in his arms.

"Mother Meta," said the man gravely, "get me some brandy, also some of your own clothes, and prepare a comfortable bed in the north-east room. I make all these requests in the name of a wanderer."

So saying, he unfolded the thick shawl which encased his burden.

"Heavens! it is a woman!" ejaculated the housekeeper, starting backwards with astonishment.

"A child," interposed the man; "one to whom I trust you will make a good mother." Seeing here that the worthy Meta was overflowing with questions, he put an end to all further conversation by going into the parlor and laying his burden gently on a sofa, which he drew near to the fire. After a few ineffectual attempts to arrive at the bottom of the mystery, all of which Master John met with an indomitable silence, Mother Meta hastened off for the brandy, as well as to attend to his other directions.

Master John stood near the fire, looking earnestly at the figure lying before him on the sofa, and that figure was looking full as earnestly at him. The face, which was all that could be seen, was that of a child of about thirteen years old, very pale, very thin, with large, wild, fierce eyes, and a splendidly developed forehead. Her hair, which was of a dark chestnut, was very wet, and hung in straight locks against her cheeks; she had tolerably good features, and, on the whole, gave one the impression of a child that would be pretty if she was well fed.

But how she stared at Master John, as he stood with his back to the fire! Not a stare of childish curiosity, not a stare of fear or wonder, but a wild, untamable, savage glance, such as the snared panther casts upon its enemy.

"You will be more comfortable soon, Annie," said Master John, gazing at her curiously.

"I want to go home," answered the child sullenly.

"But you are at home—this is to be your home. Do you not like it?"

"No, I don't; neither do I like you. You are very ugly."

Truly, a more unjust remark was never made. Ugly—John Vespar ugly! Ay, he had a short, stout figure, and a large, thick nose; but with all this, how any one could call him ugly is a mystery. With his broad, high forehead, his thoughtful eyes, his sweet smile, all the sweeter for the row of regular white teeth it displayed, and rich silken brown hair that a woman might have envied, there was more true beauty in his form than in a dozen of your statuesque, meaningless men, who live in looking-glasses.

John Vespar smiled at this rude estimate of his personal appearance.

"You will like me better when you grow accustomed to me, Annie," he said gently; "I have not the slightest doubt but that some day or other you will like me better than any body in the world."

The girl lifted up her great eyes and stared at him again, but this time it was with wonder. She evidently did not understand him; so, after a steady look, she made up her mind to be sullen and say nothing.

"Do you not think that it will be more comfortable for you to live here, where you will have nice clothes and wholesome food and pleasant books to read, than in a damp, wretched hut, amid filth, misery, and hunger?"

"I don't know," said the girl; "I want to have Johnny and Willie, and I don't like this place, and I want to go home."

"Well, well, if you are a good girl and do what I tell you, you shall perhaps see Johnny and Willie; but as to your going home, you must not think of it any more. You will live here, and we will make you very happy."

The girl did not cry—did not utter a word to indicate her anger; but she twisted her fingers in her long wet tresses, and savagely tore a mass of the hair out by its roots.

John Vespar shuddered when he saw her do this, as if some sharp instrument had suddenly pierced his heart. He made a step forward and seized her hands. She struggled with him vainly. He held her until she was quiet from exhaustion, then bending a stern look upon her, he said:

"I am angry with you, Annie—very angry; take care that you never do any thing so wicked again."

For the first time, the fierce gaze of the girl fell before his. She shuddered as he looked at her with bent brows, and cowered visibly beneath her shawl. Then a faint gleam of submission stole over her wan features. She closed her eyes and lay back on the sofa. Meta came into the room laden with hot water and brandy, and John Vespar let the small thin hands fall from his grasp. "I think I will conquer her yet," he muttered to himself, as he turned to speak to his housekeeper.

Meta now took possession of the new-comer who sullenly permitted herself to be attended. She drank the warm posset which the old housekeeper had prepared, as if she took it only because she was in the power of those strong enough to enforce their pleasure. She suffered Meta to disrobe her of her wet and squalid garments, and substitute others, with an air of forced resignation; nor did she vouchsafe a single word of thanks for these attentions. She shrouded herself in a silent indifference, more hopeless to overcome than the wildest rage. Nevertheless, John Vespar occasionally said to himself: "It is a fine nature, run to waste. We will reclaim it."

Some hours later, when the strange girl had been safely installed in her neat bed in the north-eastern chamber, Meta the housekeeper, burning with long-repressed curiosity, hastened to the parlor. John Vespar smiled as he saw her enter, for he well knew the habits of his old servant friend.

"Now, Master John," said the old lady, seating herself opposite to her master without invitation—for it was a pure republic at Fernshade—"now let me ask you a few questions about this strange, sullen child that you have so mysteriously brought to live here. Is she an elfin child, or a goblin in disguise? I do not know what to make of her; for I never saw in creature of the earth such a terrible glance as she casts at one out of those large, dark eyes. I think there is something weird about her, for I saw her bite her hand under the clothes when I had put her to bed—ay, bit it so as to make the blood flow. Where did you get her, Master John?"

"I bought her," replied Vespar, simply.

"Bought her! why, you don't mean to say that——"

"No, I did not say it. She is not the descendant of slaves; nevertheless, I bought her honestly."

Meta opened her eyes until they were as big as her spectacles, and seemed completely overburdened with the effort to comprehend her master's meaning.

"I will save you the trouble, dear old friend," said Vespar kindly—"I will save you the trouble of penetrating this mystery, by explaining it to you myself. Before doing this, I will have to trouble you with a few words relative to myself. You will, most probably, not quite understand them, but as the arrival of this child is an event likely to prove of much future importance to me, I owe it to you, as my most faithful friend and companion, to explain my views."

Here Vespar ceased for a moment, and, turning his head on one side, seemed to commune briefly with himself. When he again presented his face to Meta it was bright and hopeful, and glowing with earnest purity.

"Meta," he continued, "there has been but one mainspring to my existence ever since I arrived at the age of manhood. I have had but one hope, one dream, one goal to which my aspirations tended. My entire life has been modelled to meet this end, and perhaps will be wasted in seeking for it. Since my earliest youth, I have been haunted by a vision of intellectual perfection. From the instant that reason began to dominate over instinct in my nature, I saw faults in every human thing. My books appeared to me to be worthless, for I imagined that I could discover, beneath each veil of words, corrupt motives and dishonest ends. I began to perceive that every man had a purpose in what he wrote, and that none of these purposes were noble. It was the same with every thing in which men busied themselves. I took statesmen, poets, generals, lovers, merchants, and kings, and casting them all into my own mental crucible, resolved and analyzed them, and always with the same result. When they were divested of the spangled toga which hid their imperfections from the general eye, nothing remained but pride, avarice, self-interest, and a host of passions that deform our nature. Nothing good, nothing pure, nothing noble. I fairly sickened at this corruption of the universe. It was the same with love. It was in vain that I sought amongst women that standard of intellect which I believed humanity ought to result in—that high state of moral and intellectual cultivation, in which the mind should dwell pure and healthy; placed far above the miasmas of prejudice; with its perceptions unrestrained by the fogs and sullen vapors which clog the vision of the meaner and more grovelling capacities. I see, my poor Meta, that you can scarcely understand me, but I will still go on, and perhaps in time you will comprehend the whole. Well, I abandoned life; that is, I forsook the active world and resided within myself. I pursued literary avocations of a strange, unworldly nature, in the silence and solitude of my study. I amused myself by conjuring up visions of that ideal perfection which I could never realize, and for years I lived a life of lonely aspirations, and melancholy, because unsatisfied, longings. But in time I wearied of this aimless dream; my solitude became irksome to me, and I sighed, in the midst of my disinterested labors, for some one to share

the task. One day it suddenly struck me that it was not good for me to dwell alone. The prime of my life was fleeting from me, and I had laid up no store of comfort for my age. I thought that I ought to marry. Ay, marry!—it was easily said—easily done. A bride, white lace, a clergyman, and a Bible, and I had all that the world deems necessary to enter into the most solemn contract that man can seal. But I required something more than a pretty doll in lace and orange blossoms; I looked for a true woman, whole in mind and soul, and—where was she to be found?"

"There are the three Miss Winthrops," mildly suggested Meta; "they are very nice young ladies, I hear, and highly accomplished."

"No doubt—no doubt. They play on the piano like musical machines; they scream certain notes which a master has taught them, and they style it singing. They talk rapturously of Bulwer's last novel, which they get cheap in Harper's edition, but they never read their native literature. They go to New-York in the winter, where they catch beaux and consumptions. They smear Italian landscapes in water-colors, admire Liszt, wear tight boots, and are called by their neighbors accomplished young ladies. Do you think if it was necessary that one of the Miss Winthops should sacrifice her life for me, that she would do it? Assuredly not. She would lament my death—go into mourning, and make a sensation next season as a widow. No, Meta; I want not only a wife, but a partner."

"I am afraid, Master John, that with your ideas you will not easily find one."

"I do not intend to seek for one, Meta. It flashed upon me one morning when, melancholy and dispirited, I was debating this question with myself, that up to this time I had not wandered along the right track. When a painter or sculptor dreams of some form of unrivalled beauty, he does not set out through the world in search of the original, but he sits down and paints, or hews from the block, as close an imitation as his genius is capable of producing. Neither will I spend my life in a vain pursuit after a perfect woman; I will marry, but I will be myself the architect of my bride."

"Then you intend that sullen beggar girl——"

"To be my future wife. I found her in squalor and destitution, and at the mercy of parents, whose affection you may judge of when I tell you that they sold her to me. She is savage, sullen and ignorant, but, judging from phrenological indications, her nature is susceptible of the noblest development. The training of her instincts, the unfolding of her better qualities, and the suppression of her evil tendencies, shall be my task. To you, Meta, I will intrust the woman's share. Teach her to be neat, frugal, and womanly. Let her worship God and love her fellows. Join with me, Meta, heart and hand, in pruning this wild young nature into shape. Let us look upon it as a holy task, and one whose prosperous fulfilment shall sanctify our future lives. For what purpose can be nobler than that of lessening the distance between a soul and God?"

Here he took the old woman's hand and pressed it gently. It was very sweet to observe the respectful devotion which John Vespar observed towards his faithful servant. It savored more of the grave gallantry of some knight of the olden time than of the cold relations between master and domestic. Meta looked grave and did not speak, but sat for some time gazing reflectively into the bright fire. At last she turned to John and said:

"There is one thing which you appear to have forgotten. You, John Vespar, belong to one of the best families in the State. If I am to believe the parchment records which you preserve so carefully, your forefathers, the De Vespars, stood high in England, when the existence of America was scarcely known. How will you like to mingle this good blood with that of a beggar-girl? How will you bear the sneers of your neighbors at your unequal match?"

"If I was one of those men who considered such things, Meta, I would never have entered upon this matter; I would have left the beggar-girl where I found her, and thought only of matching myself with some young lady who possessed an historical name; but I am now above such considerations. Pride of birth is a very useful thing, because it prevents many people from doing discreditable things, which otherwise they might have done. But exclusiveness deteriorates as well as improves races; and very many of our old families would be all the better for a little new blood. I mean, Meta, to marry a woman, not a pedigree; and to my mind an honest blacksmith is as good an ancestor as a valorous knight. Now that you have my opinions on the subject, and if you think your objection is answered, tell me if you will assist me?"

"With my whole heart, Master John," said the old woman, warmly; "I cannot teach the girl much, but I will watch over her as if she was my own child. To be worthy of you is the highest fate that I can wish her."

"Then, Meta," said Vespar solemnly, "to your care do I intrust her. From this time henceforward you are answerable to God."

Meta bent her head, and one could see, from her attitude, and the deep, earnest expression of her master's eyes, that they were both praying. Presently Meta rose, and as she was leaving the room, Vespar cried:

"You are going, then. It is no light task that you have undertaken, Meta: you have a wild nature to subdue—be gentle, but firm."

"What I lack," said Meta, "God will give me."

That night, before she retired to bed, the housekeeper knelt long by the bedside of the child, praying. The wild girl was not asleep, but stared silently, with large unwinking eyes, at the old woman. Seeing that she lay awake, Meta sat down, and told her legend after legend about the Lurlei, the Wild Huntsman of the Black Forest, the Gold Gnomes, and a hundred others besides, until the soft step of John Vespar upon the stair as he ascended to his room, warned her that it was late.

CHAPTER II.

THE reader must take a stride of three years. After all, this is not much to ask. Let any man look back upon three years of his life, and tell me if he can that they seem longer than the white

printless chasm that separates this chapter from the last. It is no leap for Memory, which, like a chamois, can bound at a single spring, from the posted pinnacle of Age to the sun-lit valley of Childhood. Still less difficult is it for Imagination, soaring lark-like, to compass it. Among the vast fragments of Time, so brief a space is dust: and even in the chain of man's existence, such links would scarce be missed. Let us then go forward on our way.

Short as we may deem them, these three years were pregnant with importance to some of the few characters in our little story. During that time one disappeared altogether from the scene of action, and was replaced by another, different, and yet the same. The sullen girl was gone, and in her place there started up a sweet and graceful maiden. It was like one of the fairy tales. Here we had an ugly, crotchety, weird, unholy creature; elf-like in her aspect and wicked in her deeds; and lo! a wand was waved. The mantle fell, the chrysalis burst, and instead of the elf-girl, a radiant fairy, beautiful and good, usurped our vision. Would that life were crowded with such miracles! Would that we could transfigure the false hearts, the false friends, and the corrupt natures, that jostle us at every step, into something good and pure! But we fear that these old miracle-times are gone. There is but one mutatist now, and that is Death.

Truly, John Vespar and his old housekeeper Meta had worked wonders with the beggar-girl. During the three years which passed, she had shot from childhood and ignorance into maidenhood and knowledge. Vespar was a learned, thoughtful man, full of noble thoughts and wise conceptions. He took upon himself the task of forming her mind. In the first place, in order, he said, to disconnect her as much as possible from all the associations of the past, he gave her a new name. He called her Annie Wylde. I know not what reason prompted this choice. Perhaps it was some faint allusion to her savage demeanor when first she lay beneath the shelter of Fernshade. Or it may have been typical of that neglected nature, which it was his self-imposed duty to reclaim and fertilize. However it was, she bore the title bravely, though all her wildness was that of mirth, and all her evil, playful malice. After a month's quiet but unrelaxing discipline, her rebellious nature had become entirely subdued, and though she did not yet exhibit either gratitude or affection, she had ceased to be a demon, or to pull her hair out by the roots. Then commenced her education. Every day in John Vespar's study a grave two hours would pass away, during which he taught her on a purely original principle, first to recognize the elements of things, then to grasp them, contract them as it were together, and view them in their unity. It was perfectly astonishing to see the skill with which the secluded scholar filled that young mind, gently, but effectually, with knowledge. He did not force it upon her painfully or through the agency of fear. But he let fall pleasant and instructive facts in her path, as Atalanta dropped her golden apples, until seduced by the glitter she would stop by the way and pick them up. He did not yoke her brain to his own matured intellect, and force her to plough with him through the heavy soil of sciences, with whose principles she was as yet unfamiliar; but he gave her an easy palfrey to ride, and led her along some pleasant lane that bordered on the repulsive plain, until, attracted by the mystery which lay within sight, she of her own accord would break the bounds and labor on stoutly to the centre. Thus, while he improved her mind, he did not break her spirit. She became learned without losing that sweet, joyous freshness, which is so attractive in a girl of sixteen, and read Livy in the original, or played a game of romps with equal facility and ease.

And Meta, too, had performed her part faithfully. At first, she found it no easy task to contend against Annie's wild and lawless nature. Many a stern battle was fought up in the bedroom, before Annie could be induced to say her prayers. Innumerable were the conflicts which had to be sustained before Annie would submit to the indignity of being regularly washed. They never washed her at home; why should she be washed here? But the state of her wardrobe was the point on which the longest and most frequent contests took place—regular Punic wars, that for a long time there seemed no hope of ever terminating. Whatever species of garment was put upon Annie, no matter how individual its shape, or peculiar its texture, next day the most experienced milliner would vainly endeavor to solve the mystery of its original form or color. Annie would go out in a bonnet she would return with something on her head resembling a last year's nest, or a bundle of bullrushes, such as we find cast in upon sea-beaches, and which are matted together by the action of the tide. Annie would be solemnly invested by Meta in a new silk dress, which, she would be informed, came all the way from China. Two hours afterwards she might be seen on the lawn, sportively enjoying herself in the lining. The China silk was fluttering in strips upon spiteful brambles, but Annie was quite happy with the calico moiety that still remained. If she put on a pair of new boots to take a walk, the chances were ten to one that she came back with a boot and a shoe. What had become of the other boot, or where she had picked up the shoe, (which was generally for the wrong foot,) were matters that she rarely condescended to explain. She had lost the boot in the mud, and found the shoe under a hedge, was generally about the amount of information one might hope to receive after a cross-examination of an hour. But in time, all this tomboyism wore away. As year after year went by, Annie grew more sober and careful, until in due course she subsided into a neat black silk dress, and actually kept the house-keys at times. To Meta she strongly attached herself. It seemed as though she was striving to obliterate by affection all memory of the bitter quarrels, the harsh struggles, the unceasing contests which once took place between them; nor was that young affection wasted. Between her and the old German woman sprang up one of those powerful bonds of union, that, if slow of growth at first, become indissoluble at last by any power save the chemistry of Death.

It was a matter of much thought to John Vespar as to the light in which Annie Wylde regarded him. As the years rolled by, he had come, from

the peculiar circumstances in which they were involved, as well as her own innate charms, to love her with the entire energy of his deep and powerful nature. He felt in some degree as Pygmalion might have been supposed to feel when he beheld his marble goddess expanding into life, or Prometheus, when he had lit the inanimate clay of Pandora with the undying fire of a soul. Annie was, in all human respects, the work of his own hands. He had sculped her out of a rude, misshapen block; animated her with an almost new spirit, and watched over the purity of its flame with the sleepless care of a vestal. She was his *magnum opus*, his great work, which it would take a life-time to perfect. But at times he felt grave doubts, whether the lover was not buried in the teacher; whether Annie's respect was not so great for him as a beneficent superior, as to shut out all gentler visions, which rarely exist in woman's heart, independent of a certain consciousness of equality with the object; whether, in short, in her eyes he was not too scholarly for a lover, too exalted for a husband. The position which he had occupied towards her for three years as teacher, monitor, and friend, seemed to have dyed his image on her heart in graver hues than he would have wished. In her manner towards him, respectful as it always was, and often gay, he never was able to detect that tone of gentle confidence, that reposition of the heart which is the dearest proof that woman can give of psychal love. In his presence she was joyous and unrestrained, and looked him full in the face when she spoke to him. He watched, but never saw her color heighten when he came near. If he ever pressed her hand, she returned the pressure. John Vespar knew enough of life to see no love in all this. But though these wandering doubts of reason sometimes darkened his mind, his heart remained proof against all skeptical assault. "She is very young," he would murmur to himself, "and the last bud upon the tree of life has not yet unfolded. She will yet learn to love me, but now she knows not even what love is." And thus his time rolled by; never alluding to her destined fate; never breathing in her ear a single word that a parent might not have spoken; but every day more and more, he felt the tide of passion gathering deeper around his heart, and as it rose, so floated upwards on its waves, the unconquerable hopes of man!

Meta, John Vespar, and Annie Wylde are seated in the old wainscotted parlor at Fernshade. It is again winter, and the snow lies deep upon the ground, and is so dry from long continued frosts, that it is blown in clouds of white dust before the sharp December wind. Meta is as usual knitting, but this time the object of her mechanical industry seems to be a night-cap. Annie Wylde is studying a manual of architecture, illustrated with diagrams of Persian kiosks, Chinese pleasure-houses, and Italian casinos, all pretty to look at, difficult to build, and uncomfortable to live in. John Vespar has on his knee a quarto edition of Sir Thomas Brown's "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*," and looks from its heavy pages to Annie's graceful figure, as if he was saying to himself, "Well, I defy the learned knight of Norwich to find me an error there."

In the midst of these various occupations, the silence and repose of the group was broken by a sharp ring at the hall bell, and a consequent vigorous double knock. Meta left off in the middle of a stitch. John Vespar started as if he knew not why, and Annie laid down her book and said, "I am sure that is Mr. Waller." The next moment a gentleman entered the parlor. He was cordially saluted by John Vespar and Madame Meta, and timidly welcomed by Annie; but while he bent over the latter's hand, in making his salutation, an acute observer might have seen her slender form tremble slightly, and a deeper color hover upon her cheek.

Mr. Waller was a fine specimen of the pure Norman breed. He was very tall and powerfully built; his features were sharply cut; his skin was clear, his hair light and curling, and his eyes were of a piercing bluish gray. He had fine teeth, and a pleasant smile that gave his fair face at the first impression a very sunny aspect. But a cold sneer lay in his clear eyes, and seemed to nestle maliciously among the curves of his mouth. He was dressed in a gray suit, and his figure had a chilly look; but at times a strange expression shot across his face, so wild and savage that, were it not for the modern dress, one might easily imagine him among the hills of Scandinavia, drinking mead out of the skulls of his enemies.

None of these peculiarities, however, seemed to attract the notice of the inmates of Fernshade. Mr. Waller appeared from the warmth of his reception to be a favorite with all; and when he spoke, Annie's large eyes seemed to follow his words as they broke into the air, and pursue them until they melted in the distance.

Mr. Bolton Waller was an Englishman—very young, very well born, and very well read. He was poor, and had sought New-England to pursue a profession that perhaps he was ashamed to follow among the older Saxons. He had made the acquaintance of the Fernshade circle about a month previous to his present introduction, by being nearly run over by John Vespar's sleigh. He was gentlemanly, an agreeable companion, had travelled much, and as he found himself looked upon as a lion by the quiet people at Fernshade, he kept up the acquaintance so accidentally formed by determinedly dropping in upon them every second evening.

There could hardly have been found two greater contrasts than John Vespar and Bolton Waller. Vespar, so thoughtful, fond of solitude, and so averse to display of any kind, that one might have talked with him for hours without being able to collect any positive evidence that he had ever read a book. His elegant diction, and simply profound remarks, would of course indicate his scholarship collaterally; but there were no pedantic allusions, no "as Horace says," &c., no labored comparisons. He talked so clearly that a child might understand him, and his thoughts were so new that a sage might profit by them. On the other hand, Mr. Bolton Waller was a man of display. He had read much in a desultory kind of way, and acquired just enough of scholarship to plaster his conversation. He had travelled, and kept always ready at hand a lively, flippant account of what he had seen, and, we fear, sometimes what he had not seen. He could tell you pleasant Roman stories, and had among his stock one or two very tolerable

Venetian adventures. If he talked of The Troad, It was to mention perhaps that his horse had thrown him there, and that a lovely Greek girl bound his sprained ankle for him; and all this in so neat, satirical and flippant a manner, that you quite forgave the man for treating so splendid a subject lightly.

Annie Wylde, however, saw none of these imperfections in Waller's conversation. There was something so new, so fresh, to her unworldly mind, in this brilliant talk, that it charmed and dazzled her. Even from force of contrast, John Vespar was pleased, and Meta loved the Englishman's ghost-stories so well, that she ranked him next to Hoffman in her pantheon of story-tellers.

"I have brought this little sketch for your approval, Miss Wylde," said Waller, drawing a roll of paper from his pocket as he spoke. "If I am fortunate enough to find that it pleases you, may I hope that you will accept it?"

"Oh! look here, Mr. Vespar, what a charming design," exclaimed Annie, as soon as she had unfolded the sketch which Waller had handed to her.

"Do not judge too critically of it, Mr. Vespar," said Waller; "it is very rough."

"You have completely destroyed my interest in your sketch," replied Vespar, as he bent over Annie's shoulder to look. "I do not like roughness. If we have been gifted with the power to producé a perfect thing, we ought to make it perfect; or if our power is limited, why, let us make it as perfect as we can. The world, in my mind, has always had too great a fancy for incompleteness Fragmentary beauty is to me no beauty at all. Providence has given us a whole and not parts, and it is our duty to imitate Providence."

"But some of our most artistic sketches are often incomplete," argued Waller. "Vandyck almost invariably left some corner of his portraits unfinished."

"Nothing can be a work of art that is imperfect," replied Vespar. "It is the aim of a painting or statue to represent nature, and nature is never imperfect. If they were to show me the Torso at Rome, and tell me it was a great work of art, I should say to them, Where are the legs, where the head, where the arms? This was originally made by the sculptor in the likeness of a man glowing in all the vigor of physical strength; a perfect type of massive, manful power. I see nothing but a huge trunk, and two mutilated hips. Could any stretch of imagination picture that armless fragment rending a young oak asunder, or killing a bullock at a single blow? To a certain class of people who never dream of excellence in any way but as a fragment, the Torso appears very fine. But I want the Hercules in his entirety before I will acknowledge him as a god. I want him with all his limbs, all his muscles braced for action, his massive head indicating a will as iron as his strength, his attitude breathing the confidence of power. Then I can recognize the inspiration of the sculptor, and admire the grandeur of the pagan demi-god. The mutilated frieze of the Parthenon would afford me no more idea of the grandeur of the Athenian wonder than a single oak leaf could represent to me the whispering forest of Dodona."

"So far I agree with you in your demands for perfection," said Waller; "but I think you must allow the artist some license. Inspiration flies quickly, and to catch an idea vividly it must be boldly and hastily noted. Thus, in an incomplete sketch, though you may not be able to attain that perfect finish in its parts which you require, there is still a fire and vivid energy about it which overbalances its other defects."

"I do not believe in this rapid evanescence of inspiration," said Vespar, gravely. "Neither do I credit that ideas rush into the mind clothed in a ready-made beauty. You may have a good thought, and it is well to note it down at the time, lest you may forget it. But it is very unwise to fancy that this vagrant thought is yet fit for presentation to the world. It is raw, and must remain with one some time ere it becomes polished and shapely. Poets and authors talk about the heat of composition, but it is all fudge. Their best thoughts and passages are conceived laboriously, revolved with care, and eliminated slowly. And it is right that it should be so. It is insulting the perfection of creation to thrust into the daylight a defective work, when time and care would have remedied its faults."

"Then you make no allowances for the eccentricities of genius," replied Waller, laughing.

"True genius should have no eccentricities, Mr. Waller. To be eccentric, one must have too much of one thing or too little of another; but the true genius, when it comes, will be evenly balanced."

"When it comes!" repeated Waller. "Do you not then believe in the present existence of genius?"

"All fragments—prophetic fragments," answered Vespar, turning away musingly.

"Well, notwithstanding your philosophy, Master John," cried Annie, still hanging over the sketch, "I will not be dissatisfied with my picture. Come hither, Madame Meta; I know you will like it."

It was a striking sketch, in spite of what John Vespar would call its imperfection. It was a narrow, secluded nook in the depth of some impenetrable forest. The huge, rugged trees twined and twisted their boughs into green ramparts, as if to protect the darkness that sat enshrined within. But there were crevices in the leafy walls, through which the sun thrust his golden lances, and subdued the abiding gloom into a twilight of pale splendor. Great brambles grew and flowered around this mystic nook, and white-blossomed dog-roses lit up the shadowy spots with their snowy, star-like flowers. Green, tufted moss made deep the sward, and long streamers of gray lichen hung from the twisted branches overhead. The stem of some huge parasite stretched in dark coils from bough to bough, like a sleeping serpent, until it was lost in the distance of the wood; while a great dismal chasm in the bole of one of the largest oaks, seemed to be the natural entrance to the place, through which one might easily fancy gnomes from the centre of the earth ascending to play and gambol in the softened daylight. In the foreground of the picture lay a deep and almost stagnant pool. Large, green, lifeless leaves lay flagging on the surface, and a few mournful reeds waved around the brink. On the edge of the poo

crouched a female figure, with an expression of intense agony on her countenance, striving with weak arms to pluck from the deadly waters the form of a drowning youth. Her features were fixed in the rigidity of anxious horror. Her feet were apparently slipping on the wet sward as she endeavored to drag back a burden whose weight was greater than her own. But still she held to that helpless form with a despairing grasp, even though it seemed that if she did not loose her hold, she too would be struggling in the black waters of the pool. And the youth for whom she was thus fainting—on whose pale face her eyes were fixed with loving agony—he lay insensibly among the tangled water-plants, with his face upturned to the sky, and his long brown hair floating like weeds around his head. Yet one could see that he still lived. The flush of life had not yet left his lips; and his eyes, though closed, did not seem irrevocably sealed. The water just above his chest seemed slightly tinged with blood; and gazing through the dark medium, one could see beneath the surface, the red shadow of a wound. It was a sad, expressive picture, susceptible of many interpretations, and so far was more full of poetry than one would have thought lay in Waller's nature. But a second glance at the sketch revealed the character of the man. At first these two figures appeared to be alone, and it seemed better that such mortal agony should not be overseen by idle eyes. But, on a closer inspection, there might be discovered, peering from out the green shadows of the leaves, a wicked, sneering human face. The countenance, as far as features went, was indistinct and shadowy, but the expression was hatefully obtrusive. A cold, malicious pleasure glimmered through the eyes, and seemed to fasten itself banefully upon the agonized woman. There was neither sympathy nor passion. A downright glance of furious hatred, or a look of gratified revenge, would have been preferable to that inhuman smile of indifference.

"It seems to me to tell a tale, Mr. Waller," said Annie thoughtfully, putting down the sketch.

"Does it, Miss Wylde? Why not weave a romance around it yourself, since I intended none? Your doing so will add a priceless value to my poor sketch."

"I am not gifted with the art of story-telling, and I am afraid would, at the outset, violate all the rules of Aristotle."

"I am sure there must be some legend connected with that strange face peeping out from between the leaves," said Meta, recurring to her usual theme. "Is it a goblin or man that you have painted there, Mr. Waller?"

"Probably a little of both: we sometimes find demonism strangely mingled with human nature."

"It is a very unpleasant face," said Annie, looking at it again.

"It is very like Mr. Waller," said Meta, with an air of mild absence, that showed perfectly how unconscious she was of the force of her remark.

Annie looked up indignantly. "I do not see the least resemblance," she replied quite warmly. "This peeping face is very ugly, and Mr. Waller is—is——"

"Is of a much lighter complexion than his demon," said Mr. Waller, adroitly hastening to her rescue.

"Precisely," said Annie, giving him a grateful look.

Waller smiled with pleasure at the recognition of his dexterity; and certainly, as he did so, a strange and momentary resemblance seemed to exist between him and the face in the picture. The same cold, sneering division of the lips, without a particle of soul or heart warming his laughter, while his glittering eyes wandered over the faces around him with an unpleasant air of mysterious speculation.

"Then you have got no tale for this mysterious picture?" said Annie disappointedly. "There ought to have been something terrible connected with it. Pray invent a legend, Mr. Waller."

"Assuredly, if you wish it; but it will be very meagre. And I do not think that I will even be able to promise Madame Meta a single ghost."

"No matter. A murder will do nearly as well."

"A lady," commenced Waller, "had once two lovers—no, I am wrong. I should have said that she had two suitors, for but one of them was a lover. The latter loved the lady for herself, sincerely and devotedly; the other suitor, merely because he thought a wife was a necessary piece of furniture for a new house which he had just built. Such things are common in the world, Miss Wylde."

"Will the day ever dawn when such things will not be common?" murmured John Vespar mournfully.

"Well," pursued Waller, "the lady naturally enough preferred the earnest lover to the speculative suitor, although the last simulated passion with exceeding art. But in matters connected with the heart, women possess a clairvoyant power that rarely fails in detecting the truth; and though perhaps not aware of the discovery themselves, their instinct acts upon it. The lady of my tale, therefore, gave her heart to the real lover. Now, the calm suitor, though not caring one doit about the lady's affection, still did not like to be defeated. He was a cold man, but had a good deal of malice in his disposition, as the face in the picture will testify, notwithstanding that Madame Meta has pronounced me to be like it. Now this man, in his passionless way, determined to take a revenge. He did not endeavor to alter the lady's opinion, for that would involve a large amount of time and trouble, and he was exceedingly lazy. He forged a letter with consummate skill from the lady to the fortunate lover, couched in terms of pitiless coldness, informing him of her approaching marriage with another, and forbidding him ever to appproach her again. Now the fortunate lover was one of those impulsive men who, in a crisis, always do the wrong thing, and do it too quickly. Instead of seeking an explanation, he wrote back a reproachful reply, and hinted at some dark catastrophe. After sealing this missive, he immediately repaired to a secluded part of a neighboring forest, where there was a deep pool. He there stabbed himself in the side; and, fearful of his retaining a chance of life, he so arranged it that when he struck the fatal blow, he fell into the deep pool, and thus might taste two deaths at once.

Meantime, the lady had received his reply to what she had never written, and, terrified at his threat of self-destruction, tracked him to the forest pool. As she broke with trembling hands through the thick boughs that screened the spot, she heard his last word—it was her name; the next instant she saw him fall bleeding into the pool. Shrieking, she rushed forward and strove to drag him out, but had not strength enough. He was not mortally wounded, but had fainted, and could not assist her efforts. While she was struggling thus, another foot had tracked her to the place, and from between the leaves calmly beheld her despair."

"But you have not finished," said Annie, seeing that he stopped short. "You have not told us whether the lover died, or whether she succeeded in saving him, or what became of the wicked suitor."

"The picture tells no more," replied Waller, "and that you know was my theme."

"Every thing should have a conclusion," said John Vespar, "otherwise it is incomplete, and cannot satisfy. Pray end your tale, Mr. Waller."

"It is not worth concluding," replied Waller laughingly; "besides, I am fond of fragments."

"A bad sign," muttered Vespar. "Then, since you will not finish the story," he continued aloud, "I will. The wicked suitor whom you see in the picture peeping through the foliage upon the horrors of his own making, though cold and passionless, still was capable of thought. While tracking the injured lady through the lonely wood, a certain calm feeling of satisfied revenge filled his heart; but there was a torpidity about this evilness that did not indicate either activity or long life. The silence of the forest, the anticipation of unknown catastrophes, and perhaps a certain lurking gleam of conscience that stole over his mental darkness, cast a sort of spell around the spirit of vengeance, and it began to sleep upon its post. He reached the vista in the trees, and there through the parting leaves he beheld that terrible agony of love. At first a sensation of pleasure coiled itself around his heart. His eyes glittered with prismatic fires of hate, and his lips parted in that frightful smile of frozen mockery which attracts our attention in the picture. Vengeance was momentarily aroused, and watched sternly at the outposts of his heart. But the lurking spell began to work again. As he saw that despairing woman, with vain strength and lacerated heart, slipping inch by inch along the sward in her feeble efforts to save her dying lover; as he saw agonies of untold intensity absolutely radiating from every point of her convulsed form, and printed legibly in every swollen muscle and bursting vein, his customary fatal calmness forsook him, and he grew agitated. He tried to quell the coming storm, but could not. He felt impulses within that urged him on, like knotted scourges, to burst from his concealment and repair the evil he had wrought. He grew furious at this involuntary swaying of his soul before the breath of his better angel. He stamped his feet, and muttered oaths to himself, but all availed not. The despotism of Good was greater than the principality of Evil; nor could his own stern will turn the balance against it. The gust came—he could no longer contend with the tempest; obeying the impulse of this strange, unseen power, he tore through the screen of boughs, uttering wild cries of self-accusation—tore madly along the sward to the place of agony. With one strong grasp of nervous power he plucked the dying youth from out the water, and laid his dripping head against the lady's breast; then wildly threw his arms aloft, as if to catch the beautiful spirit of prayer—unseen for years—that floated visibly before him in the air. Out gushed the streaming tears—out gushed the words of penitence; and there, upon the spot which he had consecrated to Evil, did he deliver up his spirit to the sweet counsels of a better angel."

"And the youth lived?" asked Annie, who was listening breathlessly.

"The youth lived, and the lady loved him as those only love who have perilled life for each other."

"And the wicked suitor?"

"Wicked no longer, he expiated by a life of devotion his tremendous crime; and the lady and her lover, seeing his penitence, forgot every thing but his last deed, and took him to their friendship. Until between beauty and love on the one side, and virtue and humility on the other, there was not such a trio to be found from Samarcand to Nova Zembla."

"Beautifully told, dear guardian!" cried Annie, as she went with outstretched arms to John Vespar, and, kneeling at his feet, looked up at him with an expression of loving satisfaction.

"Eloquently concluded!" said Bolton Waller, a dark scowl flitting across his features as this action took place. "It ends with a good old morality suited to youth," he added with a slight sneer.

"I was expecting a goblin," remarked Meta mournfully, taking up her night-cap, which, in her excitement, she had surrendered for a while.

"Will not a spirit do as well?" asked Vespar, smiling.

"A spirit! Where is it?"

"It dwells in every human heart, Meta; and we would see it oftener if we labored more earnestly to evoke it from its cavern."

"And its name, Master John?"

"Is, the Spirit of Perfection."

"I must go," said Waller, rising abruptly and seeking for his hat. "Shall I see you to-morrow, Miss Wylde?"

"Assuredly, if this fierce winter weather will permit me to look it in the face. I am not easily frighted from my daily walk."

"Adieu!"

"Adieu!"

John Vespar, as he sat by the fire, heard these simple words exchanged in the hall, but he did not see the other farewell by which they were accompanied. He did not hear the whispered words that followed. He did not know—— Poor solitary seeker after an impossible dream, it was perhaps as well.

CHAPTER III.

Three weeks flew by, and each day saw the Englishman a visitor at the pleasant place called Fernshade. He brought Annie sketches and bou-

quets of winter flowers, or strange pieces of mineral which he sometimes picked up in his walks, for he was something of a geologist; and in time she came to look upon his visits as a series of inevitable recurrences. They pleased her, too. His superficial and often brilliant conversation was such a contrast to John Vespar's elevated but solemn turn of thought, that she was struck with the same feeling of satisfaction that one experiences when, after wandering through a great forest of majestic palms, whose buds are too lofty to be plucked, he suddenly comes upon some less towering plant, whose blossoms he can grasp and make his own. The very want of sublimity in Bolton Waller's nature endeared him to Annie. She did not feel with him, as with her guardian, that she was in the presence of a kindly but inaccessible intellect. He pleased her, for she felt that with him she could measure thought.

This love—for love it was—grew beneath Vespar's eyes, without his being even in the remotest degree aware of its presence. Reflective men are not usually suspicious men, and he looked upon Waller's attentions, which were always carefully veiled, as a homage that every man must render to a creature for whom he would not hesitate to offer up his life. He placed no restraint upon her, and in his blindness even favored their attachment. This was not that John Vespar was wanting in worldly penetration. Not a bit of it. Despite his studious habits, and years spent face to face with books that others spent in the turmoil of active life, he was in most matters as shrewd as the quickest disciple of Lavater. But with Annie it was another thing. He had voluntarily placed her in a totally different position to the rest of the world, and regarded her from a distinct point of view. From dreaming continually of her ultimate perfection, he had come to believe her to be in a manner already perfect, and would have as soon questioned her infallibility as a Spanish devotee would venture to doubt the headless vivacity of St. Denis. He therefore took no heed of her peril, heard no warning echo in his bosom, but gave himself up to the calm elaboration of his dream.

Annie's studies still went on, and still did John Vespar play the part of sage and counsellor, when his heart was raging with the fast-gathering fire of love. True to his resolve, however, he kept it to himself. Spartan-like, he crushed it to his bosom, even while it devoured him, and never breathing a word in Annie's ear that might hint to her of her position, never betraying by a look the destiny for which he had designed her.

Thus stood all things at Fernshade. For the sake of human nature, and for the sake of my own heart, which bursts as I tell this story, I would wish that at that moment some fairy had cast a spell all over that pleasant place, and frozen up the stream of life and the current of events. I would wish that John Vespar had been suddenly petrified as he sat at his desk shaping out some beautiful sequence to his dream. That Madam Meta was stopped in the middle of a loop, never to complete it. That Bolton Waller was indurated until he became a sneering statue, with all his wild blood thickened into sparry veins, and all his evil thoughts arrested for ever. And, oh! above all, that Annie Wylde—sweet, loving, innocent Annie Wylde—had been in a single instant frozen into an effigy of crystal ice, everlasting in its purity!

But there was no fairy at hand, and the tide of Time went on, and none could anticipate, save God, what glorious destinies it was about to wreck.

It was a dull, gray evening, about four o'clock, when Annie Wylde entered the hall-door at Fernshade, and without speaking to any one hurried to her room. Assuredly there was something unusual just then in her appearance. She was not the same Annie Wylde who had gone forth three hours before joyously and lightly, and gracefully mocking her guardian as she passed him near the trelliced garden gate. Now her head was bent, her step convulsed and uncertain, while a flush like that of fever burned upon her cheek. Assuredly Annie Wylde must have been disturbed in mind. She hurried up the small staircase, for Fernshade was not an extensive mansion, and entered her bright-looking vestal chamber. She paused a moment on the threshold; listened attentively, as if seeking to ascertain if any one was near; then passed in, shut the door softly, and rushing to the bed, flung herself upon it and burst into a passion of tears. Oh! how she sobbed and heaved and struggled as she lay against the bed, with her loosened hair wandering all over it in tangled masses. How her small, slender fingers twisted and grappled with the white counterpane, as if she were struggling with some terrible thought which she strove thus physically to crush. Oh! what intense grief must have rioted in that poor heart, so to make it bound and beat and faint as heart never did before. What has happened, sweet Annie Wylde? What terrible misfortune is impending over, or has smitten thee, dear child of all loving hearts? Nothing—nothing to tell, but that long, lonely sobbing, which beats through the silence of the room with the regular pulses of a clock. Hark! she raised her head and listened; a soft step sounded on the stair outside. With the quickness of thought she composed her figure decently upon the bed, smoothed her dishevelled hair, and turned her face to the wall so as it could not be seen. She had scarcely done this when the door opened and Meta entered. "Annie!" she said, softly, "supper is nearly ready. Master John is asking for you."

But Annie answered not. She lay as if in sleep, with her face turned to the wall, her hands crossed upon her bosom, and her entire figure indicating profound repose. Annie Wylde! Annie Wylde! why this seeming slumber? Hypocrisy is not of thy nature; then why not reply to Meta? We fear there is something amiss with thee, poor Annie Wylde.

Meta, not finding any response, approached the bed on tip-toe, and gazed lovingly at the seeming sleeper. "Poor Annie," she murmured, "thou art tired with thy joyous exercise. I will not wake thee; thou shalt sleep thy fill. Bless thy slumbers, Annie; may thy life be as gentle and as pure!"

A convulsive shudder ran through the sleeper's frame, but Meta did not observe it, as she had already turned to depart. She went out immediate-

ly after, as softly as she entered, and closed the door behind her. She had scarcely disappeared when Annie sprang from the bed; and as she turned to the light, what a face of unearthly lividness she disclosed! There were deep violet circles beneath her eyes, and upon each cheek a terrible fever-spot burned. Her whole frame seemed shivering with either cold or intense pain. After assuring herself, by listening for a few moments at the door, that there was no immediate chance of interruption, she went to her little wardrobe of polished walnut wood that stood near the window, and took from thence a few under-garments, whose snowy whiteness contrasted strangely with the livid hues of her face. These she wrapped into a little bundle, which was tied hurriedly with a piece of white tape. As she did this, with all her agitation and haste, she seemed to take a strange pleasure in making that little bundle look as neat as she could. Every crease was carefully smoothed away; rebellious corners were tucked in and made symmetrical; and it was not until after a considerable time spent in this manner that she appeared to be satisfied. This task finished, she drew a chair to her small writing-table and sat down. For at least ten minutes she sat there motionless, as if endeavoring to recollect what she had to do; then consciousness suddenly flashed upon her; she tore a sheet of paper from the desk and wrote a few lines in a trembling hand. They ran thus:]

"GUARDIAN:—I write to bid you farewell. I am going, I know not where, neither does it matter much to one like me. I dare not even thank you for all your goodness to me, for even my gratitude would be an impure offering. Do not seek to find me. Your search would be profitless, for I have lost myself. Farewell—farewell, dear Meta—dear guardian. ANNIE."

She folded this ere the ink was dry, and addressing it to John Vespar, placed it upon the table. Then with a convulsive effort she grasped her little bundle and glided noiselessly down the stairs. She reached the hall. John Vespar's voice fell upon her ear as she stood still for a moment to listen. He was talking of her. "Yes," he said, "Annie is indeed a noble creature, a jewel, an unpurchasable and unparalleled ——"

"Oh! my God!" she murmured bitterly, as these words fell upon her ear, "my poor guardian—an hour hence—an hour hence!" Then with a strong effort she opened the hall-door, lingered a moment on the familiar threshold, and, with a deep sob, which seemed to tear itself from the centre of her heart, she passed out into the darkness and the snow.

* * * *

"John Vespar! Master John! Come up here quickly; come, for God's sake!"

"Well, Meta, what's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"No, no; but come up here. Oh, Annie!"

"Annie! what of Annie? Tell me quickly; tell me, woman!" and in three bounds John Vespar was in the deserted chamber, where Meta was weeping bitterly. "Tell me, tell me, what of Annie?"

Meta replied not, but put a small crumpled note in his hand. John's face became of an ashen paleness, even before he read it; but he made a strong effort to control his emotion, and opened the billet with a steady hand; he read it through. He then raised his eyes to Meta's face; but she dared not meet his glance, there was something so terrible in his sorrow. He raised his hand slowly to his head; pressed it tightly over his temples, and crying, "O God! O God! she is lost to me, lost to me!" he staggered against the bed. He had no sooner touched it than he started back, and seemed suddenly to recover all his energy.

"Meta," he cried, "she cannot be long gone. We will find her."

"About three hours gone," said Meta, in a low, husky voice.

"The snow lies on the ground. I will track her. Let loose one of the hounds; and my sleigh—harness my sleigh, as if your lives depended on each second!"

He rushed madly through the yard, shouting to the servants; got the harness; dragged out the sleigh, and tore his swiftest horse from the stable. His men thought him mad, and gazed stupidly at him while he was doing these things.

"Curse you, fellows!" he cried furiously to them, "what do you stand there for? Help me, help me, or I will brain you every one! Help me, help me! Have I not been a good master? Would you not die for me? Then do not lose a second, for to me each second is a life. There, tighten that band—so. Off with those cursed bells! I want no music now, to cheer me on the way. Hang a death-chime round the harness, if you can, for that will suit me. Is that trace hooked on? I want no break-downs. I cannot lose a second. Help me, help me, lazy ones! for time is now dearer to me than life. Is all right? Yes, thank Heaven! Now, a whip—a heavy whip that will bear rough usage, and—let loose Marengo, he has got a good nose. Ah, true, I had forgotten my hat. Thanks, friends; but my head is so hot that I was almost better without it. Now, away! Come, good horse, you have work to do to-night; and you, Marengo, see that your scent is keen, for the footsteps we follow are delicate as summer air. Away, away, away!"

Out through the open gates sped John Vespar The night was dark; but when snow lies upon the country, a faint twilight is produced, no matter how obscured the sky. The sleigh rushed along over the dry snow silently, because, from some whim, the belt of tinkling bells had been left behind. On, on, with tremendous velocity it sped. Marengo, a shaggy wolf-hound, galloped by its side, and John Vespar sat up straight, with his chest bared to the cutting breeze, holding the reins in a grasp of iron. Oh, what a wild, tumultuous chaos were his thoughts as he whirled along through the cold darkness! Once or twice he tried to analyze his own feelings, but could not. All he knew was that he was in search of something without which it was impossible he could return. I do not believe that he even recollected any of the events of the last four-and-twenty hours. He several times tried to remember Annie's other name, but without the slightest success. "Annie" he repeated

well enough, but the "Wylde" had faded altogether from his memory. Then there was predominating over all this mental confusion, a sort of hot sense of wrong, that seemed to burn him physically, and thus forced itself on his attention. When this occurred he would lift himself in the sleigh, and flog the horse with his heavy whip until the poor animal flew terror-stricken along. Suddenly Marengo gave tongue. This roused Vespar in a moment.

"Ha! good dog, good dog!" he cried excitedly. "This is the right road, then. Thanks, thanks to thee, Marengo!"

With these words he lashed his poor horse heavily with the whip. The terrified animal gave a loud snort and bounded forward at an accelerated pace, that soon left even the swift-footed Marengo behind. On, on they sped, the very air moaning and whistling about the sleigh, from the velocity with which it was cut. The horse, with outstretched neck and hoof-tramps confused into one sound from the rapidity of his strokes, rushed madly forward. And John Vespar stood, heavy whip in hand, with wild cries and heavy blows adding new terrors to his speed. Suddenly it seemed as if a low, faint cry was heard on the dark road before them; the next instant the sleigh swayed slightly, as if it had touched something in passing, and then rushed on. With a wild cry John Vespar threw himself back, reins in hand, so as to check the speed of the affrighted horse; and the instant that the velocity was at all lessened, careless of all peril, he flung himself out of the sleigh into the snow, while the horse and vehicle, now released from control, rushed in a moment out of sight. Vespar did not appear to feel his violent fall. He scrambled on his legs, and ran madly back through the snowy track. In a few moments a dark form lying on the white earth met his view. A shrieking sob burst from his breast, and the next instant he was lying in the snow, with his arms around the lifeless body of sweet Annie Wylde!

The moment he touched her he knew that she was dead. He made no attempt at resuscitation, and his thoughts, before so wild and troubled, became suddenly calm and still. He pressed a kiss upon her cold forehead. It was the first that he had ever given her. Then nestling her passive head upon his broad breast, he lay down upon the snow, and gazed calmly up at the wide, dark heavens.

"O Providence!" he murmured, "pardon me for thus yielding up my life tamely, instead of awaiting thy decree. But it seems to me to be as just as the laws of Heaven, that John Vespar should perish with his dream!"

Cold blew the north December wind; fast fell the flakes of silent snow; one by one the stars came out of the dark heavens, and gazed like eyes filled with funereal grief upon the moveless pair. A little longer, and a snowy pyramid would have been the mausoleum built by nature over John Vespar and his dream. But the solitary was not then fated to die; lights gleamed along the road; sleigh-bells sounded on the sharp, cold air, and amid the hum of pitying voices, and the sobbing of tender women, the half-frozen scholar and his bride were placed in a sleigh and borne to Fernshade.

* * * * *

John Vespar did not die, but he forsook life. "Meta," said he to his housekeeper one day, when, after a terrible three months of melancholy madness, he had regained his reason and his strength—"Meta, henceforward we live alone. The world must be nothing to us, for we are nothing to the world. Let us wall ourselves round from its contaminating atmosphere, and see if we cannot live in peace and purity."

From that day forth he kept his word. He delivered himself up to the pursuit of a mysterious literary task, in which, perhaps, he vainly endeavored to typify that unreachable perfection which haunted him through life, and led him through the sad swamps of sorrow and death. He yet lives his lonely life; and sometimes, in the solitude of his study, the reflection flits across his mind, that perhaps, after all, that which is the end of life is the beginning of perfection—the grave.

There was one secret which Meta never told her master, heavily as it weighed upon her bosom. She never told him that when she clad sweet Annie Wylde's delicate form in the sad habiliments of death, close pressed to her lifeless heart, she found a letter from the Englishman.

Well! does the reader incline to our opinion? Is the foregoing a record of the solitary's heart or not? We believe he cannot disagree with us. There is too much feeling in it not to be real. It is coarse and rugged in some places, and over-ornate in others; but these aberrations of style are the very tests of truth. They indicate the moods that swayed the heart as the pen glided over the paper. They are a diapason of sorrow, wild but musical, and not constrained by any rules of science. Poor suffering recluse! what a terrible picture thou must have presented while tracing these records! The vision rises up before us in all its intensity, but, like Sterne's captive, it is too sad for us to contemplate, and we distract our thoughts by dashing the paper-cutter wildly into the seventh volume. Why, hallo! what's here? A bundle of letters, by all that's epistolary! our heart warms at the sight of such a treasure. If we have a weakness in the world, it is correspondence. We here give fair warning to our friends not to leave their letters in our way. We feel, at the sight of a letter, a strange itching of the fingers, and a peculiar, undefinable longing—not that we are in the least curious, but these seals are so very attractive, and Caligraphy is such a curious study! Now, looking at the outside of letters is of little use to a Graphiologist or definer of character from writing. All people write the addresses of their letters in a better hand than the inside. Most

letters are like men, much better-looking outside than in. But it is when the sheet is unfolded that we can trace all the peculiarities of the disposition. The dotless i's, the crossless t's, the letters left out and the letters put in—here too little, there too much—ups and downs in the lines—blots, erasures and scratches; half words formed in a queer, indecisive manner; whole words running on, in the eagerness of the writer, who prolongs the last syllable to an almost indefinite length: such are a few of the eccentricities which those who devote themselves to the science of Graphiology draw their conclusions from. But to return to our bundle of letters, for we fear much that, from the foregoing sentences, our readers will believe that we are disciples of Sir James Graham, and advocate illicit letter-opening. Here is a queer, ill-folded document—thick paper, and a great blotch of seal that looks like a splash of wax. The interior is ingeniously twisted in order to prevent over-curious people from reading the contents through the edges; a practice common enough in those days when envelopes were not in being. We will, however, save ourselves the trouble of such a process, by simply opening the letter and reading it in the honest old-fashioned manner, begining at the "Dear Sir," and ending with "Yours truly."

London, 18—

Sir:—On the faith of your advertisement, inserted in the *London Times*, soliciting literary contributions to a magazine, for which ample remuneration would be given, I forwarded to your address a thrilling manuscript, entitled "Gasophoni, or the Ghastly Grecian of the Parthenon!" It is now eight months, and I have not heard a word from you in reply. I have no doubt but that you published my tale; in fact, you could not do any thing else, from its extraordinary vigor and peculiar appreciation of the ancient Athenian character; but I consider it exceedingly ungentlemanly of you not to forward me the moderate sum at which I valued this work of art. I would have you to know, Sir, that I am no tyro in the paths of literature. I am the author of that tragedy which was so celebrated two years ago in England, Ireland and Wales, entitled, "The Copper Coffin, or the Buried Bride." I have also written a novel, in six volumes, which has been pronounced by those who read it to be equal to the best parts of Fielding, and infinitely superior to any thing written by Tobias Smollett. This great work of art, I regret to say, I have not yet published, owing to the machinations of the author of "Tremaine," who, dreading a rival that promised to overturn his fame, has bribed all the publishers to reject my manuscript. I do not intrust you with the name of my novel, because, from your pecuniary conduct towards me, I feel dubious about your integrity. Thus you see, Sir, that the man whom you have treated with such neglect is not one of your mere Grub street scribblers, but a man well known to the *civilized* (so in MS.) literary world, and whose genius is the theme of admiration among numberless countesses and honorable Ladies Marys, who reside in the fashionable locality of Belgravia.

Perhaps, Sir, this letter will recall you to a sense of your duties. I shall expect a remittance by the next mail; for to tell you the truth, from a series of mysterious events which deeply involve the honor of a certain noble family, I have not for some time back been able to purchase a pair of boots. I have made certain arrangements with two pieces of carpet which serve me as a foot-covering after nightfall; but it is distressing to me, who possess a numerous circle of fashionable acquaintances, to be precluded from returning their visits by so paltry a consideration. Trusting that this letter will have its due effect in recalling you to a sense of literary honesty,

I remain, Sir,
Your obt. servant,
Theophilus Toggs.

A strange production. Egotism, impudence and servility, all mixed up together. Poor Toggs! perhaps he really wanted the money and the boots. If so, we are spared some painful reflections by discovering on the back of the letter the following short pencil note in Adam Eagle's handwriting: "Mem. Send Toggs fifty dollars and his MS." From this we presume that "Gasophoni" went back to its author, and that the associate of duchesses in Belgravia was enabled to purchase the much-longed-for boots.

Let us turn from the unfortunate Toggs in his garret, victim as he is to the untiring enmity of Robert Plumer Ward, and seek in the pages of Adam Eagle's volumes for some sweeter theme. Here, at the division, from which dropped out the bundle of letters—of which more will have to be said in some future number—here, where nestled for years the threats and supplications of Theophilus Toggs, we find two poems. The first is by our old friend Heremon; the last is by some weird contributor, who neither signs his productions with a *nom de plume* nor a substantial name, but simply draws, at the bottom of the page, a human face, with the lower section perfectly black, while the upper half is drawn in pure outline. What recondite meaning is attached to this monogram we know not, and are at a loss for some title by which to designate

him. An English friend, who is at our elbow, overcome by reminiscences of London stout, suggests that, as a delicate allusion to the sectional face we described above, it would perhaps be appropriate to call him "half and half." But we scorned the vulgar temptation, and prefer allowing our readers to baptize the eccentric poet, each according to his fancy.

Heremon's ode is eminently characterized by the usual peculiarities of that individual. He appears much wedded to the dithyrambic verse, and certainly masters the irregular harmony which is the soul of that metre. While reading the following, do we not seem to hear the sound of distant seas? Can you not discern in its surge-like rhythm the swelling of the long waves in dark corridors of caves? It seems as if some ocean shell was held to our ear, and was murmuring ever with sweet memories of the main!

THE CAPTIVE SEA-GULL.

BY HEREMON.

Bird of the wild, far-sweeping wing,
Why art thou here?
Who chained thee thus, thou ocean king,
To earth so dark and drear?
Thy home is where the free winds sing,
And the thunder tones of billows ring
Through caverns rocked with fear!

Did not thy proud heart burst,
Thou reckless rider of the stormy main,
When o'er thy unsullied plumage first
Was flung man's chain?
O thou whose infancy was nursed
'Mid all the freedom of the skies,
How could thy spirit prize
Life e'er again?

Tempests were at thy birth, and the white waves
Sprang up rejoicing round thy rugged home,
And, as a lullaby, from deep-mouthed caves
Wild ocean-songs would come.
Bathed in the breaker's foam,
Rocked into slumber on the swelling sea,
Never was wild bird's infancy
More bright or free.

No more—sad prophecy—ah, nevermore
Will joys like these unbind thy frozen heart;
The unreposing ocean and dark shore,
The giant cliffs, the cavern's hollow roar,
Now of thy narrow life can form no part,
All prisoned, pining, wretched as thou art!
Existence is a waste; thy soul lies dead;
The snows upon thy wing have melted there.
Drooped is that glorious head;
Stained is that bosom once so purely fair,
Dimmed is the broad, bright eye
That looked but from the billow to the sky!

Better, far better had thy life-blood dyed
The heaving sea;
Better thy last breath had been sighed
Where all was free!
Better had heedless waves triumphantly
Swept o'er thy pride
Than to a lone existence thus to cling,
And hear the wild winds mock at thy unlifted wing!

A deeper hand now strikes the lyre. The murmur of the ocean shell dies off into silence, and a strain laden with ghostliness and death rises from the harp of the weird contributor. Well may he have chosen the darkened face for his crest. A veil seems to shroud his nature, and his soul revels in mystery. Terror is the monotone which his heart utters when the wind of inspiration sweeps across its chords. His dwelling should be in some dark, German castle, with long corridors, deserted chambers, and pictures that occasionally come down from the wall of their own accord. A clanking spectre should stand every night at his bedside, and he should wear a "death-watch" in his fob. With such adjuncts as these, he of the darkened face might be qualified to fill the niche left vacant by Mrs. Radcliffe, or edit some ghastly magazine, which might perhaps be entitled "The Pyramid of Horrors."

We decidedly object as a rule to these tales of terror. They neither benefit society nor the author. We recollect the time when we could not ourselves write a tale without three murders in it, interspersed with a ghost or two. But these days are gone by with us; and henceforward we will stick to nature.

THE SHADOW BY THE TREE.

There grows in pleasant Manordene
As fair an elm as ever grew;
Its limbs are tough, its leaves are green;
Its rugged bark is healthy too.
But though it is a noble sight
For all that act an honest part,
To me it is the blackest blight
That ever withered up a heart.

Long, long ago, when I was young,
There lay, where now that fair elm stands,
A darksome pool where dank weeds clung,
And nightshade trailed its deadly bands.
The water-lillies, green and wide,
Spread half-way o'er its blackened face;
No ripple ever roughed its tide,
No wild bird lurked about the place.

One summer's eve, a fair girl stooped
To pluck a lily on the brink,
When two rough arms were round her looped;
She had no time to pray or think:

A muffled shriek—a heavy swing—
The water-lilies rose and fell.
What hand had done this horrid thing
I dare not say—I will not tell.

But from that hour an iron fate
Compelled me to the lonely pond;
From morning time to even late
I had no pleasant aim beyond.
I hovered round the swampy edge,
I gazed until I lost my breath;
It seemed alway as if the sedge
Was filled with stagnant shapes of death.

And lo! that sombre swamp in time
Became to me a place of dread.
The heavy plants smelt sick with crime;
The loathsome weeds—the stagnant bed,
The dark, dark waters of the place,
That turned the very sunshine black,
And in whose mirror my white face
Shone like a villain's on the rack.

The neighbors thought me crazed outright,
And pointed at me in my walk:
I went, a strange, distracted wight,
That muttered fiercely in his talk.
And when the boys and girls anear
Made holiday upon the green,
A listener would be sure to hear
About the Lord of Manordene.

And thus it passed, until I fell,
Oh! deadly sick with wandering there;
Then, thought I, 'twould be full as well
Blot out this source of dark despair.
But as its depths contained a sight
Unsuited to the honest day,
I dug an outlet one dark night,
And drained the waters all away.

Then, then with hard, unceasing toil
I worked until my fingers bled;
I shovelled in the healthy soil,
And strove to fill the vacant bed.
But when some lily, crushed by me,
Would gleam from out the creviced sod,
I'd start and fancy it was *she*
With pale hand pointing up to God!

I filled it in—I smoothed it o'er;
I trampled on it with my feet:
I never took such pains before
To make a spot of earth look sweet.
I scattered grass seeds round and round;
I brought primroses from the lea,
And in the centre of the mound
I planted deep, a young elm tree.

I was at peace for many a day;
Thrice seven summers shone for me;
I saw the hawthorn on the spray,
I smelled the cowslips on the lea.
The ripened grass obeyed the scythe,
The crimson hips with winter came,
While I had heart as gay and blithe
As any peasant loon could claim.

And lo! the elm meantime grew great;
Green grew the turf that I had laid;
And often round that place of Fate
My gentle, fair-haired Alice played.
Oh! she was innocent and fair,
With soul like summer heavens clear;
I thought no wicked thing would dare
Approach the spot while she was near.

But, like a swallow to its nest,
Comes back the deathless curse of crime:
Had man an adamantine breast,
'Twould worm through to his heart in time!
That I was free, I did believe;
I proudly vaunted I was free;
Yet in one quiet summer's eve
Came back that deadly curse to me!

My wife sat in the elm tree's shade,
And read a book upon her knee;
My fair-haired Alice round us played,
And sang with sweet unconscious glee;
She sang, like some young throstle wild,
An unconnected, wayward hymn;
When lo! between my wife and child,
There loomed a shadow huge and dim!

It thrust itself between the pair,
It clasped them in its deadly bound;
It mowed and flickered here and there,
And played fantastics on the ground.
It dwindled to a narrow spot;
It towered among the branches high;
Then grew so great as if 'twould blot
With one vast veil the evening sky.

I could not breathe, I could not speak;
My heart, like dazzled bird, lay still.
I *felt* the shadow on my cheek,
And wondered had it power to kill.
But still it flickered here and there;
The hideous wanton came and fled,
Until, in my intense despair,
I wished the whole wide world was dead.

I hurried both my treasures home,
And strove to talk in accents gay;
But the bright smile would feebly come:
My mirth chased others' mirth away.
All, all were heavy with the blight,
The shadow would not be defied;
And in the middle of that night
My gentle, fair-haired Alice died.

Then day and night, and night and day,
I roamed around that haunted tree;
And, with its dark, disgusting play,
The shadow came and sat by me:
It played until my brain grew hot;
It sat until my heart grew chill.
Oh! had it but one mortal spot,
I had the hand and nerve to kill.

And every day I wander there,
To face the shadow on the mound;
But wisdom sometimes helps despair—
I'll meet it on its own dread ground!
Let shade with shade for victory fight,
From human bonds and fetters free;
Oh! yes, by Heaven, this very night
Will see *two* Shadows by the Tree!

THE PITTSBURG CONVENTION.

The spectacle of third parties, offshooting from the two great political bodies of which our nation is made up, is not unaccustomed or inexplicable. Their existence is well nigh coeval with our history, and the reasons for their growth have never lain very deeply hid from the public eye. At certain times the nation has seen two or three "third" parties striving at once for the great objects of party existence. At other times the two great popular divisions have seemed entirely free from internal disorganizations. These periods of calm and outbreak, of serenity and storm, have continued for many years to succeed each other with such regularity, that it is not unsafe to predict their perpetual alternate occurrence in future, at least for so long a time as nations are subject to error, and the agitations of political strife continue to vex the reason and arouse the passions of men.

The history of our politics, however, has not yet recorded a time so fruitful of "third" parties as the present. Holding aloof from Whigs and Democrats, we find the Union Party of the South, antagonistic to nullification and secession, uncommitted on the great measures of financial policy between which the Republic is called to choose, and at this late hour of the day endeavoring to force an unsuccessful nomination upon that great statesman, Daniel Webster. Not far removed by territory, but widely separated in sentiment from this body, stand the party of Secessionists, miscalled State Rights men, with whom the preservation of our national confederation weighs lightly in the scale against the maintenance of local privilege. Closely allied in theory with the latter faction, we find that small body of agitators whose principles have been long advocated by Garrison and Wendell Phillips. Pursuing trains of political reasoning in a direction still different from any we have mentioned, are the Land Reformers, whose votes are not yet entirely separated from either of the great parties. Finally, the rear is brought up by that largest and just now most noticeable of the "third" parties, the "Free-Soil Democracy," in whose political creed so much of good and evil is mingled, so much of vital energy and hopeless abstraction, so much of consistent truth and chaotic error, that it is both impolitic and unjust to refuse them some share of that consideration which they claim, or to ignore the influence which, in the present disposition of our politics, they have brought to bear upon society.

The observer, affiliated, we will suppose, with no party, and having for his object the simple maintenance of truth, discovers, coeval with the existence of the confederate Republic of the United States, the existence also of colored servitude. He observes in the compact made between thirteen young and feeble States, for their mutual strength, growth and safety, the recognition of the rights of each State to the preservation of such institutions as shall be deemed by that State most wise and expedient, and the recognition also of the duty of sister States to throw no impediment in the way of such State action. He discovers the number of States gradually increasing, and their limits extending in different directions. He sees each adopting a different system of internal legislation and economy from that of its neighbors, and yet paying the same reverence to the Central Government, and contributing its proper share for its maintenance. In this State, the judiciary is elective; in that, the bench is filled by legislative appointment. In one State, suffrage is restricted; in another the man without an acre tenders his vote as freely as the largest landholder. On one side of a State line, governors are chosen for two years; on the other side, they can hold office during one year only. In one State, debtors shall shudder at the sight of a prison; in a neighboring State, no such terrors shall be known. In this State it shall be considered lawful to hold colored persons in servitude; in that State no such power shall exist, and equal rights and privileges shall be granted to all. With such distinctions, but with a common bond of sympathy and reliance, he finds the United States confederated under the Constitution.

He finds, also, from time to time, large tracts of territory under the jurisdiction of the Central Government, not yet divided into States, and incapable, by reason of a scanty

population, of being at once so divided. Congress—that is, the representatives of the several States—decides upon the methods of internal legislation that shall prevail in these territories during their periods of territorial existence. Congress appoints the Governor and the Judge, directs the course of the roads and the levelling of the forest, regulates the finances, determines the method of the popular suffrage, and decides whether colored servitude shall be allowed or proscribed. In this manner, in Congressional jurisdiction over territories, as well as in internal State legislation, the principle of the supremacy of the majority is never for an instant lost sight of. If the majority in any State vote to restrict suffrage, suffrage becomes restricted, nor can Congress or other States interfere to prevent. The majority, then, in any State is a sacred and inviolable force. If a majority of representatives in Congress—that is, if a majority of the people—vote to make the judiciary of any territory elective, or to prohibit the holding of slaves in any territory, this expression of sentiment becomes a binding law, only to be reversed by a subsequent counter majority, or by a counter decision on the part of the inhabitants of the State or States into which that territory shall ultimately be resolved. Nothing can be more harmonious with the idea of a free government than this system of State and Congressional legislation.

In fifteen of the thirty-one States of which this Union now consists, he finds an institution with which he may or may not sympathize, but of whose legal right to exist, provided the majority will it, he has no more doubt than of the legality of an elective judiciary, or of a free suffrage, which a preponderance of the popular vote may have sanctioned. He finds, as a matter of fact, great diversity of sentiment in the several communities where this institution is in operation, relative to its effects upon society. By one class of the population it is unhesitatingly styled an evil. By another class it is spoken of as a peculiar necessity of the localities where it is found, but a dangerous thing if allowed to extend itself beyond its present limits. Another class view it with indifference, and appear to have given themselves very little thought about the matter, regarding it as one of those facts which must exist for wise reasons when existing at all, and which are in the best condition when least talked about. Still another class are enthusiastic in their praise of this specialty, and are urgent for its extension. The natural conservative feeling, therefore, of the citizens of these States, deters them from any instant change of this institution, although it is more than doubtful whether, in event of its non-existence, they would be strenuous for its creation. And in fact, the desire for its expansion is not so strong but that a majority of the fifteen States shall move but languidly in its favor, while the larger part of the remainder shall take positive and unequivocal ground against it.

Our observer finds also, that a majority of the people of the United States have voted that this institution shall never exist in any territory under the jurisdiction of the Republic, lying north of the line of latitude 36° 30′. He finds that the same majority have decided that in all territories lying south of this line of latitude, this institution may or may not exist, just as Congress shall hereafter determine. And he finds in addition, that in case of its entire prohibition throughout all territory under the jurisdiction of the Central Government, any State hereafter formed out of such territory shall be at liberty to introduce this institution, or to pass laws excluding it for ever from its boundaries, just as the majority of the State shall decide. Such are the facts, at a knowledge of which he soon arrives; and he cannot have conducted the search without feeling at the end a sincere reverence for the wisdom of the fathers of our confederation, and a hearty concurrence in that doctrine of the right of the majority, which is at once the mainspring and the balance-wheel of Republicanism.

The facts which our observer has learned being supposed to be common knowledge to all intelligent Americans, the course of that party recently represented at the Pittsburg Convention becomes capable of fair and thorough examination. Out of the many "Third" parties now prevalent in the United States, this is perhaps the most extensive, and certainly engrosses much the largest share of public attention. Let us therefore style it as, *par excellence*, *the* Third Party. And, first, let us see from what time it dates its origin.

The annexation of Texas,—a measure resisted to the last extremity by the Whigs, in view of the bloodshed that was foreseen as its

inevitable consequence,—among other wonderful results, revealed the fact that the Mexican Government would not be able, in event of a future war, to make successful headway against the expansive force of the United States; and that the time would come when a well-trained army of Americans could make conquest of all territories between Texas and the Isthmus. It also displayed the concomitant truth, that a vast portion of Southern Democrats were actively in favor of such a movement, and only waited a reasonable opportunity for a declaration of war against Mexico, as a step to the occupation of Mexican territory,and the extension of slave States as far south as Darien. It also displayed the fact, that the great body of Southern Whigs were not in favor of such a scheme of violence, and that the Whig party at the North would resist it to the last, as a direct blow at one of their most cherished principles—the principle of extension only by peaceful means; by treaty or by purchase, and not by conquest. The majority of Northern Democrats, following the Free-Trade dictum, with which war and rapine are in perfect consonance, sided at once with the Southern wing of their party. A small minority, chiefly from the States of New-York and Ohio, refused to share in this movement; adopted resolutions as remote as possible from the creed of their late associates; thus placing themselves in that most uninfluential position, a position of extremism, and nominated Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency. The result of their secession is very well known. It only served to swell the already inevitable majority by which General Taylor was triumphantly carried into the Presidential chair, and rebounded upon their then leaders with sufficient force to send them back again into the ranks of the old-line Democracy, where we find them at this very moment, actively working in support of the regular nominees of the party which they once declared corrupt, and unworthy of the sympathy of honest men.

Meanwhile, the faction to which they first gave consistency, while it has lost its ancient leaders, has not suffered itself to be swallowed up in their wake. Its organization still continues, although its gathering masses are no more electrified with the eloquence of the Van Burens, nor its scheming managers flattered by the sidelong sympathies of Benton and the covert advice of Dix. Since the defection of these notable and powerful men, it has gradually absorbed the doctrines and the men of the old abolition party, until the latter are left with very few distinctive and peculiar features, and with a very weak and insignificant remnant of those worthies who formerly amazed us with the mingled patriotism and seditiousness of their sentiments, and caused us to lament the perversion of their ideas not less than to admire the sincerity with which they endeavored to inculcate them. Nor have these doctrines been absorbed without making themselves manifest upon the surface of the party organization. The "Third Party" has very materially altered since the brief rule of Van Buren. It has grown from infancy to manhood, and the period of transition has not been passed without the exhibition of radical and constitutional changes. We are not uncharitable in believing that the development has been attended with unhealthy symptoms; or, at least, that the constitution of the adult is marked by certain conformations which were not perceptible in the frame of the young and tender child.

The point which the Whigs undertook to prove in 1848, and which they succeeded in proving without the assistance of a "Third Party," was the unlimited authority of a majority of Congress in legislation over the internal economy of all territories belonging to the United States. Against the enforcement of this doctrine, Northern and Southern aggressionists made an obstinate but fruitless struggle. With this settlement, however, the Whig party remained contented, and their satisfaction was founded on reasonable grounds. To have gone farther; to have denied the right of any States that should hereafter be organized out of those territories to legislate for themselves; would have been to assume a burden of proof under which their original axiom would have been hopelessly buried. Had they attempted it, they would have lost all. Of the evil effects that would have ensued we can form but slight guess. The nation has already been sorely agitated, and human sagacity can hardly surmise a state of affairs more critical than that through which we have passed. But to those of our readers who make full allowance for the debate always attendant upon national questions, and who know by how much "a part is better than the whole," the stand taken by the

Whig party in 1848, and not since contested by any considerable party in the United States, will ever appear one of the most liberal and comprehensive acts of statesmanship in the record of our national history. It was a triumphant vindication of the *right of a majority;* it was an honest recognition of the rights of future States; and, not least of all, it showed the strength of the party when tested by a great and perilous emergency.

In attempting to go farther, any body of men must insist on things entirely unreasonable and impossible to be granted, or must contradict themselves. Starting with the axioms, first, that a majority of Congress is of valid and binding power; secondly, that such a majority has full authority in legislating for territories; thirdly, that Congress has no power over the internal legislation of States; and fourthly, that States, when created, have complete authority in and over themselves; starting with these axioms, we say, what force do any party hope to exert over new States, other than a moral force of argument or example? How do such a party propose to compel the internal economy of new States which may hereafter ask for shelter under our national flag? Republican instinct tells us that the only possible mode of effecting such an object is by peopling such States with a majority of that party. In so doing, their rule would follow peacefully and legitimately. As a minority in the State, they could vote and argue. Entirely outside of the State, and at a distance, ithey could affect its legislation by argument alone.

The representatives of the "Third Party" in Convention assembled at Pittsburg, August 12th, 1852, have not escaped the dilemma at which we hinted at the commencement of the preceding paragraph, and have impaled themselves upon the horn of inconsistency. They resolve that a "settlement of the slavery question can only be looked for by leaving to the States the whole subject of slavery;"* and they also resolve, that "to the persevering and importunate demands of the slave power for more slave States, our distinct and final answer is, No more slave States," &c. See Resolution sixth.

Now here is a direct and manifest incongruity. We believe, with nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of sensible American citizens, no matter of what politics, that the subject of slavery should be left to the legislation of the several States; and for the simple reason, that no other human authorities have any power to interfere with slavery in the States. We are, therefore, the more surprised when a respectable and talented body of men, who profess to entertain similar views, declare, in addition, that no States favoring this institution shall hereafter be admitted into the Union; that is, that Congress shall interfere directly with the internal legislation of States; that is, that it shall leave the choice of slavery to new States, and shall then prohibit it in the same States, under penalty of denial to the privileges of the confederation. We are at a loss to reconcile these inconsistencies. We are firm believers in the former postulate of the two which the Convention has so strangely connected. We cannot doubt that the several members of that Convention are firm believers in it also. To what other conclusion, then, can we arrive, than that they have committed an error of language, and have subscribed to a sentiment in which, from the very nature of the case, they can place no credence? In physics, two particles of matter cannot occupy the same space at once. Equally impossible is it that two beliefs of diametrically opposite nature shall at any one period of time find lodgment in the same mind.

We have always been taught to believe that the admission of a new State into the American Union depended upon certain conditions lying outside of the sphere of individual conscience. In the first place, any territory desiring to become a State must possess sixty thousand inhabitants. Again, the sense of Congress would demand that it should be free from disturbing alliances with other nations. Further, it must respond in good faith to the articles of confederation. The State agreeing to these

* Resolution 8th. "*Resolved*, That no permanent settlement of the slavery question can be looked for, except in the practical recognition of the truth, that slavery is sectional and freedom national; by the total separation of the General Government from slavery, and the exercise of its legitimate and constitutional influence upon the side of freedom, and by leaving to the States the whole subject of slavery, and the extradition of fugitives from service."

and other conditions, Congress has power to admit it, and in no instance has membership yet been refused. Circumstances may occur to delay it, of which we have seen several noteworthy and interesting instances, but a direct denial would be a strange and ominous precedent—such a precedent as we hope never to witness.

Admitting that the "Third Party," if attaining a majority, would attempt to refuse admission to the Union, once and for ever, to any State tolerating the institution of slavery within its borders; admitting this, we say, let us suppose a case as nearly parallel as possible, and draw our inference as to the tenableness of their position by the help of an analogy. We may in this manner be guided to that recognition of truth to which we wish to attain.

Let us suppose that we are an ardent supporter of the Maine Law. Let us grant that its operation, in the three States where it has been tried, has been productive of immense and unmixed good. Let us suppose that it has depopulated the almshouse, and converted the prison into a granary; that it has made all men laborious, frugal, and domestic; that it has silenced quarrels, and restored and healed broken friendships; that it has filled the school-house and the church; that it has covered fields with plenty, and made towns busy with industrious productiveness. Let us imagine it extending over thirteen other States, and with each step causing its advantages to become more and more manifest. We will conjecture that, at this stage of its progress, the rapidity of its march becomes checked; a portion of the remaining States waver and hesitate, but do not at once adopt it; the other fraction disavow it entirely, and assert their disinclination to impose such a restriction upon their inhabitants. In the mean time, while crime, misery, and want are almost unknown in those States by which this law has been adopted; the same proportion of these evils with which society has hitherto been disfigured continues to exist in the States that have not submitted to the restriction. In one portion of the Union, we will say, felonies and murders have well nigh disappeared; in the other the number of yearly committals for these crimes maintain their present ratio to the amount of population. Let us now set this sumptuary institution as a parallel to that of colored servitude. It may be that we have over-colored the picture. We certainly have not made it too favorable to the latter institution.

A portion of a territory, in which Congress has hitherto enforced this law, being furnished with sufficient population, ask for admission to the Union as an independent State. The subject is agitated by the people; various questions are raised, and satisfactorily disposed of. At last, in the Maine Law States, it is inquired if the new State intends to incorporate that law into its domestic legislation. The answer is a negative. Petitions thereupon flow into Congress, praying that the would-be State may not be allowed membership in the confederacy. Counter petitions flow in from different quarters. The nation is divided. Its different sections assume attitudes of threatening hostility. Evils, at whose mention men shudder, appear imminent and near. Are we romancing? asks the reader; could such an event happen by any possibility? Would not the sober sense of the community at once check its progress? Can the rejection of any State be legitimately made on a simple issue of individual conscience?

To this last question we wish to direct the attention of the "Third Party." If they answer it in the negative, as they might be supposed to, judging by the Eighth resolution of the Pittsburg Platform, there is no particular necessity for their party existence, and they rush at once to the level of a faction, with the additional odium of having in mere wantonness done very much to defeat the counsels of liberal and patriotic men. Let us suppose the question answered in the affirmative, according to the Sixth resolution. The party then appears before us as a conscientious organization, armed with a moral purpose, and animated by a zeal which, if judged by us to be not "according to knowledge," is still something to be treated with respect, and fairly reasoned with. No party can honestly defend, as a minority, what they would not support as a majority: a majority therefore, by the tenets of our "Third Party" friends, ought to exclude from the Union—

1st. All States tolerating a different religion from that system of belief which they, the majority, declare binding and lawful.

2d. All States not concurring in laws relating to the purchase and use of ardent spirits, which are approved and deemed necessary by the said majority.

3d. All States possessing any institution whatever, not considered expedient by this majority, whether the institution of the entailment of estates, or of an elective judiciary, or of a free banking system, or of colored servitude.

Can a majority ever be found who would legislate after this fashion? If this is not the essence of despotism, it would be difficult to find it.

It is not credible, however, that the "Third Party" are acting solely from impulse. They have maintained their present platform so long, that we must conclude they assumed it deliberately. It will therefore assist us in our survey of their position to make a distinction between the two parts of which they are composed—between the leaders and the followers, the artful and the sincere, the unscrupulous and the conscientious. By ascribing that state of feeling to each, which each actually possesses, we shall present the party in a fair light before our readers, and shall do them precisely that measure of justice to which they are entitled.

And first of the leaders of the "Third Party," we will simply say that we place very little confidence in their political honesty. It is worthy of note that while the mass of the party are drawn from the Whig ranks, the great majority of their leaders come from the columns of the sham Democracy. They assume their sovereignty for very obvious reasons, and they are not apt to hold it after it has ceased to be of use. The Third Party have aided quite signally in producing Loco-foco victories, and their most prominent men have shaped this result by encouraging the defection of Whigs from their own candidates and principles, and by leading them to the polls to throw away their votes, no matter for what man, so long as his gain was the loss of the Whig nominee. Who can forget the immense defection of Whigs in 1844, in the States of New-York and Ohio, in favor of the Third Party candidate, put in nomination by Barnburner leaders, and the great game attempted by the Van Burens in 1848, which, fortunately for the nation, resulted unsuccessfully, and whose failure sent the Van Burens, father and son, back to the old line Democracy, closely followed by Marcy and B. F. Butler, *et id genus omne?* Such men are from time to time the leaders of the "Third Party," and their object would appear too obvious to be mistaken, but that the unsuspicious honesty of the mass of the party causes them to lose all sagacity and political penetration, and follow their deceivers with an alacrity almost without parallel.

For we believe, in the second place, that the "Third Party," leaving out of view their fuglemen, runners, and office-seekers, who cluster round their ranks in bad profusion, are honest in their intentions and sincere in their creed. They are mostly from the Whig Party, certainly in the proportion of two Whigs to one Democrat, men of strong impulses, strong faith in abstract right, possessing no regard for consequences, and for the most part violently radical. They are men who regard Progress as only good when it is immediate, and whose conservatism is so narrow that it includes nothing which is at all imperfect. Having a horror of one style of political cant, they addict themselves strongly to the use of another. They have very little unanimity, since the individual will of each member of the party is held to be of equal value with the will of a majority, or of all. It is one of their cardinal points of belief, that a candidate should be deserted if any one of the system of measures which he favors is disagreeable to the voter. This would be very well, were it not the most prolific source of political dishonesty in candidates. A candidate for office naturally desires to be elected, else he would not be a candidate at all; and how great does the temptation to suppress a full statement of his principles become, when he knows that a single obnoxious sentiment may subject him to the ostracism of one half his constituents! To reject a candidate because you differ from him in a solitary point, should be the exception, not the rule

Again, the "Third Party" are honest in proposing certain great measures of public policy, although their present organization is the surest way of defeating, or at least of very seriously retarding their adoption. The Tenth resolution of the Pittsburg Convention, "that the River and Harbor improvements, when necessary to the safety and convenience of commerce with foreign nations, or among the several States, are objects of national concern, and it is the duty of Congress, in the exercise of its constitutional powers, to provide for the same;" this resolution, we say, advocates a most beneficent measure, for which the Whig Party

have for many years zealously contended, and against which Locofocoism has ever been peculiarly bitter. The Convention was also sincere and philanthropic in advocating cheap ocean and inland postage, and in defending the Land Reform Bill, by which limited quantities of government land are to be granted free of cost to actual settlers. The Convention, in proposing these measures, showed clearly enough the source whence the majority of its members were derived. The parentage of River and Harbor Bills in past years is easily traced. In the majority by which letter postage was reduced two fifths, in the session of 1850–51, the reader will find a preponderance of Whig votes. In the House of Representatives of the Congress just adjourned, Whig members voted for the Land Reform Bill almost in solid column. We would not undertake to say that the "Third Party" entirely ignore these facts, but their conduct certainly looks very much like it. But we would cheerfully overlook all the errors of the "Third Party," and extend our charity even to the wilful delinquencies of their leaders, did we believe such a party to be necessary. We cannot, however, discern the imperative reasons for their existence. Leaving out of the question their views on River and Harbor Improvements, Cheap Postage and Land Reform, on which measures they cannot be more intent than the Whigs and the more progressive part of the Democrats, their only speciality is opposition to slavery, manifested in two forms: by refusing it entrance in the Territories, and by refusing admission to such States as have decided to allow the institution within their borders. The first form of opposition is by no means peculiar to themselves, having been from the first a prominent measure of the Whigs. The second form is one whose legality and propriety cannot ever be recognized by any considerable portion of the nation. Entertaining as we do the profound conviction that slavery is an evil, and a disadvantage to the United States, and prepared as we are to vote and write against its existence in the Territories, we do not consider ourselves authorized to refuse the political privileges of the Union to a State peopled by American citizens, on account of its toleration of an institution which we consider injurious and unadvisable. We say this not so much because we are anxious for the preservation of the Union, for we are confident that the Union will stand much severer shocks than it has already received, but because we have no *right* to vote out such States. We were told not long since, by an ardent supporter of Hale and Julian, that he would vote against the admission of a State where there was no anti-liquor law, provided opportunity should occur. Here and there such men may be found, but their views will not and cannot be sustained by that sense of political right and equity for which as a nation we are distinguished. And because the Third Party work transverse to this moral sense, a part wittingly and a larger part unwittingly, we consider their existence mischievous and needless.

As a concise and fair statement of the sense of the Whig Party relative to that issue whence the "Third Party" derive their organization, we quote from a former number of this journal. It may not satisfy the supporters of Hale. But if it is to be styled "Hunkerism," then we will candidly admit that we desire to be nothing better than "Hunkers:"

"*By assiduous writing, speaking, and teaching, the Whig party had, after many years of almost hopeless effort, succeeded in creating a powerful opinion against the extension of slavery over new territory.* They had succeeded in convincing the South that every additional acre of cotton cultivated by slave labor would serve only to lower the price of cotton, and diminish the profits of the older planters. They had succeeded in convincing the South that its true policy was rather to diminish than to increase the number of cotton planters. They had shown them moreover, nay, had convinced them, as they had convinced the entire North, *that Congress had full power either to extend or to limit slavery in the territories of the nation.* They had also established the doctrine that the sovereignty of a State created upon new territory was perfect from the instant of its birth, and that new States could not be interfered with to force them either to suppress or to erect among themselves the institution of slavery. It was the original doctrine of the Whigs that new States should legislate for or against slavery on their own responsibility, and with full powers. This doctrine, so unluckily appropriated by the Whigs, was of no avail to either section of their adversaries, except under a very bold and dangerous system of lying and misrepresentation, such as is followed by the *Union* newspaper."*

On this ground, as national Whigs, we take our stand, and call upon all true Whigs and lovers of freedom—all "free Demo-

* American Whig Review, December, 1849.

crats," not of sham professions, but of real intention and purpose—to place themselves by us. The "Third Party" are not only committing the folly of defeating themselves, but they are risking the best interests of the nation.† They are throwing means in the way of the sham Democracy, one of whose prospective measures is the permission of slavery in the Territories. Many of their members are agitating factious sentiments in precisely that quarter where generous and manly argument alone is of any potency, and are arousing a deep and bitter opposition to the name of freedom, which can only be removed with great difficulty. And all this for an illusory and vain chimera!

We have outrun the limits within which we had intended to confine this article. We approached the subject with sensitiveness; we dismiss it with regret. The point where individual moralities and national politics merge, the one into the other is yet debatable; but certain misfortune awaits that party or that nation by whom it is located very far wide of its true position. It is melancholy to see men groping for it in blindness and in error. It is more melancholy to see them misapprehend its relations, and so bring upon themselves the sure retribution of national indignation. But most melancholy is it to see men of knowledge and ambition sacrificing the one to the imperious

† As one of the many arguments addressed to the "Third Party" by journals heretofore not denouncing such an organization, but now fully awake to its mischievousness, we append an extract or two from the Pittsburg *Gazette:*

"We are brought one step nearer to the point at issue between ourselves and our Free-soil brethren. Will they permit us to ask them a few plain questions?

"Are you ready to dissolve the Union? and do you desire to do so?

"If you answer in the affirmative, than why are you seeking to elect a man of your party as President of the *United* States? Would it not be better to initiate measures for the abrogation of the Constitution, and the establishment of a new confederacy, from which slavery shall be excluded?

"But, as your answer is, that you have no such object, permit us to ask you how you expect to live in union with men with whom you refuse to hold political fellowship? Do you not see that the rule you propose to yourselves, whatever may be your intentions with regard to the integrity and preservation of the Union, is tantamount to its dissolution? for the very idea of union presupposes reciprocal political action.

"We may—nay, if you please, we are bound to—bear our testimony with all possible earnestness against the system of slavery; but we contend with equal earnestness that we are not exonerated from the duties which our union with the slaveholders imposes upon us; and that any action, intended to separate us from them, is essentially revolutionary.

"The great majority of those who compose the Free-soil party are earnest, Christian men; and we know that they will not treat lightly the teachings of Him whose name they bear. 'I pray not,' said He of his disciples, 'that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.' Do our Free-soil friends think, in view of these remarkable words, that it is His will that they should take themselves out of the Union, or out of the two great parties which divide the country? The world needed the disciples of the Redeemer; and if these Free-soil men are Christians, the Union needs them, the Whigs need them, the Democrats need them—not as antagonists, but as citizens, as friends, as guides, as co-workers.

* * * * *

"We charge upon our Free-soil friends that they have left the post of danger and of efficient service. Whom do the champions of slavery most fear, and at whom do they aim their heaviest blows? Are they directed against William Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, or even at John P. Hale, or Joshua R. Giddings? By no means; for so long as these gentlemen occupy the positions they do, they strengthen slavery by thwarting and baffling the efforts of the men who are laboring to arrest its progress and resist its claims. Weakened by their desertion, the friends of freedom in the North have been forced to give way somewhat. In 1844, the action of fifteent housand 'Liberty men' in New-York gave the vote of that State to Mr. Polk, which secured his election, and thus entailed upon the country the calamitous measures of the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, with all its disturbing sequences. * * * *

"The battle of slavery, if fought in such a manner as to give any hope of succor and relief to the slave, must be fought *in* the Union, and *in* one of the great parties into which the whole Union is divided. Any other course must either result in nothing, or in a separation of the free from the slaveholding sections of the Union, leaving the slaves still in bondage; unless, to the calamities of political dissolution, it is proposed to add the still greater calamities which would attend any attempt at forcible emancipation.

"Suppose, for argument's sake, that they should desire to do this great evil that good might come, we tell our Free-soil friends that they *cannot* do it. The vast majority of the American people will never consent to break up this confederacy for that or any such purpose. Nor do we believe that one in twenty of the gentlemen who met in convention in this city last week have any such design; but we beg of them to look dispassionately at the inevitable tendency of their movement. We reiterate the great truth, that, situated as we are as a nation, to refuse political communion with slaveholders is to dissolve the Union, the moment the party so refusing shall become a majority."

needs of the other, and deceiving long trains of followers on the most vital matter of political ethics. Let us not inquire what Justice has in store for such hypocritical baseness. It is sufficiently significant that their success is by necessity as short as it is mean.

As for us, sound, practical Whig citizens, we have our principles to defend and maintain, free of faction or bitterness. Shall we forget, in view of the election just at hand, that to that Army or Party entering battle in a just cause, Success is the First Duty; Defeat is the First Danger?

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

Want of space compels us to be brief in the foreign department of the monthly summary of the Review.

In England, the press in general censure Lord Derby's precipitation in the matter of the Fisheries, and seem greatly averse to any collision between England and the United States; an opinion, we believe, equally prevalent among all people here, with the exception of some corrupt and reckless prints, who seem to have as little political foresight as honesty. The Australian emigration still goes on with unabated vigor. Nor is there any falling off in demand for freight or passage. The tonnage likely to sail between this date and the end of September, from English and Scotch ports, is estimated at little under 80,000 tons. Up to the date of the last arrival, the prices of American stocks had not changed—a good omen of a speedy and amicable adjustment of the fishery dispute. The trial of the Stockport rioters took place at Chester. All the Irish prisoners were found guilty on the first and second counts, charging a riot, and of unlawfully assembling.

In France, the President has published an act of amnesty, in which he grants permission to certain political exiles to return to Paris, but at the same time neutralizes his bounty by the license which he has given to his party papers to ridicule and abuse those for whose benefit the decree was promulgated. The Feast of Eagles, which took place on the 15th of August, passed off tamely enough. The President was received respectfully, but not with that brilliant enthusiasm which was perhaps counted upon. The fire-works, which had been planned on so grand a scale, were a complete failure; and the grand ball at the *Marché des Innocens* was postponed on account of the weather. The marriage of Louis Napoleon with the Princess of Wasa appears to be very uncertain. It is stated that the lady's father is opposed to the match, but we have little doubt but that Russia and Austria are at the bottom of the opposition. A commission has been charged with the examination of the French coast defenses. They have commenced with Cherbourg.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

In the Senate, August 16th, on motion of Mr. Cass, the bill providing for the construction of a ship canal about the Falls of St. Mary was taken up. An amendment to the bill, proposing to substitute an appropriation of $400,000 for 500,000 acres of the public lands, was rejected by a vote of 32 to 21. The bill was supported by Mr. Cass, Mr. Underwood, and Mr. Pratt, and was opposed by Mr. Butler and Mr. Douglas. As the bill has been at last pushed aside to await the action of another session, it is only necessary here to say that it is opposed chiefly by Democrats as a work of *construction*, and defended chiefly by Whigs as a work of *improvement*—as being nothing more nor less than the most economical mode of completing the water communication from the western shores of Lake Superior to the Atlantic ocean. We intend to discuss this subject at greater length when it is next brought before Congress. Meanwhile we will say that the sympathies of the people of the West are strongly in favor of the bill, and that the opening of the communication which it proposes cannot fail to be of benefit to the States at large. Left to single State action, it would not be completed in many years.

On Tuesday, August 24, in the Senate, the River and Harbor Bill being under consideration, Mr. Douglas offered an amendment, which we put on record, as we may refer to it again, at length, in the body of this Review:

"Sec.—*And be it further enacted*, That Congress hereby consent that each State may authorize the public authorities of any city or town within its limits, which may be situated on the coast of the Atlantic or Pacific oceans or of the Gulf of Mexico, or on the banks of any bay or arm of the sea connecting therewith, or on the shores of Lakes Champlain, Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, Michigan, or Superior, or on the banks of any bay or arm of the lake connecting with either of said lakes, to levy duties of tonnage not exceeding ten cents per ton, upon boats and vessels of every description entering the harbor or waters within the limits of such city or town:

"*Provided*, That the funds derived from such duties shall be expended exclusively in constructing, enlarging, deepening, improving, and securing safe and commodious harbors and entrances thereto, at such cities and towns, and shall be applied to no other purpose whatever; *And provided further*, That no more or higher duties shall be charged

than shall be necessary for the purposes herein specified: and Congress hereby consents, also, that the several States bordering on said lakes or either of them, or any two or more of said States, through their joint action by agreement and compact with each other, may make or cause to be made such works and structures as shall be necessary to improve and render safe and convenient the navigation of said lakes, or either of them, and of the channels connecting them together, either by deepening the channels or by artificial communications; and for this purpose they may, by a uniform rule, divert a portion of the tonnage duties not exceeding four cents per ton, collected at all the towns and cities within the States entering into such agreement and compact; and in case any canal or artificial communication shall be made, reasonable tolls may be collected thereon sufficient to defray the expense of keeping the same in repair, but no more.

"SEC.—*And be it further enacted*, That in all cases where any navigable river or water may be situated, wholly or in part, within the limits of any State, Congress hereby consents that the Legislature thereof may provide for the improvement of the navigation of so much of said river or water as shall be wholly within the limits of such State, and for this purpose may levy duties of tonnage, not exceeding ten cents per ton, upon all boats and vessels navigating the same: *Provided*, That the funds derived from such duties shall be expended solely in improving and rendering safe and secure such navigation, and shall be applied to no other purpose whatever; and that no more or higher duties shall be collected than may be necessary for the objects herein specified.

"SEC.—*And be it further enacted*, That in all cases where any navigable river or water may be situated in, or in part form the boundary of any two or more States, Congress hereby consents that such States or any number of them, through their joint action, by agreement and compact with each other, may provide for the improvement of the navigation of such river or waters, and for this purpose may lay duties of tonnage. not exceeding ten cents per ton, upon all boats and vessels navigating the same: *Provided*, That the funds derived from said duties shall be expended solely in improving and rendering safe and secure such navigation, and shall be applied to no other purpose; and that no more or higher duties shall be collected than may be necessary for the objects herein specified."

Mr. Douglas argued that this system of procuring money for the improvement of rivers and harbors would insure a steadier and larger supply than appropriations by Congress. Mr. D. proposed that the nine Mississippi States should each choose a commissioner to adjust the tolls and attend to their collection. The Senator said that the captains and pilots of steamboats were better judges of necessary improvements than government engineers.

Mr. Cass was opposed to haste. He also remarked that these tonnage duties must inevitably fall upon the Western producer, and not upon the Eastern merchant. He condemned the plan as unequal in its effects on different classes.

Mr. Smith followed at length. He opposed the amendment as unconstitutional. It is provided by the Constitution that "no State shall, without the consent of Congress, *lay any duty of tonnage*," &c. But, continued he, "The Senator first proposes that Congress shall consent that a State 'may authorize the public authorities of any city or town within its limits' to levy duties of tonnage to the amount and for the purpose indicated. Now, the Constitution authorizes no such proceedings. According to the clause already referred to, the *State* is to pass an act laying the 'duty of tonnage,' which is to become valid on receiving the sanction of Congress.

"But what does the Senator propose? Not that Congress should give its assent to a law passed by a State levying tonnage duties, but that it should sanction an act to be passed by any State empowering 'the public authorities of any city or town within its limits' to levy such duties. Now, who are the authorities of a city or town? We can form some conception as to who are the authorities of a city: they are ordinarily the Mayor, Board of Aldermen and Common Council of such city. But who are the authorities of a town? Can any one tell? Perhaps the Senator contemplates a levy by the high constable of each town. I should like to have him explain his meaning. We have here a singular state of things—the assent of Congress to the assent of a State to the levy of tonnage duties by a high constable, or somebody—we know not who—called the 'authorities of a town.'"

Mr. Smith inquired how the levies would be made. Would vessels be liable to stoppage at all points of their voyage? And who would in reality pay these charges? "Who is to pay these tonnage duties in case this ill-advised scheme is carried into effect? We will suppose that a farmer in northern Illinois raises 500 bushels of wheat, which he sends to the New-York market, to obtain means to pay for his land, or support his family, or both. On arrival at Chicago, some tax-gatherer, or publican, (as they were called in old times,) makes a grab at it in the nature of tonnage duties, to improve the harbor of that place; at the St. Clair Flats another publican makes another grab, to open a channel there; at Buffalo another grab, for the use of the harbor at that place; and, finally, at Albany, another grab, to subdue the overslaugh below that city. How much of the wheat of the poor farmer would remain after running the gauntlet of all these tax-gatherers, and after being subjected to all these exactions? Or, if the farmer of northern or middle Illinois chooses to ship his wheat to New-York, *via* New-Orleans, how much will remain after being taxed to improve the harbor of St. Louis; to clear the snags and sawyers out of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New-Orleans, and even to clear out and deepen one of the mouths of the 'Great Father of Waters'?

"The honorable Senator from Michigan [Mr. Cass] seemed to have some just notion on the subject. He ordinarily knows what he is about; and that is more than can be said of every Senator. He asked, emphatically, where is the burden to fall? I can tell the honorable Senator [Mr. Douglas] that it is to fall on the necks of the farmers of the West and Northwest. I care not which way the freight is going—whether up or down. If going down to the ultimate market—such as flour,

wheat, corn, pork, beef, butter, cheese, lard, hemp, wool, tobacco, and other agricultural products—I can demonstrate that every shilling of these duties is to come out of the pockets of the farmers of the West and Northwest; and I can demonstrate also that every shilling levied upon freights the other way—such as tea, coffee, sugar, salt, iron, woollen and cotton goods, and ten thousand other articles of consumption—will also come out of the pockets of these same farmers. Yes, sir!—the pre-emptioners and the log-cabin boys are thus to be visited by the hand of oppression and taxation! The honorable Senator has proposed to go into every log-cabin in the Northwest with his system of tonnage duties, and to levy them on the hard-fisted and hard-working boys of that region of country.

"And now let me recur again for a moment to freight, from the point of production to the ultimate market; as, for example, wheat raised in northern or middle Illinois, to be transmitted and sold in New-York: who will pay the proposed tonnage duties? Who will have to meet the contemplated exactions at Chicago, St. Clair Flats, Buffalo, and Albany? I say, unhesitatingly, the producer will have to pay it; or rather it will, with other charges, be taken out of the value or price of his wheat at the ultimate market, whether that be found at New-York, Boston, or elsewhere. The reason is, that the Northwestern producer will, when he arrives at the ultimate market, have to compete with the growers of wheat elsewhere, who would not be liable to any such charges. I lay it down as a universal law of trade, that where an article comes from two different sources to one and the same market, in one case without burden, and in the other with, in the latter case the producer loses the charge, duty, or burden, whatever it may be. It comes out of the price. This is inevitable: otherwise the producer not subject to charges would underbid and engross the market."

Mr. Smith went on to prove that these duties, in addition to the various charges which Western produce was obliged to bear, before reaching the Eastern market, would very materially injure the producers. Western produce must compete with Eastern; but manufactures from the East entered the Western market without competition. Hence the Western men must pay double duties.

The amendment was rejected, 25 to 17.

On Thursday, August 26, in Senate, the Committee on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill reported the following amendment:

"*And be it further enacted,* That when the ministerial officers of the United States have or shall incur extraordinary expense in executing the laws thereof, the payment of which is not specifically provided for, the President of the United States is authorized to allow the payment thereof, under the special taxation of the district in which the said services have been or shall be rendered; to be paid from the Appropriation for Defraying the Expenses of the Judiciary."

Mr. Sumner moved to add: "Provided that no such allowance shall be made for expenses under the act of September, 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave Act, which act is hereby repealed."

Mr. Sumner defended his motion by a highly elaborate speech. It was finally rejected by a vote of 47 to 4.

In our last issue we gave an abstract of the new postage law. We now add the tariff of weights, distances, and prices:

POSTAGE ON PRINTED MATTER.

RATES OF POSTAGE *to be charged upon Newspapers, Periodicals, Books, unsealed Circulars, and every other description of Printed Matter, transient or otherwise, from and after the 30th September,* 1852.

Newspapers, periodicals, unsealed circulars, or other articles of printed matter, (except books,) when sent to any part of the U. S.	Newspapers and periodicals, when circulated in the State where published	Small newspapers published monthly, or oftener, and pamphlets not containing more than sixteen octavo pages, when sent in single packages to one address, and prepaid by postage stamps	Books, bound or unbound, not weighing over 4 lbs. for any distance under 3,000 miles, prepaid	For any distance over 3,000 miles, prepaid	Transient newspapers, periodicals, &c., sent to any part of the United States, *not* prepaid.		
1				1 2		Cts.	Weighing 1 oz. or under.
2				2 4		Cts.	Over 1 oz. and not over 2 oz.
3				3 6		Cts.	Over 2 oz. and not over 3 oz.
	½					Cts.	Weighing not over 1½ oz.
1						Cts.	Weighing 3 oz. or under.
2				4 8		Cts.	Over 3 oz. and not over 4 oz.
3				5 10		Cts.	Over 4 oz. and not over 5 oz.
4				6 12		Cts.	Over 5 oz. and not over 6 oz.
5				7 14		Cts.	Over 6 oz. and not over 7 oz.
6				8 16		Cts.	Over 7 oz. and not over 8 oz.
		4				Cts.	When weighing at least 8 oz.
7		4½		9 18		Cts.	Over 8 oz. and not over 9 oz.
8		5		10 20		Cts.	Over 9 oz. and not over 10 oz.
9		5½		11 22		Cts.	Over 10 oz. and not over 11 oz.
10		6		12 24		Cts.	Over 11 oz. and not over 12 oz.
11		6½		13 26		Cts.	Over 12 oz. and not over 13 oz.
12		7		14 28		Cts.	Over 13 oz. and not over 14 oz.
13		7½		15 30		Cts.	Over 14 oz. and not over 15 oz.
14		8		16 32		Cts.	Over 15 oz. and not over 16 oz.

DIRECTIONS.

1st. Transient matter, to be entitled to the benefit of the rates first above mentioned, must be pre-

paid at the mailing office. If not prepaid, it is subject to double said rates.

2d. Small newspapers, &c., when sent in packets of less than eight ounces, must be rated singly.

3d. Books, sent unpaid, are subject to a postage of fifty per cent. in addition to their prepaid rates.

4th. The weight of newspapers, periodicals, or other printed matter, must be taken or determined when they are in a dry state; and when the weight of any book or other publication exceeds one pound, the same progressive rates, above laid down, must be charged.

5th. Newspapers, periodicals, magazines, or any other printed paper or matter, must be sent without any covers or wrappers, or in covers or wrappers open at the ends or sides, so that the character of the matter contained therein may be determined without removing such wrappers.

6th. In case there is on or in any newspaper, periodical, pamphlet, or other printed matter, or paper connected therewith, any manuscript of any kind, by which information shall be asked for or communicated in writing, or by marks or signs, or the directions herein prescribed are in any other respect not complied with, the same becomes subject to letter postage; and it is the duty of the postmaster to remove the wrappers or envelopes from all printed matter, not charged with letter postage, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there is upon or connected with such printed matter, or in such package, any matter or thing which would authorize or require the charge of a higher rate of postage thereon.

QUARTERLY RATES OF POSTAGE, *when paid in advance, on Newspapers and Periodicals sent from the office of publication to actual Subscribers, from and after the 30th of September*, 1852.

	Daily.	Six times a week.	Tri-weekly.	Semi-weekly.	Weekly.	Semi-monthly.	Monthly.
	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.
Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published.....	—	—	—	—	free.	—	—
Newspapers and periodicals not exceeding 1½ oz. in weight when circulated in the state where published....	22½	19½	9¾	6½	3¼	1½	¾
Newspapers and periodicals of the weight of 3 oz. and under, sent to any part of the United States.....	45½	39	19½	13	6½	3	1½
Over 3 & not over 4 oz.	91	78	39	26	13	6	3
Over 4 & not over 5 oz.	1.36½	1.17	58½	39	19½	9	4½
Over 5 & not over 6 oz	1.82	1.56	78	52	26	12	6
Over 6 & not over 7 oz	2.27½	1.95	97½	65	32½	15	7½
Over 7 & not over 8 oz.	2.73	2.34	1.17	78	39	18	9

DIRECTIONS.

1st. When the weight of any publication exceeds eight ounces, the same progressive rate of postage, laid down in the above table, must be charged.

2d. Publishers of newspapers and periodicals may send to each other, from their respective offices of publication, free of postage, one copy of each publication; and may also send to each actual subscriber, inclosed in their publications, bills and receipts for the same free of postage.

3d. Postmasters are not entitled to receive newspapers free of postage, under their franking privilege.

4th. If the publisher of any newspaper or periodical, after being three months previously notified that his publication is not taken out of the office to which it is sent for delivery, continues to forward such publication in the mail, the postmaster, to whose office such publication is sent, will dispose of the same for the postage, unless the publisher shall pay it; and whenever any printed matter of any description, received during one quarter of the fiscal year, shall have remained in the office without being called for during the whole of any succeeding quarter, the postmaster of such office will sell the same and credit the proceeds of such sale in his quarterly accounts in the usual manner.

5th. Quarterly payments in advance may be made either at the mailing office or the office of delivery. When made at the mailing office, satisfactory evidence of such payment must be exhibited to the postmaster at the office of delivery.

On Monday, August 30th, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations reported as follows, with reference to the Tehuantepec Grant:

"The Committee on Foreign Relations, to whom has been referred the Message of the President of the United States, of the 27th July, 1852, communicating the correspondence between the government of the United States and the Republic of Mexico, respecting the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, have had the same under consideration, and after giving to the subject all the deliberation which its importance demands, now respectfully report:

"That the right of opening a communication by artificial way, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, across the territory of Mexico, at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, was conceded to Don José de Garay, a citizen of Mexico, on the first of March, 1842, by General Santa Anna, then President of Mexico, and vested with supreme power. By his decree of that date, in the name of the Supreme Government, the honor and faith of the nation are pledged to maintain the projector, Don José de Garay, as well as any private individual or company succeeding or representing him, either natives or foreigners, in the undisturbed enjoyment of all the concessions granted.

"In the following year, General Nicholas Bravo having succeeded to the Presidency, the grant then made by Santa Anna was recognized and affirmed by his decree of the 9th February, 1843, pursuant to which orders were issued by the government of Mexico to the Departments of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz to put Garay in possession of the lands conceded to him by the grant of 1842, and directing that every facility should be extended for the prosecution of the work. These decrees were ex-

ecuted by those Departments, and Garay, the grantee, put in actual possession of the lands conceded.

"On the 6th October, 1843, Santa Anna, being restored to power, issued a further decree, reciting that the surveys by Garay being completed, and the work about to commence, he ordered the Governors of the Departments of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz to furnish three hundred convicts, to be employed on the work; and by another decree of the 28th December, 1843, the time for the commencement, which was to expire on the 1st July, 1844, was extended to the 1st July, 1845.

"The government of Mexico, during this period, was subject to frequent revolutions. Santa Anna, driven from power in the winter of 1844, was succeeded for a short time by General Paredes, who in turn yielded to Mariano de Salas, as Dictator.

"In the distracted and unsettled condition of the country, resulting from constant revolution, the grantee of the Tehuantepec way, foreseeing that he would probably be disabled from commencing operations so early as July, 1845, procured the passage of a law by the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, granting further time to commence the work. In the Senate this bill had a favorable report from the appropriate committee, and it is not doubted would have received the sanction of the Senate, when, by a sudden and violent popular convulsion, the entire Congress was dispersed. In November, 1846, Salas, being still invested with supreme power as Dictator, promulgated a decree, which was a copy of the law thus accidentally frustrated, giving time until the 5th of November, 1848, for the commencement of the work; and the work was actually commenced prior to that date.

"So much for the history of this grant, whilst in the hands of the original grantee, a citizen of Mexico. During the years 1846–47, various contracts were entered into between Don José Garay, the grantee, and Messrs. Manning & Mackintosh, subjects of Great Britain, which were formally recognized and consummated at the city of Mexico, on the 28th of September, 1848, and by which the grant aforesaid, with all its privileges and incidents, was transferred to the latter.

"On the 5th of February, 1848, this grant was assigned to Peter A. Hargous, a citizen of the United States, who subsequently entered into a contract to assign and transfer the same to certain citizens of New-Orleans, on terms intended to secure the necessary capital to execute the work. These transfers form part of the documents communicated.

"In December, 1850, a party of engineers, with a competent equipment, was sent out from the United States at great expense by the American assignees, to complete the necessary surveys on the isthmus, who continued so employed until the month of June following, when they were required to discontinue the work, and to leave the country. This was effected through a letter from the Governor of Tehuantepec, dated June 3d, 1851, transmitting from the Governor of Oaxaca an order from the Minister of Relations in Mexico, issued in pursuance of a law applied by the President of the Mexican Republic, on the 22d May, 1851, by which law the grant to Garay was made null and void.

"The Committee have thus briefly traced this grant from its inception to its regular and legitimate transfer to its present holders, all of whom, it is believed, are citizens of the United States. It will be seen that, by the terms of the grant, and the decree of 1842, on which it was founded, the 'honor and faith' of Mexico were pledged to maintain the grantee 'as well as any private individual or company, succeeding or representing him, either natives or foreigners, in the undisturbed enjoyment of the concessions granted.'

"It will be seen that the period for commencing the work was extended from time to time by the Mexican government, until it expired on the 1st of July, 1845, under the circumstances detailed above; and it will be seen that as soon as the government became once more established, this single lapse was cured by the decree of Salas, of November, 1846, giving two years' further time, until the 5th of November, 1848, to commence the work, and that the work was actually commenced within this period.

"The Committee will now proceed to show that the Mexican government had, subsequent to their decree of November, 1846, recognized, in the most unequivocal manner, the binding validity of this grant, and admitted its obligations to abide by it.

"In 1846–7, the assignment of the grant to Manning & Mackintosh was duly notified to the government of Mexico, and on their complaints President Herrera issued orders to the Governors of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz to prevent the cutting of mahogany on the lands granted by any other than the English company.

"In 1847, whilst the treaty of peace was under negotiation, Mr. Trist, the commissioner on the part of the United States, by instruction from his government, proposed a large money consideration to Mexico, for a right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and was answered, 'that Mexico could not treat of this subject, because she had several years before made a grant to one of her own citizens, who had transferred his right, by authorization of the Mexican government, to English subjects, of whose rights Mexico could not dispose.'

"After the assignment of the grant to the present American holders, the Minister of the United States in Mexico was instructed by his government to apprise that of Mexico of the desire of the company to commence the work by a thorough survey of the isthmus. The Minister was further instructed to make overtures for a treaty securing to the enterprise the joint protection of the two governments. The Mexican government, as we learn from the correspondence of Mr. Letcher with the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations, made not the slighest opposition in forwarding passports, and issued orders to the departments of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz, not only to avoid interposing any obstacles in their way, but, on the contrary, to afford them aid and hospitality. The engineers, Mr. Letcher adds, were accordingly sent, the ports thrown open for the supplies, and more than $100,000 have been expended in surveys, opening roads, &c., besides a large sum of money in furnishing materials, &c.

"This is not all. The government of Mexico at

once assented to enter into negotiations for the proposed treaty; and a convention for the government protection of the work thus to be executed by American citizens, as assignees of the Garay grant, was concluded at Mexico in June, 1850, and sent to the United States. In this convention, certain modifications being suggested by the Secretary of State at Washington, it was returned to our Minister in Mexico, and the whole terminated by a new convention, signed at Mexico, on the 28th January, 1851, with the approval of President Herrera. This last convention was ratified by the Senate of the United States, and returned to Mexico, and finally rejected by the Mexican Congress in April, 1852.

"It should be remembered that, by the twelfth article of the convention, it was required that the holder of the Garay grant (then being Mr. Hargous, an American citizen) should file with the Mexican Minister at Washington his written assent to the convention, before it should be submitted to the Senate of the United States for ratification. This was accordingly done on the 21st of February, 1851, through the Secretary of State; but the Mexican Minister declined to recognize it, on the ground of the absence of instructions from his government. Previously, however, to the rejection of this convention by the Mexican Congress, the law was passed, before adverted to, annulling the decree of Salas of November, 1846, and with it the Garay grant. The rejection by Mexico of the convention, concluded with the approbation of President Herrera, and subsequently ratified by the Senate of the United States, however calculated to disturb the harmony of the relations between this government and Mexico, had not the slightest effect upon the validity of the Garay grant; nor is it so pretended. On the contrary, the sole ground upon which Mexico rests for the vacation of this grant is, that it was forfeited by failure to commence this work before the 1st of July, 1845; and that the decree of Salas of November, 1846, which cured the alleged forfeiture, was null, because he was in possession of supreme power by usurpation, or because he transcended the powers of an usurper.

"Respect for that government alone restrains the Committee from treating of this position in the terms it would seem to require.

"The government of Salas was that of dictator, vested with supreme power; it was acknowledged and submitted to by the people of Mexico, and treated with, while it lasted, as the government *de facto*. After having accomplished the purpose of creating a federal system, an election of members of Congress was held by his decree, which met pursuant thereto. In that Congress, the Dictator communicated the decrees made by the government *ad interim*, and with them this very decree of November, 1846.

"Amongst the decrees thus issued during the dictatorship of Salas, were several of the character of general laws, not one of which was ever approved by Congress; nor was his authority ever questioned by the law making powers for the time being, until found convenient to do so for the purpose of annulling the grant, after it became the property of citizens of the United States.

"The doctrine that the government *de facto* is the government responsible, has been fully recognized by Mexico herself in the case of the dictatorship of Salas, as of those who preceded him. It is a principle of universal law, governing the intercourse of nations with each other, and with individuals; and this government cannot, nor ought not, treat with indifference a departure from it by Mexico in the present instance.

"There is a remaining view of this question, which the committee is not at liberty to disregard, and that is the embarrassment into which the relations of the two governments are thrown, by the conduct of Mexico in the negotiations which have taken place in reference to this grant.

"Two formal conventions, recognizing for their basis this grant of a right of way, the value and importance of which to the people and government of the United States was fully exposed to Mexico as the inducement on our part to negotiate, were actually signed at the city of Mexico, by ministers duly empowered by their respective governments, the last of which, formally ratified by the Senate, has been rejected by the Mexican Congress.

"The Committee are aware that a refusal by one government to enter into treaty stipulations with another, upon a prescribed subject, should not, as of course, be considered an indication of unfriendly feeling. Yet, regarding the circumstances attending the protracted discussions which terminated in the second convention spoken of above, with its prompt rejection by the Congress of Mexico; regarding the fact, fully made known to Mexico, that the interests of the government and the interests of the United States were deeply involved in obtaining the right of way proposed; and finally, that it has been refused at last by the discourtesy of rejecting a treaty proffered by the United States, and by the violent sacrifice of a valuable property belonging to citizens of the United States, for the preservation of which the 'honor and faith' of Mexico were formally pledged, the Committee cannot but look on the occasion as one authorizing, if not requiring, this government to review all of its existing relations with the government of Mexico.

"Certainly, in what has passed there is to be found but little assurance of that friendly feeling, on the part of that republic, which leads nations to connect themselves by treaty obligations, or which makes it desirable to continue such as have been previously contracted.

"In the correspondence submitted with the message of the President, the Committee have seen with entire approbation that the Executive Department has been fully impressed with the importance of the questions involved in this controversy, and of the grave attitude they may assume, should Mexico persevere in her refusal of the redress which is required at her hands.

"In a letter from the Secretary of State to Señor Luis de la Rosa, the Mexican Minister at Washington, dated April 30, 1851, after an able and comprehensive review of the whole question, the Secretary, referring to the probable rejection of the treaty by Mexico, (which a letter of the Mexican Minister led him to anticipate,) concludes in the following emphatic terms:

"'The President of the United States cannot per-

suade himself that such a calamity as its rejection by Mexico now impends over the two countries.'

"Again, in a letter to M. La Vega, the successor to Señor La Rosa, on the 15th of March, 1852, the Secretary of State says:

"'If, however, these hopes should prove to be unfounded, and the convention should not go into effect, this government will feel itself compelled to take into consideration the measures which its duty to its own citizens may require it to adopt, to protect their rights under a voluntary grant made by Mexico of the right of transit across the isthmus. The government of the United States can in no event be expected to abandon those rights, and ardently hopes that the Mexican government will do justice to them in season.'

"And, finally, in view of the great importance of the occasion, and to avert, if possible, consequences to the magnitude of which to the two countries, whilst this question remains unsettled, none can be blind, the President of the United States addressed himself directly to the President of Mexico, by a letter of the 19th of March, 1852, from which the Committee quote as follows:

"'In addition to the motives I have urged for the speedy adjustment of this matter, I beg leave earnestly to call the attention of your Excellency to the probable difficulties that may grow up between the two nations should Mexico break her plighted faith in the grant to Garay. Our citizens, relying upon her good faith, have become interested in that grant; they have advanced large sums of money for the purpose of carrying out its objects; they have surveyed a route for a railroad, and demonstrated the practicability of constructing it; and it is not possible that they should now be deprived of the privileges guaranteed by that grant, and sustain the heavy losses that must ensue, without appealing to their own government for the enforcement of their rights. My anxious desire is to avoid the too probable consequences that must result from such an appeal. We cannot, if we would, be indifferent to it. It is a duty which every government owes to its own citizens to protect their rights at home and abroad; and the consequences growing out of the disagreement of the proprietors of the Garay grant and the government of Mexico, are such as no true friend of this country or of Mexico can look upon with indifference.'

"The Committee are fully prepared to sustain the Executive Department in the position assumed towards Mexico in the correspondence here referred to.

In the House little of interest took place beside the hasty passage of certain bills, near the close of the session, of which we shall give an abstract in our next number.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

BOOKS.

The American Angler's Guide. By JOHN J. BROWN, 103 Fulton street, New-York. A new edition, enlarged and improved.

This is an enlarged edition of the "Guide" which we formerly carried in our pocket when we went fishing. This and Mr. Herbert's volume are the only good American treatises on Angling, and contain the only correct descriptions of American fish. There are many English books on this subject in the market, but they are utterly worthless to American readers.

We believe in book-farming and book-fishing. An agriculturist who has studied the best treatises on farming will grow better and larger crops than his more ignorant neighbors; and an angler who has read carefully, and practised accordingly, will take more and better fish than ignorant fishermen.

[We admit the following letter cheerfully, and refer the whole matter to the candid judgment of our readers.—ED.]

LOSSING'S FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of the Whig Review:

DEAR SIR:—Your September number contained an article which severely condemned Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, now in course of publication by Harper & Brothers, as unworthy the confidence of the American public. Convinced that your own fair and impartial pen did not write that article, because it violates truth, honor, and justice, I take the liberty of pointing out to you the exceeding unfairness and the wilful misrepresentations which that article exhibits. You doubtless had reason to rely upon the candor of the writer, and believed his strictures fair, and that Mr. Lossing and his book deserved the castigation. I have read the Field Book carefully, as it has issued from the press, and I can assure you that I never saw a more unjust and unwarrantable review than the article alluded to. I do not ask you, or the readers of the Review, to rely upon my statements; I earnestly refer you to Mr. Lossing's book for the truth of what I have written in its defense.

It is not necessary to note every misrepresentation of facts, and perversion of the clear meaning of the author of the Field Book, to show that the strictures are unfair, and could never have been written by a hand guided by truthful and honest motives.

A considerable portion of the writer's criticism is concerning the "rhetoric and taste" of the author of the Field Book. The reader might judge for himself how much Mr. Lossing offends in these particulars, from the quotations made by the critic, if those quotations were fairly made. They are not so. Parts of sentences have been taken out, and, separated from the context, have, by the introductory language of the critic, been made to

give erroneous impressions of the author's meaning, or have obscured it. For example: In the first column, page 229, the critic professes to quote from Mr. Lossing's Preface, to show his offenses of style. He takes a part of the first sentence, and leaving out sufficient to make it appear absurd, adds the whole of another, and then begins in the centre of a third sentence, and gives the last moiety. Skipping almost half a page, he takes up another sentence, changes the tense so as to make nonsense of the whole matter, and thus constructs the paragraph alluded to! Such a course is not only beneath the dignity of fair criticism, but is positively dishonest. It is proper to remark here that similar unfairness characterizes all of the writer's criticisms of Mr. Lossing's style, and the plan of his work.

He asserts that "the actual history to be found in the two ponderous volumes bears about the same proportion to their magnitude as the gold which the counterfeiter finds it necessary to employ bears to the mass of base metal." As the writer has evidently read the whole work of Mr. Lossing as far as published, (for it lacked more than two hundred pages of completion when he wrote,) this must be regarded as intentional misrepresentation. An examination of the work will certify the reader that at least eight tenths of the matter is purely historical. Mr. Lossing appears to have made his personal narrative as brief as possible, and yet present the feature of a traveller's notes in connection with the historic record.

The critic puts forth the idea prominently that Mr. Lossing assumes to "supply the omissions and correct the mistakes of Botta, Ramsay, Marshall, Bancroft, and Hildreth," and that he considers himself infallible. Mr. Lossing claims no such thing; on the contrary, he expressly says, in his Preface, that he went out as a gleaner to carefully gather up what others had left behind, and to add his collection to their store. He went out to visit the localities of the Revolution, make drawings and notes of all the relics that might be left, and weave these into the fabric of history already published, in such a pleasing way as to entice the young to read the story of our war for independence. Speaking of the accuracy of his work, he remarks, that "neither labor nor care has been spared in the collection of materials, and in endeavors to produce a work as free from grave errors as possible;" and then observes: "It has imperfections; it would be foolish egotism to assert the contrary. In the various histories of the same events many discrepancies appear; these I have endeavored to reconcile or correct by documentary and other reliable testimony; and if the work is not more accurate than its predecessors, it is believed to be equally so with the most reliable." We think our readers will agree with us in the opinion that if the reviewer, with his acuteness so wide awake in search of errors, and a disposition so eager to expose them, could not find more and graver blunders than he has pointed out, it certainly *is* remarkably "free from grave errors."

On examining the context of the passages quoted by the critic, upon which he predicates a charge against Mr. Lossing of seeking "a pretext for sneering at religion, and giving to the world Mr. Pen-and-Pencil's notions on theology," and that he was desirous "to provoke the reader to a comparison between Gibbon and himself," we perceive no warrant for such a conclusion. Nor can we find a single sentence giving the color of truth to the puerile charge that Mr. Lossing "has given us frequent assurances of his orthodoxy, by insisting more than once upon his rigid adherence to the apostolic succession, and having no attachment to dissenters."

The reviewer notices Mr. Lossing's avowed aim to avoid giving details of violence and horrid slaughter, and then charges him with "devoting page after page to the most sickening and revolting details, often of a very questionable character as to truth, and exhibiting a morbid delight in piling up horrors for the gratification of diseased appetites and imaginations." This assertion is wholly untrue—a malicious fabrication, without a shadow of justification; and his statement that Mr. Lossing "has entered into disgusting and loathsome details respecting Captain Molly," a bold camp-follower, is equally untrue. If Mr. Lossing's book has no other merit, it may challenge comparison with any other for its high-toned morality and sound principles, such as the youth of our land ought to be imbued with.

The reviewer says Mr. Lossing represents James the First, of England, as "of liberal and enlightened views, and a friend and champion of religious liberty." Mr. Lossing speaks of him in terms expressly the reverse,* and in language equally as strong as that of the reviewer himself; portrays him as a licentious, intolerant bigot, "a profligate dissembler, and imbecile coward, governed entirely by self-interest, vanity, and artful men," &c.

The reviewer says (page 226) that "the leading events of the war, though detailed with great verbiage and with little perspicuity, are in the main faithfully narrated." Forgetting this admission, he says, on page 238, that Mr. Lossing "is not to be relied upon in any of his statements." He then proceeds to fortify this last position by noting such historical inaccuracies as he was able to discover in carefully looking for them through a thousand pages of Mr. Lossing's work. *He indicates about a dozen*, and a large proportion of these are doubtful. The first "grave error" that he notices is the time of the arrival of D'Estaing at Newport. He thinks that Mr. Lossing has made a mistake of *four days*. The earliest and latest of "best authorities" (Gordon and Hildreth) agree with Mr. Lossing. He then labors to show that Mr. Lossing was ignorant of the true cause of the failure of the Americans at Germantown; and in correcting the author, the reviewer uses the same facts and inferences which Mr. Lossing himself has given. So with the battle at Monmouth. Precisely in the relation in which the reviewer places Washington, Lee, and Lafayette, on that occasion, Mr. Lossing had most distinctly placed them. It really appears that the reviewer, involved in the fog of misrepresentation which he had cast around his subject, had mistaken Mr. Lossing's facts, arguments, and inferences, for those of some "best authority," and adopted them as his own!

The reviewer lashes Mr. Lossing for his sup-

* Vol. I., page 441.

posed want of reverence for the Continental Congress, in 1778, over which Henry Laurens presided; and because, as a faithful historian, he has pointed to the factions and corruptions of that body, when some of its members were leagued with army officers in attempts to blast the character of Washington. If the reviewer will read the letters of Henry Laurens himself, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, William Duer, and other inflexible patriots, all lamenting "the expiring reputation of Congress,"* he will perceive that Mr. Lossing's estimate of the character of a portion of that body is quite tolerant enough.

The reviewer dwells upon the apparent discrepancies in Mr. Lossing's statements concerning the interviews of Washington with Rochambeau, the escape of Arnold, and the character of the court by which André was condemned. These are all so easily reconcilable with facts, that the reviewer himself must have perceived that they involved no "grave error." So when chastising Mr. Lossing for rescuing the name of Erving from oblivion, and then burying it beneath that of Irvine, the reviewer seems ignorant of the fact that the latter was another officer. And when he sneers at Mr. Lossing because he speaks of West Point as "consecrated ground," he appears to think that nothing can make a place sacred but a baptism of human blood!

The misprint of a single word, ("latter" for "former,") by which Barron is made to kill Decatur, calls forth the severest epithets upon Mr. Lossing; and when he discovers the only *real*, substantial blunder (the birth-day of King George) which the critic finds in the thousand pages, he occupies more than a column to prove Mr. Lossing an "ignorant," "immoral" "charlatan." Mr. Lossing is no doubt properly ashamed of that "grave error," for it *is* a downright careless blunder, which any "tolerably forward boy in New-England" would detect.

The reviewer intimates that Mr. Lossing has made "peculiar blunders and misapprehensions in relation to our history during the administrations of Washington and the elder Adams." Mr. Lossing's work covers only the ground of the Revolution and its antecedents, and has not a word about the history of the administrations referred to. As the work lacked more than two hundred pages of completion when the reviewer wrote, he doubtless supposed it *would* cover the ground of those administrations, and therefore he accuses Mr. Lossing of blunders in what he never wrote, with the same facility as he has misrepresented him in relation to what is published.

We might note many other unfair, ungenerous, and unmanly remarks, and positive misrepresentations of the reviewer, but we think we have said enough to convince the reader that Mr. Lossing and his work have been most unjustly assailed, and that your confidence in the candor of the critic has been outrageously abused. I am sure that the critic himself, when he views the motives which prompted him, and the unfair disposition which he has displayed in his performance, will "hang his head and blush to call himself a man."

* Vide William Duer's letter to Robert Morris, March 6, 1778.

I have not attempted a eulogy of Mr. Lossing's book, nor shall I say a word in its praise. It has been too long before the public, and too universally well spoken of by the press and by some of the most distinguished writers of our country, to need praise from me. I have simply endeavored to offer an antidote for the poison which the article in question may have instilled into the minds of your readers who may not have met with Mr. Lossing's work. With this remark I dismiss the subject. I shall engage in no controversy—there is no ground for one; because a reference to the book itself will settle the question of honor and veracity on the part of the reviewer. TRUTH.

MUSIC.

ALBONI.—The greatest living contralto deserves a longer notice than we shall be able to afford her; but if our space was equal to our inclination, she would hardly have to complain of brevity. Madame Alboni has now given three concerts in this city, and each time she seems to have made a deeper impression upon the hearts of the public. We have heard her in London and Paris, when upon the operatic boards she achieved her greatest triumphs; but it seems to us that in the lapse of time not one of those deep, thrilling, and majestic notes with which she so satisfies the ear, has grown older with the years. She is still the same luxurious singer as when we heard her in the famous "Non, non," in the Huguenots.

On Friday evening, September 10th, we heard her for the first time in this country. Her programme of songs was varied, and she did justice to them all.

She opened with Mozart's cavatina of "Batti, Batti," from Don Giovanni, a splendid specimen of simple, unadorned melody. And though, from the severity of the strain, there was little room for display, her complete and efficient rendering of the theme was a pleasing substitute for meretricious ornament. In the variations on a Swiss air, composed by the plaintive Hummel, she took the house captive. But unquestionably the great triumph of the evening was the well-known rondo from the Sonnambula, "Ah! non Credea." This she sang with more fire and expression than any of her previous songs. Generally speaking, Alboni's singing lacks dramatic power. She stands before an audience and pours forth that beautiful voice of hers as if she could not help it; but here the triumphal character of the melody seemed to inspire her, and she sang it as we never heard it sung before. All the inspired joy of satisfied love indicated in the allegro, all the plaintive recollection of past trials told in the preceding andante, were rendered so fully and without effort, that even American enthusiasm was silent until she had finished. An *encore* was imperiously demanded and as frankly given; and many a sober merchant went home that night with deep, rich tones ringing in his ears, that even the clatter of next day's "'Change" could not efface.

We regret to say that Madame Alboni is not well supported. The tenor, Signor Sangiovanni, has a sweet chamber voice, but which is utterly inadequate to the requisitions of a building like the Metropolitan Hall. He has also a very unsatis-

factory habit of falling off in the concluding phrase, which, though it probably arises from unavoidable exhaustion, is nevertheless very injurious to the general effect of the air, and leaves an impression of weakness upon the ear. Signor Rovere may be a tolerable buffo actor for a provincial theatre, but he has no business to sing such songs as "Madamina" from the "Don." Those who have heard the stupendous Lablache roll forth the same notes redolent of mingled comic and sentimental power, will have little relish for Signor Rovere's limited vocalization and obtrusive humor.

We were much pleased with the way in which the orchestra played the overture to William Tell. Signor Arditi did that magnificent work justice, and it was pleasing to hear scenic music such as this rendered so effectively by men who have been suddenly called together for an occasion.

Henriette Sontag, Countess de Rossi.—There are some persons so fortunate as to have their biographies as much linked with the history of nations as of art. With one side illumined by historical distinction, and the other gilded by genius, they pass through life admired by all phases of society, because they shine for all. Amongst this class of favored individuals may be ranked Madame de Rossi, once world-famed as Henriette Sontag. This lady's life has been as great a romance as any of the mimic scenes in which she herself has played; and through grandeur and misfortune, poverty and wealth, she has passed with a reputation as faultless and unblemished as her genius. Madame de Rossi was born at Colbenz, in Prussia. Her parentage was humble, but she could claim the satisfactory dignity of having sprung from a race of artists. The precocity of her musical genius as a child gained for her an infantine renown, and the banks of the Rhine rang with the praises of the seven-year-old songstress. Her parents, however, wisely refused the production of the prodigy in public, well knowing that infant phenomenons generally wither into mere mediocrity as they grow up, unless their talents are allowed that repose necessary to a healthy maturity.

Her first appearance in public was at the age of eleven, on the boards of the Darmstadt Theatre; and even now that dullest of German towns is perhaps linked in her memory with bright reminiscences, associated as it is with her early and complete success. Her next promotion was to the musical school at Prague, to the head of which she speedily made her way. And at the age of fourteen her proficiency was so great that her parents felt bound to no longer withhold her from the stage. Accident is the door-keeper to success, and accident spread wide the portals to the little Henriette. The Prima Donna of the Prague Opera was taken ill. The despairing manager threw himself upon the pity of the Sontags, and his supplications were heeded. Henriette was permitted to appear. There was something, however, quite as necessary to a singer as voice, and that was height, a requisition which, in Sontag's case, had to be supplied by four inches of red cork heels. With the aid of these and her incomparable voice, she went through the part of the Princess of Navarre, in the opera of Jean de Paris, with the most wonderful success. This had the effect of drawing forth a summons for her presence at the Imperial Court, and the very next season she appeared at Vienna in German opera.

Here she attracted the notice of the great Barbaja, lessee of San Carlo, La Scala and the Italian Opera at Vienna, and, amazed at the genius of the *débutante*, he immediately offered her an engagement at the San Carlo. This was unhesitatingly refused for her by her parents, who had a wholesome dread of the perils that would await a young and lovely girl in the luxurious land of Naples. Barbaja with considerable difficulty prevailed on them to allow her to appear on the boards of the Italian Opera at Vienna. Here she met Rubini and the great Lablache; here too she had the opportunity of studying the admirable style of Madame Fodon, whose dramatic powers were unsurpassed. She next visited Leipzig and Berlin. At the latter place a storm of indignation assailed her on her first appearance, and for an entire half hour she stood alone upon the stage, braving the storm of abuse which was showered upon her for forsaking her fatherland for the brilliant French capital. The students, however, grew tired of attacking a resolute but defenseless woman, and from that evening forth the applause that greeted her more than compensated for the complimentary insults with which she had been first greeted. It was at Paris that Sontag first met the great Malibran, and although she had there to compete besides with Pasta and Pisaroni, she at once took her place as an equal of those wonderful artists. In the year 1828, the old King of Prussia, in whose favor Sontag stood high, hearing that she was about to wed a Sardinian nobleman, and fearing that her humbleness of birth might throw some obstacle in the way, spontaneously bestowed upon her a patent of nobility and the name of De Launstein. She however soon abandoned this name for that of the Countess de Rossi, but for some considerable period her marriage was kept private. Immediately after her wedding the Count de Rossi, she proceeded to England, where she made her *début* in a concert given at Devonshire House. Here she was face to face with all the beauty, nobility, and fashion of London, and her triumph was supreme. A few days after, she made her appearance at the London Opera in the character of Rosina, in the Barber of Seville. In this character she conquered public opinion with her wondrous ornamentation, her arpeggios and staccato passages, as completely as she afterwards captivated them with the chaste, simple sentiment of her singing in Donna Anna. For two seasons she sang in London, then in Berlin and St. Petersburg; and then, the King of Sardinia having authorized her husband to declare his marriage, she left the stage, as she thought, for ever. But in days when kings are discarded, and constitutions annulled at a few hours' notice, who shall presume to foretell his fate? For eighteen years Madame de Rossi adorned the various courts to which her husband was accredited as ambassador. The Hague, Frankfort, St. Petersburg, Berlin, each in turn welcomed and cherished her. Then came the storm of 1848. Amid the convulsions of Europe, the spirit of anarchy respected neither nobility nor genius. Fund-

ed securities were swallowed up, and with them Madame de Rossi's entire fortune. The Sardinian troubles threatened to overthrow her husband's diplomatic position, and the universal ruin of the continent gathered darkly around their home. Madame de Rossi accepted the sacrifice. She had children, and a duty to perform, and sinking all personal feelings, she forsook the aristocratic atmosphere in which she had so long existed, and went again upon the stage. Her second *début* was made in London, at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Lumley, who needed some such chance to enable him to retrieve his manifold losses. Public feeling previous to her appearance was more of a mournful enthusiasm than a joyous anticipation. The heyday of youth had fled from Madame de Rossi, and old play-goers, who remembered her early triumphs, feared to deface the sacred lustre of such recollections by new and unfavorable impressions. But when the night came, all sad presentiments were dispelled, and the clearness, vigor, and finish of her style did not seem to have degenerated one jot since the time that she first took the town by storm at Devonshire House. Her terms then for twelve months' performances were fourteen thousand pounds sterling, and the large engagements which she has since concluded lead us to hope that Madame Sontag will ere long be enabled to build up a fortune sufficient to enable her to assume again that high position which she has so heroically forsaken.

With respect to Madame Sontag's voice and talent, it is unnecessary to be diffuse. Few comprehend the jargon of contrapuntal criticism, and for those few ample food is supplied by *dilettanti* who affect such learning. Purity, sweetness, and flexibility are the most prominent characteristics of Madame Sontag's voice; her execution is wonderfully brilliant, correct, elegant, and supremely easy. No appearance of effort ever distresses her audience, and she accomplishes the most astonishing *tours de forces* with marvellous facility. Her dramatic powers are considerable, and her performance of Amina and Elvira give her a high rank in the school of such characters; but if Madame Sontag excels in any thing, it is in those sweet, fresh, half comic, gay, and graceful characters, such as Rosina in the Barber, Susanna, and Norina. Here her elegant and lady-like person, and arch, vivacious style of acting, harmonize most perfectly with one of the purest and most limpid soprano voices ever heard upon a stage. Madame Sontag, we understand, gives a series of concerts in this city, to commence on the 18th. Afterwards she leaves for Philadelphia and Boston, and will return to us in the winter, when she will appear in a brilliant series of operatic characters. A life of Sontag, published by Stringer & Townsend, has just made its appearance, which is lively and well written. It is chiefly compiled from French and German sources. Among others, M. Scudo's articles on Sontag are pressed into the service; but as that gentleman is proverbially inaccurate in his details, we think they might have culled more safely from some other source.

In conclusion, we wish Madame Sontag every success which her great genius, her unblemished fame and her noble sacrifice, entitle her to.

Serenades to distinguished artists may be divided into two kinds: introductory and parting—or how d'ye do, and good bye. Could we divest ourselves of the idea that the prime movers in these enterprises were impelled solely by self-interest, we should more heartily sympathize with them. This expression of homage to a noble artist, like Sontag, could not fail of eliciting her warmest gratitude, if love of the art and devotion to her as a high exponent of its power were its moving causes. It is more than probable, however, that a large sum, in the shape of proceeds of a chari table concert, is expected from the amiable cantatrice, as a return for the torch-light musical greetting. Whatever might be her pleasure in thus contributing to the wants of poor musicians, one cannot but consider the Serenade as shorn of its highest charm, this *charitable contingency* constituting the hopeful ultimatum of its abettors. The clannishness of certain skilful scrapers of catgut and blowers of wood and brass is the more noticeable, on account of their palpable neglect of Alboni. Now, the last named is a native of the land that gave the arts to Germany, and her voice and method are irreproachable. Moreover, her European reputation is second to none, and our staunch "musical majority" from *Vaterland* would have acted a more noble and disinterested part, could they have more duly honored the queen of contraltos, and used their powerful influence in securing a possible union of Sontag and Alboni in opera, before the latter leave our shores. It may not yet be too late. Pray, good musicians, let

"The spot where you were born"

be occasionally forgotten, that you may administer in larger measure to our good, and so, reactively, to your own. Here, at least, let national animosities be consigned to complete forgetfulness, and, protected by the flag that floats this day in many a sea, and unfurls its significant "stars and stripes" from many a mount and vale of this fair land, we may all sing with renewed energy,

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust.'"

At Niblo's, success is a necessity. There are no echoes to the music in his pleasant saloon, for echoes only attend upon empty benches. A full house is the best tonic to the vocalist. Singing to Niblo's audiences, prima donnas are never hoarse, nor tenors capricious, nor choruses malcontent. There is a double meaning in the magic of numbers; and if music has charms, it is no less true that it is itself swayed by the magnetic influence of multitude.

Niblo will probably furnish the only opera in New-York during the present winter. His company is efficient, and will be strongly reinforced. It may be that we shall have Bosio and Steffanone again, for the former has met with more showy rivals abroad, and the latter will hardly know how to pass the winter without renewing her metropolitan triumphs as Norma and Leonora. Possibly the great form of Marini may walk once more upon the stage, and Salvi enchant us again with his silver voice, just enough waned from its prime to infuse a deeper melancholy into its pathos, and impart a more subdued tone to its classic refinement.

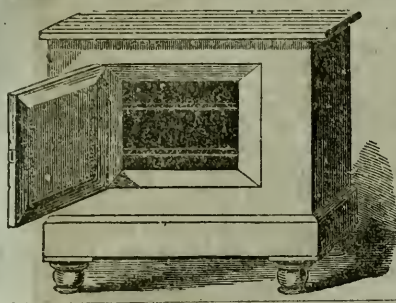
NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

Extends from New-York to Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, and offers unprecedented facilities for Western Travel and Transportation. Express Trains run twice a day, East and West, connecting with steamboats for Chicago, and the Lake Ports generally.

BRANCH TRAINS to Newburgh, Canandaigua, &c.

☞ This is in all respects the cheapest and most desirable route for Western Travel. Office, foot of Duane street, New-York.

CHAS. MINOT, *Superintendent.*



JOHN M. SMITH'S

Refrigerator, Meat-Safe, Shower-Bath, and Bird-Cage Manufactory,

No. 468 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

Also the Premium Self-Exercising Child's Swing.

REFRIGERATOR & WATER-COOLER,

This style has only been for a short period before the public, and must supersede every other kind for city use. They are so constructed that the ICE is placed in a SEPARATE APARTMENT on the top, through which the Croton Water pipes are coiled, thus keeping the water constantly as cool as if the Ice came into immediate contact with it, while it is utterly impossible for any impurities to affect it which might exist in the dissolving ice.

Poultry, as well as many other perishable commodities and luxuries, may be obtained more easily and much cheaper here, than in any other part of the globe; and by the use of a Refrigerator, may be kept perfectly sweet and good through a voyage to Europe and back. J. M. SMITH'S Refrigerator Head Quarters, No. 468 Broadway.

R. L. TILTON,

Knickerbocker Wholesale and Retail Clothing Warehouse,

134 & 136 FULTON STREET, NEW-YORK,

Opposite Dunlap's Hotel.

An Elegant Assortment of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods constantly on hand.

NIBLO'S GARDEN,

THE MOST ELEGANTLY APPOINTED

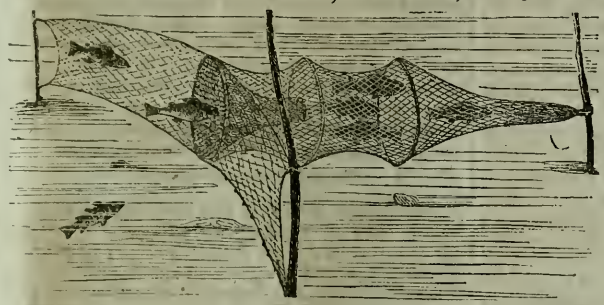
ESTABLISHMENT OF AMUSEMENT in the World

Open every Evening except Sunday, for

Dramatic and Operatic Performances.

Artistic and unexceptionable. JOHN SEFTON, *Manager.*

Seines, Nets, Fykes, &c., &c.



The subscriber would call the attention of those dealing in, or using Seines, Fykes, or Nets of any kind, to his assortment of articles of the above description. They are made of superior quality of *cotton twine*, prepared and *tanned* to prevent rotting, and are well adapted to all kinds of Fishing, whether for the creek, pond, lake, river, or coast. Also Casting Nets for the South and South American Trade. **Dip Nets** of all descriptions on hand or made to order. Orders from the country, post-paid, with a remittance, promptly attended to and forwarded without delay. A large assortment of

Rods, Reels, & Fishing Tackle

on hand at the lowest cash prices. Persons ordering Seines or Nets will please give the longest time possible prior to the time they are wanted.

JOHN J. BROWN,
103 Fulton st., New-York.

Agents for the Review.

GEORGE R. SMITH, GENERAL AGENT.

HENRY B. CHAPIN, JACOB WESTON, and S. D. ALLEN, General Travelling Agents, for procuring subscriptions in the Eastern and Middle States.

H. B. GOODRICH, D. C. BARTLETT, C. YOUNG, J. O. NOYES, J A. NORTON, G. G. HAYNES, and D. MARCUS RICE, General Travelling Agents for procuring subscriptions in the Western and Southern States.

MR. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by JOHN T. DENT, Dr. J. A. WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER R. LAWS, C. M. L. WISEMAN, H. J. THOMAS, WILLIAM MOORE, CHARLES CARROLL, and O. J. DYER.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, Montgomery, Ala., is our General Travelling Agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by C. F. LEWIS, JAMES O. LEWIS, and SAMUEL D. LEWIS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our General Travelling Agent, assisted by WM. H. WELD, JOHN COLLINS, JAMES DEERING, A. KIRK WELLINGTON, E. A. EVANS, PERRIN LOCKE, GEORGE P. BUTTON, JOSEPH BUTTON, D. R. GOODWIN, WILLIAM J. COXEY, ISAAC M. BODINE, and WALTER D. THOMPSON.

☞ MR. A. PEASE, Office 63 Court street, Boston, is our General Collector for the New-England States and the State of New-York, assisted by E. C. BANKS, J. S. GRAVES, WM. CARSON, LEVI COFREN, WM. CASE, L. D. JORDAN, R. B. GOULD, C. R. VAUGHAN, I. H. THOMAS, JOHN MATHEWS, T. B. WYMAN, S. BIXBY, C. L. CLEMENT, EDW. WEEKS, N. C. GREEN, C. FLETCHER, S. BUSWELL, A. T. TUCK, APPLETON MOORE, WM. O. OTIS, CHAS. H. ATKINS, and S. BAKER.

LOCAL AGENTS, AUTHORIZED TO COLLECT.

C. T. VENNIGERHOLZ, Natchez, Miss.; O. T. KEELER, Columbus, Miss.; J. A. DOLMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

Receipts from either of the above will be good.

FETRIDGE & Co., Boston; J. W. MOORE, Philadelphia;
D. M. DEWEY, Rochester; R. POST, Cincinnati;
J. G. & J. B. MOREY, Jackson, Miss.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

The American Whig Review is published Monthly, at No. 120 Nassau street, New-York. Each number contains ninety-six pages of reading matter, and includes a portrait of some distinguished man, usually selected from Living American Statesmen.

The Review will set forth and defend the principles of the United Whig Party of the Union. It will attack those principles of the opposite party which are prejudicial to the interests of the Nation. It will deal with individuals as little as possible, always regarding them as secondary to the principles they represent. Its past course is a sufficient guaranty against its becoming the organ of any faction; at the same time, its pages, as heretofore, will always be open to the expression of Whig sentiments from every quarter of the Union.

The Review will maintain the front rank in the various departments of current Literature, and will not disappoint those readers who have heretofore been accustomed to look to foreign sources for information or amusement.

The Review will be sent to subscribers on the following terms:

Single Subscriptions, - - - - - - - - - - - - $3 00 per annum.
Subscriptions to Clubs of not less than Ten Persons, - - 2 50 "

The low price at which the Review is thus placed, renders cash payments on the part of subscribers absolutely necessary; and those who send for the Work, will perceive the necessity of mailing the money with their orders at the risk of the Review.

Communications addressed—

CHAMPION BISSELL,
Publisher American Whig Review,
120 Nassau Street, New-York.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

The Bills of the Review are being sent out by mail, post-paid. A re-issue will be made after a reasonable time to delinquent subscribers, on which they will be allowed to pay their own postage

Subscribers are requested to note that our bills were given to collectors in the early part of the year, and that to recall them in case of direct remittances by subscribers to the office, is a task of great difficulty. If receipts, signed by the Publisher, are shown to our collectors, they will at once withdraw their bills.

Subscribers who fail to receive the Review after December will understand the reason. The Review has had quite enough of the luxury of non-paying subscribers. The present number of paying customers of the Review enable it to dispense with the *patronage* of readers who do not intend to pay.

It is better, every way, to remit the amount of subscription by mail, at the risk of the Review. The Publisher is *not* responsible for moneys paid to any agents excepting those whose names are on the third page of the cover of the Review.

☞ O. M. Taylor, I. G. C. Albaugh, and A. J. Somerville are *not* authorized to collect for the Review.

THE CLAY PORTRAIT.

HENRY CLAY AT ASHLAND.—This magnificent Steel Engraving, 24 x 30 inches, executed in the *Highest Style of the Art*, and printed on Super Royal paper, is published on the popular scale of prices, and is for sale at *One Dollar each*, by Booksellers, Agents, and Picture Dealers.

This is the only Engraving of the size ever published at less than $3.00 a copy. Its immense sale has shown the advantage of *Low over High* prices. Every copy warranted perfect. Discount to the Trade, liberal beyond all precedent. Address—Dexter & Brothers; N. Currier; Hudson & Smith; Williams, Stevens & Williams, New-York. Fetridge & Co., Boston; J. W. Moore, Philadelphia; R. Post, Cincinnati; D. M. Dewey, Rochester; J. B. & J. G. Morey, Jackson, Miss. The Scott Portrait for sale as above.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 120 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

Our Western Exchanges will please note that Mr. H. B. Goodrich is the special Agent for the Review in Ohio. His head-quarters are at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Goodrich is doing good service in Ohio for Scott and Graham, and needs no recommendations where he visits.

The fall term of the College of Physicians and Surgeons commences *Oct.* 11, not *Dec.* 11, as erroneously advertised in a former number.